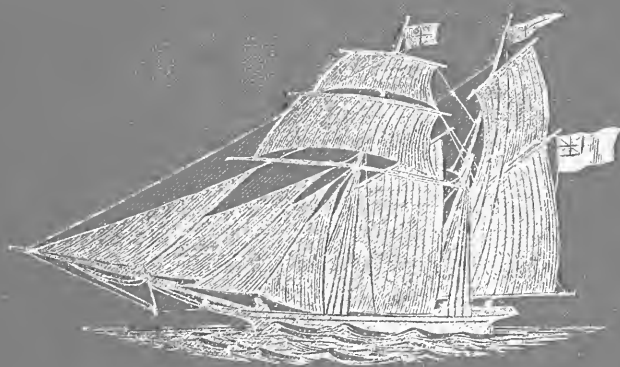


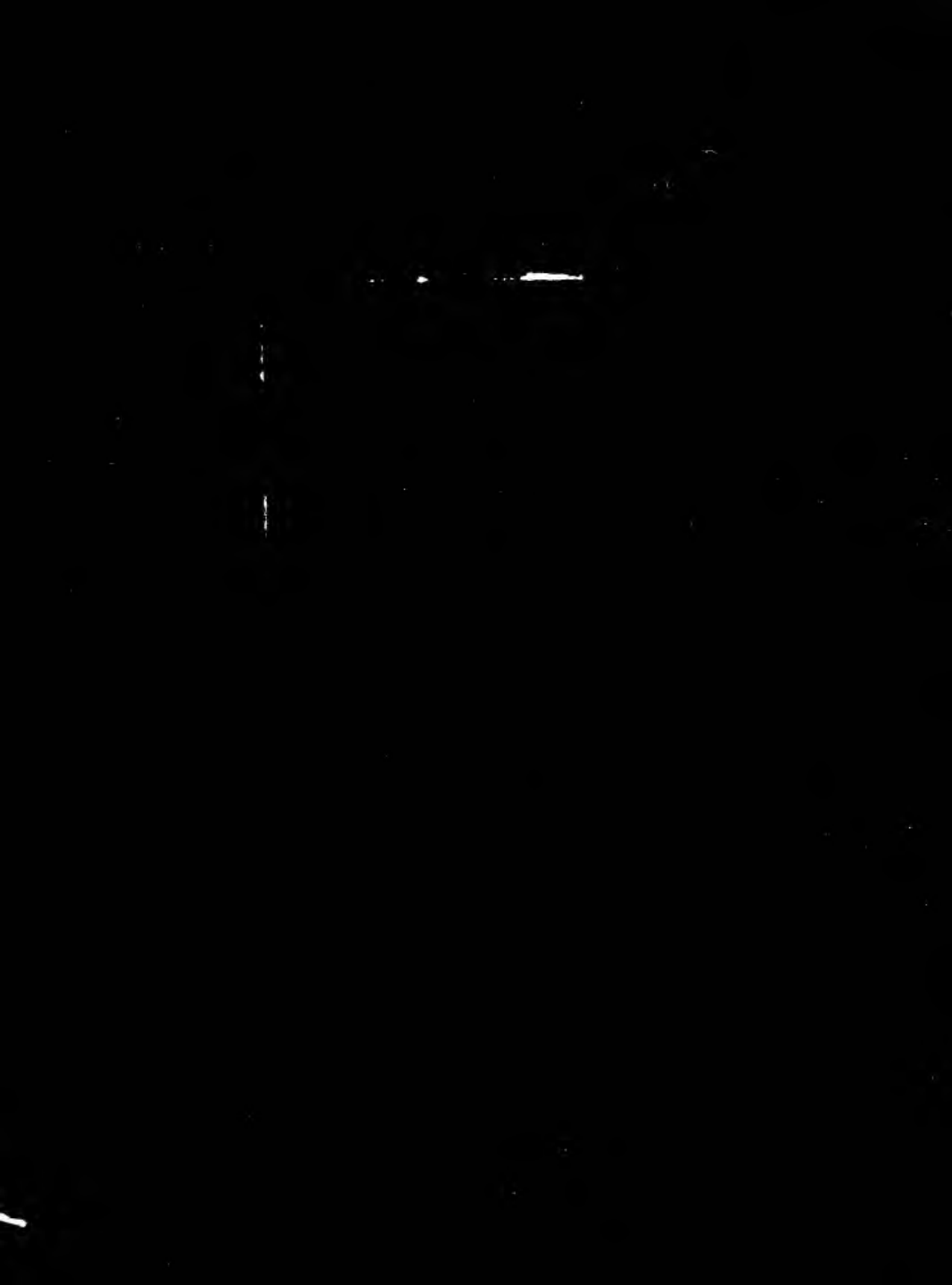
# THE COLLEGIANS



S. Lenox & Bigger.



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# THE COLLEGIANS:

A Poem

IN FOURTEEN CANTOS.

BY

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TO  
THE YACHTSMEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND,  
THAN WHOM, THERE DOES NOT EXIST  
A MORE GALLANT BODY OF GENTLEMEN IN THE KINGDOM,

*This Poem*

IS DEDICATED BY THEIR WARM ADMIRER,

S. LENOX L. BIGGER.

827-53

Nature does wonders, but combined with art  
The trained nature plays a nobler part :  
For, education the wild stem grafts free  
With buds flower-bearing, for a fruitful tree.  
Else, are the branches but a garish show  
Of leaf and flower, which worthless fruit will grow.



# THE COLLEGIANS.

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## Canto I.

---

“Knowledge is power.”

BACON.

---

Lightest of loads is education sound.

---

**A** NOBLE hall, with portraits deck'd around ;  
Dons in black robes, chatting in twos and threes ;  
A whispering murmur, with subduèd sound,  
Like forest leaves, stirr'd by the autumn breeze ;  
Young students, not yet 'tired with trencher caps,  
And gowns, whose rents betoken sad mishaps,  
Form the first picture in our opening scene.

The College clock strikes ten—the doors go bang  
In hands of lusty porters, who dare close  
Such varied learning in, with such a clang  
As to the heart of many a student goes :  
And the loud bell, ding-donging, stops its peal,  
And stops late comers too, who scarce conceal  
Disgust when shut out, and dubb'd verdant green.

With the last sound all caps and gowns must flit,  
And leave their places to the rising race,  
By those long tables in two rows to sit,  
And try if they are yet prepared to grace  
The Alma Mater, who shall fill their mind  
With classic lore, or science more refined,  
In hope to adorn a coming race of men.

'Tis the Grand Entrance : from all sides the land,  
Here in this human corral, may be seen  
The seedlings of a great and mighty band,  
And many a worthless weed imposed between :  
Genius and talent, coming to the start,  
To test comparative worth, and play the part,  
Which failing, they can never play again.

Rolls is the call. Each Fellow takes his list ;  
The alumni soon are seated in long rows ;  
The examiners begin, their thoughts to twist  
For knotty questions, as the lads dispose  
Themselves in the long order of their names,  
Which latinized, (new pictures in old frames,)  
Sound strangely formal to their quick young ears.

The books are opened—patience rules the mind  
Of the examiners, and with effort keen,  
They struggle each slight difference to find  
In the light balance of the best, between.  
Then they confer together, and compare  
The marks of each, confided to their care,  
Whilst hearts are beating strong, with hopes and fears.

Then one is call'd from out the expectant host ;  
Questions proposed : sifted from all apart :  
To judge from his expression he has lost,  
As he retires with seeming heavy heart.  
Another and another, five or six ;  
Relative merit it seems hard to fix,  
And these good men must find where merit lies.

Two now are recall'd, and more testing work  
Is visited upon them : the Great Gun,  
The Provost, whom men dread more than a Turk,  
Gives question after question in a run,  
And both men answer well, so well, at last,  
"I wish that both to first place could be pass'd,  
Merit so equal, must all men surprise ;

Yet both cannot be first. Let the pen test  
In this keen combat, which the better man.  
The one in Latin verse, who renders best  
These stanzas out of Homer, that they scan  
In the same metre as a Flaccian Ode,  
Shall have the first place, and be deem'd ex-good ;  
And shall be held as worthy special grace."

Meanwhile, the other students in the Hall  
Work'd at their written themes, and wrote such Greek  
And Latin as would certainly appal  
Homer or Horace, were they there to speak.  
True ! but that matter'd little, 'twas enough  
To shew that they knew something of the stuff,  
Yet, not enough to win an exalted place.

Yet, they regarded with a jealous eye,  
The two, mark'd out for honor, so select,  
And whisper'd, 'neath their breaths, in irony,  
Words that show'd little of a true respect.  
"Who are they? Know their names? What school? Don't know?  
They're lucky boys! They've done; away they go!"  
Such the remarks which meet the returning lads.

Then down the hall, the Provost and the Dean  
Pass, whilst the students all stand in respect;  
And down the rows, the Fellows too are seen  
Quietly walking, theses to collect,  
Proclaiming, as they pass, judgments in store  
Shall be announc'd, as the clock strikes four.  
Depressing some, whilst others' hearts it glads.

But glad or sorry all stream out, and fill  
The ancient courts, where many an anxious sire,  
And many a pedagogue, is waiting still,  
Eager the fate of his own boy to enquire.  
Nothing can yet be known, save that from all  
Armstrong or Lovett first place their's may call,  
It lies between, when four o'clock shall sound.

Who were these boys, the heroes of my song,  
Whose brilliant talents and hard reading made  
Their barks float lightly, classic streams along,  
And who woo'd science, as life's fairest maid?  
They were the sons of gentlemen, and came  
Into life's contest with unsullied name,  
Friends and companions in the schoolboys' round.



Both had good hopes before them : fortune, wealth  
Came from their forbears in an easy stream ;  
Each had abundant constitution and good health,  
Life lay before them an untroubled dream.  
Yet, not content with that, they loved t' excel,  
And be the foremost ones in doing well.  
Thus far, the lads their schoolboy course had run.

Loving each other, now they grieved to feel  
That one must conquer—that too many eyes  
Watch'd the event—stern truth could not conceal  
The fact, that each young champion craved the prize ;  
Regretting only that his gain must be  
Honour to his friend in just one less degree.  
Pity—they must compete as serious life begun !

Their themes were faultless both. Who could decide  
Such even merit ? The kind Dean suggests  
To cut, and so each hold his place of pride,  
Nor let invidious feeling move their breasts.  
The lads assented joyful, and agreed,  
Second line, second letter should decide their mede.  
The book was open'd with a strange result.

Each drew the self-same letter. “Try again,  
Ye twins of fortune,” the kind Fellow said.  
Again they open. Armstrong found the word  
“Excelsus,” and exclaimed, “Oh ! Bathos deep !”  
Then Lovett, and his word he breathed low,  
“Altissimus !” Dear friend, you see 'tis so,  
L precedes X, the chance of fortune's culte.

Four o'clock came. The places were proclaim'd.  
Lovett came first, Armstrong held second place :  
Then all the rest, in merit's rank, were named  
According to their answering, and disgrace  
Fell only on a few, who were advised  
To seek again their studies, if they prized  
Distinction, which would cling to them for life.

Our heroes left the hall, and sought the park,  
Full of deep thought, and in its pensive shade  
As twilight sank in night, and all grew dark,  
Kindly avowals to each other made.  
"Would the good fortune had been yours," one said,  
"No gain or grace falls on the winner's head."  
"No," said the other, "better this than strife."

Heroes must be like something, ours were boys  
Still in their teens, with brows unmark'd by care,  
Neither grown men, nor awkward hobbledchoys ;  
Fine lads, the one was dark, the other fair :  
Armstrong, the dark one, promised strength and size,  
Lovett was lithe and active, with blue eyes,  
His mother's eyes—she was a lovely blonde.

Two nice young fellows, rear'd in wholesome homes,  
With plenty all around them, and great love ;  
Where libraries well fill'd with mighty tomes  
Taught minds, 'midst earthly things, to soar above :  
Food for all tastes, good food, poison as well,  
Man must experience, ere he can repel,  
And sound advice, for judgment's faults atoned.

---

Their homes now left, the lads must make advance,  
And unsupported, enter on life's fight ;  
Both saw with sorrow, at the earliest glance,  
They must compete, endangering friendship's right.  
Will they discover, keen success to prove  
Most per'lous testing of their boyish love ?  
Such competition no effects had then.

Throughout they fought right nobly, 'till last came  
The final struggle, which must crown the whole.  
Success had varied in the mental game,  
For each had given himself without control  
To the stern contest ; others had no chance  
Where Lovett, or where Armstrong might advance.  
The work was easy to those well-read men !

Gold Medallist—Moderator closed the course,  
The most desired by every student good ;  
For, to win here, demanded ultra force,  
As all the Prizemen here together stood.  
'Twas diamond here cut diamond, a pick'd clan,  
Men who had won all honors to a man ;  
A trying contest, for a noble prize.

The day has come, seven candidates appear  
From all divisions for the ordeal dread,  
Most of them pale with toil, some sunk with fear,  
But all with wearied brain and worried head.  
The bell begins to ring. " Where's Armstrong ? Where ?  
Where his friend Lovett ? " Men begin to stare !  
The bell has reach'd the hall, the porters rise !

To close the sounding doors, when 'twixt their folds,  
At the last moment, looking like pale death,  
Lovett slips in—amazement strange enfolds  
The candidates, as Lovett's panting breath  
Tells the sad tale, that Armstrong is too ill  
In mind and body, his own place to fill,  
And thus, perforce, must lose his honours due.

Some, whilst regretting, in their hearts confess'd  
They were content had Lovett been sick too ;  
Expression of such feeling they suppress'd ;  
Even as it was, they took a brighter view,  
And brighter still, when the first questions round,  
Heard Lovett stumbling, tho' he answer'd sound :  
'Twas evident he saw with misty view.

The contest was a stout one, to conclude  
As those who knew best reckon'd. The great prize  
Was Lovett's, and all those around who stood,  
Look'd on his pale face with admiring eyes :  
Whilst he, half-conscious of the honour won,  
Departed, praises undesired to shun.  
"Armstrong had better won this much-sought prize,"

Was all he uttered : to his friend's sick-bed  
He hasted, with his heart half full of woe.  
"Armstrong, forgive me, if my fortune sped  
To gain the honours which you must forego,  
Not thro' your own fault, but because your strength,  
O'ertask'd unduly, gave way, and at length  
Yielded to Nature's laws, to our surprise."

---

“ I’d rather you had beaten me right out :  
    Second to you had greater honour been,  
Than this walk over : better have fought stout  
    The dubious victory, if a doubt were seen,  
That you should have it. Now this laurel blooms  
In only half its vigour, and assumes  
    A type undignified to my aching eyes.”

“ Thanks ! thanks, my friend—my generous foe ! no doubt  
    You well deserve the honours I’ve not lost,  
For I had never gain’d them : I had stout  
    Enter’d the combat, and perhaps had cross’d  
Your path to glory. Providence has will’d  
It should be otherwise, and my mind is still’d  
    To more than sweet contentment, since you’ve won.”

Such friendship under trial is full rare,  
    Yet here it throve beneath high honour’s sway ;  
True to themselves, and to each other fair,  
    They took their exeat on the self-same day.  
The sympathies of the students Armstrong had,  
Why we can’t say, but they all liked the lad,  
    And much bemoan’d the course his luck had run.

Opinions varied on the excellence  
    Of these “ Best Men ; ” but ev’ry one declared  
That when good fortune or kind providence  
    Came in the way, ’twas Lovett always shared  
The favours men call chance, whilst Armstrong’s lot,  
Equal in merit, steadily was forgot.  
    His rival’s sails still caught the fav’ring breeze.

Both honour'd, but one crown'd, they bade farewell  
To their Old Alma Mater, and with heads  
Well stored with real knowledge, hearts as well,  
Untroubled with the world's poor paltry needs,  
Each took his devious course, and thro' a-year  
Wander'd in many a bright and sunny sphere,  
With minds relax'd from studies, quite at ease.

And then they met again on British soil  
As frank and free as ever : and each said  
That, tho' they might live free from any toil,  
And need not labour for their daily bread,  
Still they were tired of *dolce far niente*,  
And suffocated were, with their great plenty,  
They must be up and doing, one and both.

Professions they discuss'd—the Church—the Law—  
Medicine and soldiering, only to reject :  
In each of these they found some serious flaw,  
'Till naval matters made their minds reflect.  
Each, for πολυσφλδισβοιο Θαλασσης,  
Had all a yachtman's fervour—nay a craze,  
And for a naval life felt nothing loth.

Drake, Frobisher, and other worthies came  
With winning memory on their strong young minds ;  
They thought of wild adventure, future fame,  
Looking thro' youth's bright telescope which blinds.  
Decision took not long, they both agreed  
The sea was just the thing their souls to feed.  
Neither could waste their energies in sloth.

---

No sooner said, than done. Armstrong was gone :

His uncle was an Admiral ; right glad  
The old sailor welcom'd him, as likely, one  
Of those fine days, to prove a gallant lad ;  
Nor was he of his learning much in dread,  
'Twas ballast of best kind, the old man said.

“ Ship's in commission ! Come along, my boy ! ”

Lovett hung fire a little. Let's expound

The reason of such conduct. Tho' his friend  
For his convenience had a like berth found  
In the same ship, and thought his pleasure crown'd  
To have so genial a companion near,  
In joy, adventure, or in deeds of fear.

Lovett would not start, to Armstrong's great annoy.

Truth is, that wicked little urchin, Cupid,

Was playing tricks with Lovett ; he had fall'n  
Head over ears in love—'twas very stupid

To hug the chains, which he felt very galling :  
But he was no exception to the rule  
So very prevalent in the world's wide school.

Who was the lady ? Name her. Shall we dare ?

Lovett possessed a handsome yacht, a schooner,

Of just 300 tons, his father's gift,  
Proud of his son's ripe honours ; and no sooner  
Had he made known his homeward way he'd shift,  
Than he received a little note, to say,

“ As you return, take Bordeaux on your way,  
The ‘ Ocean Foam ’ awaits her captain there.”

She was a lovely craft, built on the lines  
  Insuring strength and safety, with great speed :  
Had raking spars of Norway's finest pines,  
  And found in all a gallant boat could need.  
A chosen crew of men, active and stout,  
From her forecastle quickly tumbled out,  
  When the broad boatswain sounds his whistle shrill.

Four boats hang from her davits, cover'd o'er  
  With strong tarpaulins, to keep off the sun.  
The vessel swung, her broadside to the shore,  
  As from the Castle flash'd the ev'ning gun.  
The Foam has answer'd it. Sunset it is !  
Down comes her burgee, signal halyards whiz ;  
  The Jack deserts the peak, and all is still.

It hardly needed Lovett's well-train'd eye,  
  The English yacht, within that crowded bay,  
Tho' never seen before, to identify,  
  Whilst round feluccas and lateeners lay.  
But if within his mind there dwelt a doubt,  
His hail of "Foam, ahoy !" met answering shout,  
  "Aye, aye, sir. Do you wish I send a boat ?"

"Aye, aye !" The rattling blocks and falls proclaim  
  The answer heard, and on the water drops  
A sea-green gig, and shoots with certain aim  
  Right for the hail. "Back water !" Then it stops.  
Lovett advances to the landing stair,  
Delighted then to see a thing so fair,  
  And lightly steps on board, and gets afloat.



---

The skipper, a small darksome man, stands by,  
And drops the ladder, as the boat glides up.  
Lovett regards his ship with extasy,  
And thinks that happiness has o'erflow'd his cup;  
Then steps on board, whilst every seaman cheers,  
Where all so orderly and bright appears,  
To feel that he is lord and master there.

Our scene now shifts, and with a fresh'ning breeze  
From sunny southern seas, our glances fall  
On Scotia's rugged mountains and rough seas,  
And one fair loch, piercing the mountain wall,  
Into a winding sunny gorge, 'twixt hills  
All heather blooming, musical with rills  
Whose cascades fill with tone the ambient air.

A lovely land-lock'd spot, from noise retired,  
Save where the waterfall came thund'ring down;  
A scene the poet's mind to have inspired  
With all its lonely grandeur, where the frown  
Of the o'erhanging mountains cast a pall  
Of solemn darkness where its shadows fall,  
With living sunshine all that line beyond.

Far ran this loch into the land, each reach  
Forming a lake, tinchell'd by mountains round,  
And lofty precipices, whence the screech  
Of the sea eagle was the only sound,  
And sometimes on a beetling crag appear'd  
A red deer, with his spreading horns uprear'd,  
Standing above the world he keenly conn'd.

Far towards the loch-head, on a precipice,  
An ancient castle stood, of dark grey stone,  
Perch'd high above a dangerous abyss :  
Proudly and solemnly it stood alone,  
And seem'd to rule the region : on each side  
The rock on which 'twas placed, in all their pride  
The woods descended with a lovely grace.

A pathway, very steep, wound thro' the trees  
From an old barbican at the water's side,  
Converted to a boat-house. Not with ease  
The foot ascended to that height of pride :  
Winding and serpentine thro' mighty pines,  
And fallen rocks, with slippery inclines,  
It reach'd by toilsome track the ancient place.

The top once reach'd, spread noble woods around,  
Pastures and fields, and shelter'd by the Keep  
A modern mansion occupied the ground,  
And seem'd beneath protecting arm to sleep :  
Flowers in parterres, gorgeous in Nature's bloom,  
Aided by Art, the loveliest forms assume,  
A desert oasis starting into view.

A very paradise the spot appears,  
And he who dwelt within it, from the height  
Of the old castle, had no paltry fears  
Of overlooking neighbours : to his sight  
Mountain, loch, heathery brae, and alpine steep,  
Forest and glade, moss, muir, and valley deep,  
Are all his own, far as his eye can view.

Chieftains his fathers were, lords of the soil  
Where little grew, a wild and wilful race,  
Who scorn'd the wealth procured by honest toil,  
And raids and reiving thought no foul disgrace.  
But now, that law prevail'd and times were changed,  
Robbers and cattle-plunderers were not ranged  
Amongst descendants of the Hieland clans.

A better system followed : nobler aims  
Turn'd the wild cateran to industrious toil,  
And tho' no vassalage the chieftain claims,  
Yet all his clan respect the Lord of soil,  
And willing, turn their claymores and their dirks  
To ploughs and harrows—agriculture works  
In every valley, on the best skill'd plans.

Such was the scene, when one bright summer day,  
With the fresh breeze, a schooner with white sails  
Cleft with her knife-like bow the parting spray,  
Leaving behind the rough Atlantic gales,  
And sweeping, like a bird, with wing outstretch'd,  
Came round into the wind, a mooring fetch'd,  
With easy swing, right under the old tower.

A moment held fast, then the rattling chain  
Told that her anchor was let go, and then  
Dropping astern, till on an easy strain,  
The cable satisfied the careful men.  
Few minutes more, and every sail dropp'd low,  
Quick hands secured the lanyards even row.  
And there she lay, divested of all power.

The little dingay quits her side, one man  
With skilfully work'd paddle, guides her in  
To the stone pier, and as along she ran  
Steps lightly out—his figure slight and thin,  
Fair wavy hair, and eyes of truest blue,  
Reveal the student whom before we knew,  
Old Trinity's Prizeman in fair Science' fight.

The boat made fast, he bounds into the path  
Which gyrates upwards, and with active step  
Ascends the slippery way, 'till reach'd the strath  
By the old tower—then his heart doth leap,  
Not at the sharp exertion of the climb,  
Not at the rushing of his force 'gainst time,  
But at the vision there reveal'd to sight.

Stretch'd on the grass a manly form reclined  
In most luxurious ease, his head half turn'd  
Toward a maiden fair, who sat behind  
On heap'd new hay, looking quite unconcern'd,  
Chatting most pleasantly, for smiles appear'd  
On two fine faces, care had not yet sear'd.  
A dog, his head upon his paws, lay calmly by.

The lady's hand caress'd his massive head,  
And he regarded her with great brown eyes  
Brim-full of fond affection: he had said,  
If speech were his, "How much thy love I prize."  
I fear the other eyes said much the same,  
And that their orbits show'd a similar flame,  
Which fail'd the words to frame, or else were shy.

“What? Growling Neptune? Say who comes, Sharp ears?  
Down, Sir.” That moment thro’ the bushes burst,  
The yachtsman in his careless garb appears.  
’Twas hard to say which of the men spake first;  
Astonishment depicted in their eyes,  
And a still deeper feeling than surprise.  
“What! Armstrong! my dear fellow; you too here!”

“Oh! Lovett! Well, I thought you far away!  
I heard of you in Berlin, France, and Spain.  
Pleasure unthought of, here by Loch na Gaie  
To see at last your welcome face again.”  
When their surprise and greeting found an end,  
Armstrong bethought to introduce his friend.  
“Permit me, Miss M’Kenzie, a friend dear.”

“Thanks,” said the lady, “Mr. Lovett needs  
No introduction, and I welcome here  
Almost an old friend, and my mem’ry feeds  
On days of keen enjoyment, and some fear,  
Spent in his company, when on ancient Nile  
My father and myself, did time beguile  
Where Abyssinia joins the Egyptian sands.

Lovett salaam’d, and hearty shaken hands  
Spake of the kindly feeling ’twixt the pair.  
In wonder-struck astonishment, Armstrong stands,  
Not, but that something like a look of care  
Cross’d o’er his open brow, a passing cloud,  
Then, with a smile, soliloquised aloud,  
“A learned Theban, fresh from mystic lands!”

Quick explanations follow'd on each hand,  
And not a dell throughout all Scotland wide  
Could shew a happier trio than that band  
Of youth and beauty, in their hour of pride.  
Not alone manly beauty, fem'nine grace,  
But Intellect shone forth in ev'ry face,  
All diff'rent, yet all lovely to the sight.

Flashing ideas, sweet poetic prose,  
Thoughts rising in one mind, with type-like phrase,  
To print in other souls, and there disclose  
Similitude of feeling, from the haze  
Of general thought, upspringing, bright and clear,  
Mesmerically, drawing souls more near,  
And scatt'ring puny thoughts with wit-flash bright.

Helen M'Kenzie sat upon the hay,  
In high delight, as her companions tell,  
In their own polish'd, yet most pleasant way,  
Of the events since parting each befell,  
To meet all unawares at Loch na Gaie.  
One thing remain'd which neither dared to say,  
What was the special magnet drew them there.

Each look'd upon the other, then at her.  
To see was to admire. What was their thought?  
Did it to each bright mind at once occur,  
Is this another trial for us fraught?  
Our scientific struggles yet have been  
But friendly contests on the wrestling green.  
Must we again another combat dare?

A bugle sounded, its loud echoes rung  
From hill to hill reverberant, then died out.  
"It is my father that home-note has sprung.  
Hark ! do you hear the gillies' welcome shout ?  
It tells me that a noble stag has died,  
In all the glory of his antler'd pride.  
See in far distance. Yon, they cross the hill."

'Twas as she said. In the soft ev'ning light,  
On the hill's brow, ponies and men appear ;  
Not clearly seen by the unaided sight,  
Yet Helen said, "First pony bears a deer."  
Then springing up, with speed the maiden fled  
To the old castle hall, with rapid tread.  
As swift returning, motion equalling will.

The glass she hands to Armstrong. "It is so,  
Lady, you're right. Pony the first has horns !  
I did not say his own ; they seem to grow  
Out of his side, like what we know adorns  
The great red deer : Diana's self might gloat  
On the bright spots upon his dark brown coat.  
But Dian would be much appall'd and frighten'd."

"Why?" "Because Donald, that dread piper-man  
Has just now ta'en his place before the beast,  
And, puffing with the utmost might he can,  
Proclaims the deed done, and the approaching feast.  
And all the gillies' mouths are gaping wide,  
Shouting in this, to them an hour of pride,  
With faces by their fierce exertions brighten'd.

"Treason," cried Helen, "pipes on Hieland soil  
Must have due reverence ; ev'ry Scotsman loves  
Their stormy music. Son of war and toil,  
His heart of hearts the stormy clash approves,  
Which stirs it more than trumpet, drum, or fife,  
And makes men charge, regardless of dear life,  
Or makes them march, despite the cannons' thunder."

"True, lady ! true," cries Lovett ; "I opine  
That pipes are mighty instruments for war,  
And good for marching, making music fine ;  
But I—as Armstrong, like them best afar."  
"Treason again," quoth Helen. "Irish blood  
Never was moved by music half so good.  
Think of a harp, even Tara's, out there yonder !

List now, how strong its tones, how grand, how clear,  
How all-inspiring among the hills,  
With thousand echoes ring its notes of fear,  
Making the wavelets tremble in the rills.  
Supposing ev'n Tara's Harp were there,  
The Minstrel Boy might die of sheer despair,  
His tinkling lost in dull and dumbest show."

Thus, in a pleasant badinage, they chaff'd,  
Brimfull of spirits, and indulged free wit,  
And at each other's sallies gaily laugh'd,  
And freely satirized what they thought fit ;  
'Till from below, a horse's sounding tramp,  
Clanking on rock and stone with rapid stamp—  
Helen exclaims, "My father comes, I know."



Few minutes later, up the rocky pass,  
Emerging into sight, on a dun steed  
Strong, short, and sturdy, dash'd upon the grass  
A splendid man, and push'd along at speed ;  
Grey-headed and red-bearded, all array'd  
For sylvan sport, couteau and flying plaid,  
Flat cap with cuillion leaf and heron feather.

Swiftly he reach'd the group, and a bright smile  
And hearty hand-grasp welcomed Lovett there.  
"Hallo ! my old companion of the Nile !  
News from King Cheops ? Welcome to my lair.  
Methought that you were thousand miles away,  
In Abyssinia, hunting beasts of prey,  
And little dreaming we should here foregather.

But welcome ! hearty welcome, to our hills !  
You 've kept your word, and found us out ; declare  
How you got here, for some small wonder fills  
My mind ; for all day long, like bird of air,  
High on the hills my eye and glass have swept  
The country all around. If a hare crept  
Stealthily 'mongst the gorse, I sure had spied it."

"You know, Sir Alan, I am giv'n to tricks,  
And as I found no bridge from Biscay's bay,  
And as you neither hour nor day would fix,  
Floating on Ocean Foam, I came this way,  
A masculine kind of Venus, from the sea  
Newly risen, I have come to thee :  
My conch-shell in the loch behind, doth ride it."

“He, from the land of sphynxes who doth come  
Hath right to speak in riddles. Helen, child,  
Chain up that maniac ; we pronounce his doom,  
’Tis not the first time he has us beguiled :  
He is our prisoner now—on to the hall ;  
If he resists, our stout retainers call.  
For punishment he dines with us to-day.

“Now, Mr. Armstrong, that strict justice done,  
The merman’s case being settled, tell me why  
You did not join us in our glorious run,  
Preferring, lazily, in the hay to lie ?  
When I was young as you, an iron chain  
Had never held me, when the bugle’s strain  
Invited all the boldest to the prey.”

“Important private business,” Armstrong said,  
“Pressing affairs.—Mine host, do you forget  
I’m a full midshipman, and war’s my trade.  
The gallant chase I don’t despise, but yet  
I’m but a schoolboy still ; my uncle, Chief,  
Has giv’n me charts to work out, no ways brief,  
And time for finishing is running short.

Cuba, the Indies West, rocks called the Keys,  
He wants condensed in one small map, and I  
Am the selected draughtsman, him to please.  
You know there’s something in old uncle’s eye,  
Which says, Sir, if you please, you must ! I got this run  
When this tough job was scarcely yet begun ;  
’Tis why I shunn’d, incontinent, your sport.”

“Good,” said Sir Alan, “sailors have a way,  
Unknown to lubbers of the land like me,  
Of working charts amongst the fragrant hay ;  
Sextants and compasses I do not see ;  
Perhaps pitchforks and hay-rakes do as well,  
And a douce lassie helps to work the spell,  
Of making charts, to guide in unknown oceans.”

Helen was gone, of course : her household cares  
Call'd her away. She knew her father well :  
She dreaded his keen wit, which no one spares :  
Yet as she went, a glance on Armstrong fell.  
Her “*au revoir*” said, “Now you're in for chaff,  
I might be brought within Sir Alan's laugh ;  
Better your blushes than my soft emotions.”

In truth, the chieftain, in his pleasant way,  
Spared not the youth, and thro' his sun-brown'd cheek  
The warm and rosy blood was seen to play,  
As the red tints thro' russet apples break.  
A strangely sudden consciousness came then ;  
“Have I betray'd myself, why, how, or when ?  
Yet if I have, most loveable is Helen !”

“Helen has help'd the charting ? Is it so ?  
Lovett took mighty pains on ancient Nile  
To make her box the compass and to row ;  
And as for Lunar observations, you would smile :  
No greater pair of lunatics were found  
From Cairo to the rapids, and all round,  
Astronomy with ev'ry night upswelling.

And ev'ry star they learn'd, dull or bright,  
And measured, and made angles, till at last  
I used to growl at this abuse of night,  
And tell them it was all endurance past.  
Then with some funny joke they each retired,  
By Zoroaster or the stars inspired,  
Nor ever ventured my advice to slight.

One eve some dullish star provoked their spleen,  
Stuck in a spot where no star should appear ;  
They argued from their books. I came between,  
But all in vain to name this stupid sphere.  
Helen resolved the problem, ' It must be,  
It is so very dull, a sky M.P.,  
A luminary apt to prose all night.'

'Twas there young Lovett first gain'd our good will,  
And now he comes, his promise made, to keep  
And rusticate by lake or hieland hill.  
I hope he's learn'd by night to take his sleep.  
See where he now is, on the flag-staff tower,  
Restless as ever, with great mental power.  
Armstrong, within my heart of hearts, I love that lad."

It joys me much to know that you were friends :  
This meeting must be grateful to you both.  
Clashing of mind with mind for ever tends  
To rub away the mossy coat of sloth ;  
Then man can sometimes shape his friend to good,  
Polishing angles which the world withstood.  
I feel right joyous at this meeting glad. "

To eulogise his friend with ready tongue,  
Was grateful to young Armstrong, 'twas a theme  
He ever joy'd in, and his accents rung  
With the true chime of friendship, as the dream  
Of all their schoolboy, and their college life,  
Their loving meetings, and their classic strife,  
On mem'ry blooming freshly, flash'd again.

“ You two must never quarrel—friends are rare,  
The friend of youth is dearest friend of all :  
The boy's friend is the friend the man can't spare,  
His loss no after time can e'er recal.  
Friendship like this, to last the whole of life,  
Unshaken by time, danger, love, or strife,  
Is of God's gifts the richest one to man.”

Thus they conversed, till the long hunting train  
Arrived upon the lawn, there to display  
The noble stag, whose swiftness proved in vain ;  
And other trophies of the vent'rous day.  
Then the chief gave his orders for good cheer :  
His vassals knew to find the buttery near,  
Where all were sure to have a welcome run.

Now sinks the sun behind the western hills,  
In all the glory of his golden blaze,  
Whilst red reflection unknown tints distils,  
Climbs the high heather, then fades into haze.  
As dips the orb's last streak, from shore to shore  
Resounds with echoes loud, a cannon's roar.  
It is the Ocean Foam's long evening gun.

“A nice toy that! Friend Lovett don’t conceal  
His whereabouts, with such a Roaring Meg  
To tell the dinner hour, and make us feel  
Our appetites screw’d up to famine peg.  
This conch-shell, which can carry such loud thunder,  
Must fain exceed fair Aphrodité’s wonder.  
Ha! there’s a better sound, the dinner gong.”

A merry parti carrée then sat down,  
With much to tell from varied sources drawn.  
And with the dessert came, the feast to crown,  
Donald M’Pherson marching up the lawn.  
His mighty pipes, with ribbands gay, burst forth  
With the grand music of the stormy north,  
Attuned by his bold taste to loudest song.

Poor Lovett look’d his terror, then a ruse  
Practised upon the piper: delicate ears,  
Might well the juvenile, the feint excuse,  
To rid them of the music and his fears.  
“Donald, thou Prince of minstrels, hie away!  
The Ocean Foam lies anchor’d in the bay,  
Without one echoed note of kindly welcome.”

Loud laugh’d M’Kenzie, Helen smiléd too,  
A sign was given and Donald strode away,  
His pendants and his pipes soon lost to view,  
’Till on a crag high over Loch na Gaie,  
Storm’d forth his welcome to braw Scotia’s hills,  
In echoing notes which ev’ry valley fills.  
Then came a little tap on the Foam’s drum,

And a sweet bugle's tones resounding came,  
In clearest answer, "Scot's wha hae" rang out,  
Soul-stirring notes, of grand historic fame.  
Ended, 'twas followed by a ringing shout,  
Which British tars alone know how to give  
In that strong steady cheer, which don't deceive;  
Oft the fierce prelude to a fiercer fight:

Now prelude to enjoyment—toil to rest,  
The sailor's lot. The Foam lay calm and still,  
After fierce tossing on rough Biscay's breast,  
But all uninjured, thro' those sailors' skill.  
And now they long'd to rollick it on shore,  
And the wild woods and mountains round explore,  
With all the keen zest of a child's delight.

Helen, smiling, turn'd to Lovett with, "Methinks  
Our piper, tho' he makes a little noise,  
Into contemptuous insignificance sinks  
Beneath the clamour of your bellowing boys.  
Pray, come you here to visit, or invade  
The mountain fastness of a Hieland maid,  
With all these terrible, desp'rate men-of-war?"

"Lady, I came to crave, as humble knight,  
Your much-prized favour; and my gallant crew,  
Who doubtless, if provoked, could make a fight,  
Would not obey me if I challenged you.  
Peaceful their errand—they are all your slaves,  
One 'mongst them of your beauty strangely raves——"  
"Who?" "Why the gallant Nubian, Black Ackbar."

“Ackbar? My friend, Black Ackbar? Is he there?

Ackbar, the ever ready, ever strong,  
The ever faithful; with a genius rare  
To smooth the roughs of life—the never wrong.  
Ackbar, whose club and courage kept at bay  
The raging Arabs, on that awful day,  
When we were in dread peril quite confounded.”

“Aye! Ackbar, black as ever! Ackbar vow’d

He could not leave me, when I left the East;  
He ’d never quit me, if he were allow’d.  
He wept—his lamentations never ceased  
Deepest entreaty. Last he said to me,  
‘I’ll die if I don’t see Miss M’Kenzie.’  
That argument, too strong for me, quite crown’d it.

Ackbar became my valet—took delight

In my belongings, and grew quite expert;  
Appear’d in vest and cravat purest white;  
Watchful and careful, skilful and alert;  
Loving me as a dog loves—true as steel—  
Giving no trouble, save by over-zeal:  
Now he ’s on board the Foam, my trusty steward.

When first on board the Ocean Foam he came,

The ‘Mal de mer’ destroy’d his ev’ry power;  
On the deck helpless lay his massive frame,  
He thought that he had reach’d his latest hour.  
In his despair at last he call’d for me,  
To tell me he Miss Helen ne’er would see,  
Then said, ‘Just throw me overboard, to leeward.



I am no good—no use, cast me o'erboard.'  
The Jackets Blue could see no fun in that,  
So brandy down his throat they plenteous pour'd,  
And in his hammock swung him up quite flat.  
He slept. Next day the sea was smooth and calm,  
And as I steer'd, he came with low salaam,  
And fain, if let, he would have kiss'd my feet :

Apologising much for his late state,  
Swearing by Mumbo Jumbo that Sheitan  
Had got into his inside, and had great  
Confuscation made, after his plan  
Of torturing mortals—but he now was well,  
The medicine had acted like a spell,  
And driv'n out the nasty devil, neat.

Ackbar's the fav'rite of my crew ; they love  
Him for his courage and his genial way ;  
He's always ready any fun to move,  
And sings like any child, as blithe and gay ;  
Obliging ever, yet as Pharaoh proud,  
That man stands out forever from the crowd ;  
His father, as he tells us, was a king.

I did not like to take him ; now I'm glad,  
And what I fear most is to lose him now,  
If thro' Miss Helen's wiles my dusky lad  
Should me, and my rough service, disavow,  
And in his admiration choose to stay  
In her loved neighbourhood, at Loch na Gaie,  
And to her much more pleasing service cling."

“Was ever heard such raving?” Helen cried.

“Not but that Ackbar has my best of wishes ;  
He is a noble fellow, with true pride :

I ’m glad you did not make him food for fishes.  
And Ackbar is so modest, I declare  
I think he ’s got his own and master’s share,  
If that be not attributing too much merit.”

Dinner now over, to the buttery

They all adjourn’d, the noble stag to break,  
As was the custom. On his bended knee,  
The huntsman to fair Helen of the Lake  
Presented his sharp knife, with which she mark’d  
The haunches out, and then big Neptune bark’d,  
And all shout out with genuine hunting spirit.

Sir Alan claim’d the head, the haunches were

For the home larder ; all the rest was giv’n  
To the poor tenantry, as their welcome share,  
To cheer them in their des’late way of living.  
Sir Alan did not popularity court,  
But join’d their comfort to his love of sport,  
And did kind deeds, too many to be told.

Now, moonlight flooded o’er th’ eternal hills

In silvering beauty, and alone the sound  
Of trickling streamlets in the mountain rills,  
And the black cock’s good-night broke the profound.  
“Suppose we take a stroll, or mount the tower,  
And view the prospect from the Lady’s Bower ;  
The yacht, too, yet conceal’d, we shall behold.

Allons done—Andiamo ; Luna fair  
Shall shelter our shortcomings, and conceal  
Our storm-toss'd state, which we would fain repair,  
Ere daylight, imperfections should reveal.  
But as she is, 'twill give your heart delight  
My little craft to see, so trim and tight.  
It was my father's gift, therefore much prized."

Up the steep castle stairs they mount on high,  
With many a pleasant quip, and crack, and jest,  
'Till nothing came between them and the sky.  
There as they stood upon its lofty crest,  
And saw the quiv'ring moonbeams stretch away  
O'er the long loch, into the distant bay,  
Looking with eyes both pleasèd and surprised.

Beneath was darkness, the o'erhanging cliff  
Shrouded the waters near, hiding from sight  
All 'neath its shadow : whilst in strong relief  
Each thing beyond appear'd as silver bright.  
"Where is this wondrous vision of the sea,  
This magic barque with Neptune's progeny ?  
Surely, she's vanish'd in thin air, and gone."

"We'll ask the darkness," softly Lovett said,  
"To yield a little, and give up her prize,  
And if my barkie is not really fled,  
She shall be visible to all mortal eyes."  
Then on the rampart springing, his loud shout  
Provoked the slumb'ring echoes all about,  
Making his hands a trumpet, with clear tone.

“Foam, there! ahoy!” “Aye, aye, sir,” from the dark  
Came back in answer. “Show your whereabouts.”  
Instant below appear’d a tiny spark,  
Then bursts forth sudden day, and no one doubts  
The lovely revelation: the blue light  
Illumined all the ship, and gave to sight  
Details, even the minutest, most complete.

Each rope and tapering spar seem’d turn’d to steel,  
The very faces of the bronzed men,  
Gave the expression they that moment feel,  
Distinct as gravèd by a magic pen.  
Then one great fellow of that manly crew,  
Dyed by the light a rich cerulean blue,  
Foots up the mainhoops with his naked feet,

And on the high truck placed a rocket fire;  
Swift lit it—with a swish it soars on high,  
As tho’ to reach the stars it would aspire,  
Then bursts in brilliancy in nether sky.  
This act, those standing on the tower, display’d,  
Armstrong and Lovett and the Hieland maid,  
And overtow’ring them, Sir Alan stout.

And then another blue light from the mast  
Sent forth its wondrous splendour all around,  
And all eyes centred where the radiance cast  
Its nearest rays, almost the sight to wound,  
On him who held it on the giddy height;  
For he was black as Erebus, or night,  
With grinning white teeth—eyes that roll’d about.

“Behold your Beauty, Miss M’Kenzie, he  
Devised that rocket practice. Ha! what’s that?  
‘Three cheers for the dear lady.’ He makes free;  
See how he waves his straw sombrero hat!”  
“It is poor Ackbar, the brave negro lad,  
And spite your gibes, to see him I’m right glad,”  
The lady, waving her white kerchief, cries.

“Well, he has got his wish; he used to say,  
And swear, too, by his Mumbo Jumbo God,  
He hoped he would not die till came the day  
He’d see dear Missie Helen, give him nod  
Just once again. So now anticipant  
Turns night to day, makes us participant  
In his, by no means disapproved, device.”

Then cheer on cheer burst from the schooner’s deck,  
“Long live Miss Helen!” tho’ but one man there  
Had ever seen her, and he could not check  
His admiration great, for one so fair;  
And thro’ the voyage, mingling with the crew,  
He taught them all of Helen that he knew,  
And all that Ackbar said, was heartfelt praise.

Poor Ackbar’s childhood pass’d in savage strife,  
His youth in war and rapine; then enslaved.  
Throughout, he’d seen the hardest side of life,  
And cruelty on his soul was deeply graved,  
He never knew a kindly sympathy,  
Till in M’Kenzie’s—Lovett’s company  
He found that kindness could the past efface.

But, most of all, his rugged nature bent  
And sunk to weeping softness, when he saw  
Helen like some bright angel, to him sent,  
Trying his savage thoughts from him to draw.  
Her words to him were sacred ; he became,  
Under her guidance, something which would shame  
Many a well-instructed Christian man.

He served well where he loved ; 'twas that alone  
Changed his whole nature, and brought out the good ;  
Turn'd into ductile wax his heart of stone,  
And made obedience dear as daily food.  
He learn'd and comprehended, too, with speed,  
The things of which his untaught mind had need :  
In doubt, he humbly ask'd fair Helen's plan.

Such was the bronze-like figure, glaring there,  
Like some cerulean merman, in the grot  
Azurro call'd. Apollo not more fair  
In his proportions. Ev'ry hardy Scot  
Look'd in astonishment on the figure grand,  
Standing aloft, the blue light in his hand,  
Like that great brazen wonder, Rhodes' Coloss.

A nigger ! they thought negroes scarcely mortal,  
A better kind of monkey, once removed,  
An accident, slipping in thro' Nature's portal,  
And not quite half, by the whole world approved.  
But here they saw a specimen astounding,  
Their preconceived imaginings confounding,  
And leaving speculation quite at loss.

Such as he was, he knew he had produced  
A scene of wondrous beauty, so, before  
Its brilliant glories were the least reduced,  
Whilst all shone bright as day, yacht, lake, and shore ;  
Sudden, he flung the blue light to the deep,  
And darkness all involved, like sudden sleep,  
After a striking, grand, and lovely vision.

The scene has dropt ; but from the darkness sounds  
The tap, tap, tap upon the little drum :  
And then the boatswain's whistle, on his rounds,  
Pipes "hammocks," and dog watch already come.  
The longest day must end, above, below,  
Morpheus and Somnus happy seeds will sow  
By Nature's laws, and happy, just decision.

"I cannot fail to make my compliments  
To Mr. Lovett and his gallant crew.  
And thank them for their kind express'd intents,  
And for the witching scene they brought to view.  
It was so lovely, unexpected too,  
Check'd by good taste before it pall'd on view,  
A truly visionary thing to dream of."

Lovett bow'd low. "My servitors are good,  
If they're a little rough ; but 'mongst the lot  
Of hardy lads, whose work is somewhat rude,  
Some really fine fellows I have got.  
Ackbar's a gem, a diamond in the rough,  
Polish'd, he'd be of quite too brilliant stuff ;  
Ackbar, amongst my crew—is very cream of."

“Good! with your leave we ’ll try their sailing skill,  
Long time I’ve wish’d to cruise amongst our isles;  
I think the time is coming to fulfil  
My wish to see Staffa’s basaltic piles,  
Iona’s Isle of Saints, tall Ailsa Craig,  
Bute’s Kyles, and Morven’s coasts, a voyage vague,  
Worthy the thought and wondrous songs of Ossian.”

“Too fast, my daughter—scarce our guest has placed  
His foot upon our threshold, when you shift  
From our house into his. I feel disgraced;  
Our hospitality has broken adrift——”  
“Oh! pardon, father! no such thought was mine,  
’Twas future pleasure that I did design,  
Such as we had in Egypt and in Goshen.”

“Well, for amends, and to show you repent,  
With the near harvesting of our crop of hay,  
We ’ll gather all the clan, on pleasure bent,  
And show the games the Highlanders can play.  
’Tis long since they a festival have had,  
’Twill joy their hearts, and make mine own right glad,  
After our absence—our so long-away.”

“Hear’st thou, Great Captain of the Ocean Foam,  
This Chieftain father of our mountain rule  
Forbids us on the ocean path to roam.  
We are to play at Idyls—go to school—  
Learn to make hay—eat haggis, and perhaps  
Teach you to play the pipes—ere time elapse  
Till we may breast, on board the Foam, the spray.



We shall grow 'lotus-eaters'; time shall seem  
Only the measure of enjoyment; we  
Shall float along in a delightful dream,  
Nor cast a thought on the tumultuous sea.  
The Ocean Foam shall be with roses deck'd,  
A lovely bouquet shall the wave reflect;  
Silent she 'll lie upon the waters, crewless.

We 'll have our kin, Campbells, MacGregors, all  
Collected in turf huts, tents, bothys, stables;  
Then you shall see a genuine Hieland Ball,  
And an immense consumption of eatables.  
You must be taught to dance the Hieland Fling,  
Much like an Indian war prance, when they spring,  
With steps which Sandy deems are almost viewless.

The pipers, too, shall drone you a pibroch,  
Enough 'the Sleepers Seven' to rouse from rest;  
They to the gathering certainly will flock,  
Determined each to blow his very best.  
They 'll dance, jump, run, wrestle, fight in sword play,  
Fling heavy caibers, hunt soap'd pigs all day—  
Perhaps 'tis better, than mooning out at sea.

The grouse and ptarmigan upon the mountain,  
And Scotia's black-cock, pheasants, wait the word;  
If they say true, the number is past counting,  
You climb the heather, and you choose your bird.  
Herons fish in ev'ry pool in upper Gowrie,  
My grandmother got twenty hawks in dowry;  
A hawk is our prized crest, and our land royalty.

Necessity first forced us, now for love,  
Hooded and jess'd we keep them for the field,  
They are to see, caged in the tower above :  
You 'll find them blazed in our armorial shield.  
Then in our forests there are mighty deer,  
For rifle or for chase, and boars for spear ;  
If sport be your delight, we 've sport enough.

Salmon in our rivers—in our lochs sea trout,  
Repletion for the angler, who would tire ,  
Striking, and playing, and then pulling out,  
So we employ the waster, boat, torch-fire.  
A prettier scene on a dark summer night  
Has rarely cross'd your most fastidious sight,  
As seen from height of some o'erhanging bluff.

Then, when of these sports tired, in open air,  
Which are so pleasant, as our people join,  
We have our library, volumes a fair share,  
Tho' our good neighbours will our books purloin.  
But they are never grudged, and all come back,  
Showing they 've been read, by many a thumby track.  
'Tis to their credit that the Scots are readers.

Don't ask who are our neighbours. Miles away  
O'er loch and mountain, friends our nearest, dwell.  
A progress we make, when we visits pay  
In friendliest fashion to those loved well.  
And we stay days or weeks, as seemeth best,  
Sure of our welcome, no need to be press'd  
By insincerity of society's pleaders.

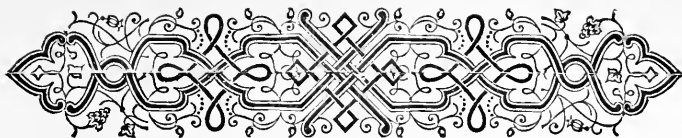
So, gentlemen, my brief apology made,  
The ocean we 'll not tempt till tired of land.  
Forgive me, if, unthinking, I betray'd  
A hostess' instincts in our Scottish land.  
Yet, I do wish to see how 'Foam' behaves  
When her bright sides are wash'd by ocean waves,  
And I 've no doubt I shall, in proper time."

"Lady, my boat, my crew, my ——" "Hush,  
No mock heroics, or I shall decline  
The putting modesty unto the blush,  
By playing Naiad with you on the brine.  
Meanwhile, you are my prisoner at large;  
Refrain to make more onerous my charge,  
Or I shall reason render for my rhyme."

These days pass'd pleasantly in summer weather,  
Wand'ring about in regions of wild beauty;  
In shooting, fishing, sailing, all-together.  
Miss Helen call'd this doing wholesome duty;  
Yet we claim no great wisdom, when we say  
That youth and beauty found this dang'rous play,  
And pleasant tho' it was, half conscious knew it.

Weeks gaily pass'd, in this most sweet communion  
Of bright intelligence, unshackled, free  
From worldly fashion's chills; a delicate union  
Where mind with mind clash'd, yet where sympathy  
Cushion'd the point of each too free expression,  
Tho' candour found throughout a full confession  
Of battles lost and gain'd—still they pursue it.





## Canto II.

---

“We were tried friends. I from my childhood up  
Had known him.”

WORDSWORTH.

---

SWEET is the converse of two candid minds,  
When thoughts unlabour'd find their birth in speech:  
Twining ideal flowrets of all kinds  
Into fantastic wreathings; prone to teach  
With ev'ry flash of colour, how some ray  
Of mental lightning darting into day,  
Carries, with electric quickness, pictures rare.

Each willing to impress, or be impress'd,  
Sharing the overflowings of the brain,  
Making community in a kindred breast:  
A single effort for a double gain.  
Friendship, when efforts such as these are thine,  
When soul makes known to soul how they entwine,  
Then, truly, the companionship is fair.

One evening, the two friends sat on the tower,  
Engaged in chat, talking of things gone by,  
In a snug nook, known as the Maiden's Bower,  
Because some maiden chose that rampart high  
To look out for her lover. Legends say  
He perish'd in a storm, one awful day;  
She saw, in dread dismay, his boat upturn'd.

She saw him struggling with the whelming wave,  
She saw him sink, she saw him rise again,  
Then sink for ever—him she could not save;  
Despairing madness seized upon her brain.  
One fearful scream she gave, heard o'er the storm,  
Next moment could be seen a falling form,  
Cast from the lofty tow'r, life wildly spurn'd.

Alluding to the legend, Armstrong said,  
"No one could live, and leap there; but in truth  
I feel small sympathy for the insensate maid,  
Who could not bear to lose the drownèd youth,  
But must, too, lose herself. Better she had  
Forbade the visits of the drownèd lad,  
Except he could have chosen better weather.

Playing at Hero and Leander must,  
In these cold Scottish lochs, be all a myth;  
Poetical invention, I should trust,  
Romance's well-grown tree, devoid of pith.  
The only good excuse that you could give  
Was that the girl was mad, unfit to live  
Without strict surveillance, and careful tether."

“Armstrong, you grow ascetic, I declare  
Each man who holds a lyre should vote you out :  
Do you think that common sense e'er rules the fair  
With any force, when there 's a lover's doubt ?  
Why, ev'rywhere you go, you 'll find a leap  
By which some lover found a lasting sleep.  
Perhaps, in your strong judgment, all were mad.”

“Which side lies charity, 'twere hard to tell ?”  
Armstrong replies. “I'd hang all lunatics.  
'Twould serve most mightily to break the spell  
Which hovers o'er insanity, and fix  
Some definite terror, of a real kind,  
In place of vague delusion in the mind,  
Whether of self-deluding, mad or bad.”

“Heigho ! Logician ! You assume that some  
Of so-call'd lunatics might be frighten'd sane :  
That is a new beat on the psycal drum ;  
Its tones will reach the doctors' ears in vain.  
But, suicidal desperation caught  
By some perversion of a crooked thought,  
Should not 'mongst reasoners ever be call'd madness.

Madness is some confusion of the brain,  
Which can't see real things as they exist ;  
But draws its true conclusions, all in vain,  
From falsest premises, with a mental twist :  
Men of good sense often the opposite do,  
Drawing conclusion false from premise true.” [badness.”  
“In that,” quoth Armstrong, “wise men show worse

“Armstrong, my friend, you ’re fallen on bad ways,  
And *badder* English. Ancient Trinity  
Would never crown your head with glorious bays,  
For reasoning such, I think a sin it be.  
Time out of mind all heroines claim the right  
To outrage sense, and with all reason fight,  
And do mad acts, the kindly call strange things.

So, therefore, let ’s suppose this maiden jump’d  
When desperation fearful fill’d her brain,  
And in the waters, deep and deadly, plump’d,  
With such a shock as life could not sustain.  
Our credence we must give, for here, I ween,  
Just where we stand, her screaming ghost was seen ;  
If reasoning fails you, surely that proof brings.”

“That’s an *a fortiori*, as we know,  
Sage is the argument : if the ghost appear,  
Undoubtedly the lady went below ;  
So now all difficulties disappear.  
But—there’s another lady here, whose soul  
Fain would I touch, and bring ’neath my control,  
Did favouring fortune truly my friend stand.”

“Lovett, it seems that fortune still will fling  
Our fates together, in the strangest play,  
As tho’ to give our joys a bitter sting,  
For Helen is the star that lights my way !  
The day you landed here, to our surprise,  
I thought I found such favour in her eyes,  
That I resolved to offer her my hand.



You at that very moment, came between  
Me, and a frank confession. I was dazed  
With that girl's vivid brightness, and the sheen  
Of her strange beauty—I was fairly crazed;  
But for your sudden advent, unaware,  
I'd ask'd her, future life with me to share,  
And turned, most willingly, a Benedick."

"Oh! Tempora! O Mores! Hear the moan  
Of one who prides him on his reasoning powers,  
Defining madness in a solemn tone,  
And granting he was crazed—that o'er him lowers  
A doubt of being accepted. Now, dear George,  
What would the Navy do, if you should forge  
Fetters on your grand career, and grow love-sick?

You lose your fine profession for a wife:  
The Admiral would tell you as I do,  
That, in the likelihood of coming strife,  
Little but ocean shall the sailor view.  
Marriage would be a most uncertain measure,  
Full of anxieties and devoid of pleasure  
On both sides, with good sense to be eschew'd.

Less than post-captain no man dares to wed,  
'Twould be a deed of eccentricity,  
By which, without ill-nature, might be said,  
To bind a lass, would be most dark duplicity.  
The closest ties, thus wilful kept asunder,  
My dearest George, 'twould be a fearful blunder,  
Inflicting serious damage, and no good.

Now, that I speak in reason you shall see.

You know I join'd you in the wish to make  
The Navy my profession. The wide sea  
From early childhood ever could awake  
Most sympathetic feelings in my soul,  
Which I restrain'd, but scarcely could control,  
Till in my '*Wander-Jahr*' I sought Egypt.

A confidence like yours demands return :

You've told your feelings. Listen now to mine.  
Never did the torrid sun more hotly burn  
On Egypt's soil, than did one thought divine  
Possess my being—fire my fervid brain—  
A thought I tried to banish, but in vain—  
You guess from my allusions, my sure drift.

Wand'ring midst Sphynxes, ruins, ancient lore,  
With Helen and her sire, I learn'd to know  
A new delight, not taught by learning's store,  
A something which my mind could not forego.  
I prized her, for she fill'd an ideal place  
With her bright mind, her beauty, and her grace.  
Dear George, I tell the simple truth, I loved her.

Then, when some dangers of no trivial kind  
Occurr'd, and we were hamper'd sore, our lives  
Hung in a per'lous balance, her strong mind  
And wondrous patience, which ev'n hope survives,  
Kept up our failing hearts—one deed of her's,  
Which for an ancient knight had won his spurs,  
From out my list of women known, removed her.

'Twas upon Nubia's border, where the land  
Joins hard on Abyssinia, we had left  
Our Diabeya, hidden on the strand,  
'Midst mangroves and tall reeds, of mast bereft,  
Cunning conceal'd. Not e'en a practised eye  
Could any trace of living thing descry :  
It look'd a lovely spot of wildest nature.

Sir Alan, Helen, and myself, from this  
Went in a light canoe t' explore a river  
Which branch'd from the great stream, a place of bliss  
For lotus eaters. You would bless the Giver  
Did you but see the foliage and the birds,  
The peeping deer, the bison's lordly herds,  
Beasts, birds, trees, reptiles, most of wondrous stature.

Two days we floated thro' this region wild  
Of the primeval forest, or cut thro'  
The brakes, to reach the splendid flowers, which smiled  
Upon us, on all sides, with features new.  
Oh ! never did I see a scene before  
Like this, which greeted us on ev'ry shore.  
The birds and beasts were not at us affrighted.

The swans sail'd by us, graceful pelicans  
Fish'd with their mighty pouches by our side ;  
Cockatoos chatter'd, and raised up their fans,  
And the shy pea-fowl spread their tails in pride ;  
The river horse immense blew in the sedge,  
Great alligators lined the river's edge :  
The region teem'd with life, and joy invited.

Monkeys above our heads, from tree to tree  
Sprung chatt'ring, and strange lizards, dragon-like,  
Glided about; serpents slipp'd dreamily  
Along the branches, whilst beneath, the pike,  
That river shark, put smaller fish to rout,  
Where'er he turn'd his dusky, murd'rous snout.  
It was, in verity, a wondrous scene.

Once we surprized a herd of tall giraffes,  
Another time a spotted leopard saw  
Fish from a branch. Elephants, with their calves;  
And only once we view'd, with silent awe,  
A lordly lion, who, to our surprise,  
Lapp'd like a cat, and had most dove-like eyes,  
Gazing upon us, with short space between.

'Twas hard to say whether we felt delight,  
Or something near akin to awe, as wonders  
Teem'd ever new on our astonish'd sight,  
Guessing, and naming each, with many blunders.  
We camp'd each night upon some little isle,  
And cook'd and talk'd, the darkness to beguile,  
Till sleep and weariness at last o'ertook us.

One always watching. It was hard to sleep;  
For with the darkness, came the forest roar;  
'Twas then the beasts their vigils seem'd to keep,  
And then in crowds they sought the river shore.  
Fair Helen took her watch; you should have seen  
How with her rifle cock'd, like savage queen,  
She took her reg'lar guard, and ne'er forsook us.

Gipsying like this, could hardly fail t' inspire  
A confidential feeling, equalling  
Half a life's mere acquaintance, and the fire  
Of the most ardent feelings 'gan to ring  
Through every fibre of my inner man,  
Increasing in their energy, once began,  
Till they assumed a very rapid pace.

One night I watch'd the embers till I slept ;  
I saw too Helen's fading form, as she  
Held the mid-watch, when silently there crept  
A hooded cobra from a neighbouring tree.  
The maiden saw his shining, scaly skin  
Glint in the firelight, till he came within  
A very perilous nearness, to my face.

She dared not fire—she dared not stir—she knew  
I must be victim to the least alarm.  
Danger was imminent, and each second grew  
The certainty to me of deadly harm.  
Without a thought's delay, she tramp'd upon  
The extended tail: my danger was now gone ;  
The reptile, in his torture, turn'd on her.

With every fang on edge, and tongue vibrate,  
Upstanding, he prepared to dart ; but she,  
Undaunted, sever'd, with her sharp machete,  
His head from his long body—we were free.  
Tho' as he twined, convulsed, he pour'd his blood  
In jetting spurts upon us in a flood.  
She stood there, calm and pale, but did not stir.

We started up in dire alarm, in dread  
That Helen had been injured, nor could well  
Credit our eyes, as pointing to the head—  
‘I’ve work’d on that invader with a spell :  
No one is harm’d but him ; and had he kept  
A courteous distance whilst my comrades slept,  
I had not damaged even a single scale.’

That night we slept no more ; but with the day  
We prudently determined to return  
To our large boat, nor danger more essay,  
Tho’ truth, the pleasure made us danger spurn.  
So down the stream we floated, landing where  
We saw some object which seem’d more than rare,  
And if we liked we got it without fail.

We knew that we were nearing the dense spot  
Where, at the junction of the rivers two,  
Shortly ’twould be our easy floating lot  
To come upon her well concealèd crew.  
We landed for a while, to climb a tree,  
And get a distant view where they might be ;  
But scarcely had we stepp’d upon the land,

When from the bushes sprang a num’rous crowd,  
With bows and arrows, hatchets, clubs, and knives ;  
And from their gestures, we presumed they vow’d  
At least to rob us of our precious lives.  
We did not know a word the Blackies said ;  
The beauties wore war-paint, sky-blue and red.  
They were a dreadful, devilish-looking band.

We could do little ; we had left our guns  
In the canoe : they had us in their power ;  
And though the Briton seldom danger shuns,  
Still 'gainst such odds, unarm'd, he fain must cower.  
No violence occur'd, till one big black  
Caught Helen up, and swung her on his back.  
With the foul ruffian Brave, she struggled hard.

Well, who could stand that ? Not the father, brave,  
Nor I, so recent rescued from death.  
Sir Alan rush'd, his daughter dear to save,  
And his stout fist knock'd out the negro's breath,  
Fell'd him to earth, and trampled on him there,  
Whilst his left arm redeem'd his daughter fair,  
And held them all at bay, upon his guard.

Nor was I idle : we stood back to back.  
From fall'n opponents we secured some clubs,  
And fiercely met their murderous attack,  
Giving the blacks some most unpleasant rubs,  
Holding our own some minutes : then they fled  
From our hard blows, and at safe distance shed,  
With no bad aim, arrows and spears in showers.

We now saw no escape. Helen and all,  
Surrounded as we were, had not a chance.  
In this dilemma, helpless, we must fall.  
So, wounded sore, we sign'd them to advance.  
Tried in vain, parley : threw our clubs away,  
Fearing our opposition might betray  
To death, our dear one, as we lost our powers.

The ruffians fell upon us with a whoop,  
Bound us, and dragg'd us to their camp away ;  
Their leader forced Miss Helen on the croup  
Of a grand horse, a great upstanding bay.  
Arrived, they flung us on the sandy ground,  
Nor cared that blood oused forth, from many a wound  
Their arrows (luckily unpoison'd) gave.

Helen they bound not—when the ruffians slept,  
Silent she sought us out, and stanch'd our wounds,  
Gave us a knife, then back again she crept :  
Her captor knew not, she had broken bounds.  
Into her father's ear some word she said.  
' Aught but dishonour,' was the answer made.  
' Try and be patient, Father, as you're brave.'

It happ'd this was of Braves a flying troop  
Upon the war-path, 'gainst a neighbouring tribe.  
Our seizure was an accidental stoop  
Of Black Hawk. Omen good did he ascribe  
To the event ; but luckless man, to take  
Sir Alan's brandy flask, his thirst to slake.  
He drank—'twas our good providence—and fell.

Helen alone, perceived his helpless state,  
As there he snored, and stole away to where  
The big bay horse was tether'd. I relate  
What she, unwilling, told me. She found there  
Saddle and bridle hanging from a bough,  
Which she contrived to fix, she knew not how ;  
But the event proves that she did it well.



Then, climbing to the saddle, she cut thro'  
The lariat which confined him, and restrain'd  
His pace for some short distance, and then flew  
Over the plain, till she the confluence gain'd  
Of the two rivers; there she knew the boat,  
With twenty fellows stout, lay hid, afloat,  
Conceal'd, most artfully, amid the reeds.

She cried out loudly—then a tall bamboo  
Rose midst the sedges, making her aware  
She was discover'd by her hidden crew.  
Then a black man appear'd with wondrous care,  
And in a small canoe soon paddled near.  
To him she gave the horse, and without fear,  
Seizing the paddles, to the Nile-boat speeds.

Arrived there, the interpreter to the Reis  
Her tale told, as she told it. No delay  
Hamper'd her wishes with absurd advice,  
But in few minutes they were under weigh:  
Mast up, sail set, sweeps out, and pushing poles  
Like some mad racers, nearing wish'd-for goals,  
Till, without stop, they reach'd the capture spot.

Quickly the Diahbey a-fast was made:  
Ev'ry man seized his musket; Indian file  
They cross'd the forest, till they reach'd a glade  
Where they could see of desert many a mile,  
The very spot of the late combat rude,  
Mark'd by some shatter'd arrows and much blood.  
Now it was clear these trackers held the slot.

Short consultation ; one black fellow took  
A broken arrow and some feathers twined,  
And read these tokens as men read a book,  
‘Tis Black Hawk on the war-path,’ he divined.  
Just as he spake, the Nubian with the horse  
Dash’d in among them, with a rapid course,  
‘Here comes a large band of the enemy.’

Scarce had he spoken, and himself conceal’d,  
When ev’ry man pass’d sudden from the glade,  
Leaving no trace in that small open field,  
By which their presence there could be betray’d.  
Quick, as if train’d to war, fair Helen too  
Sunk, midst surrounding foliage, out of view.  
Nought was there there, of human life to see.

Twelve fearful savages, bedaub’d with paint,  
Ran on the horse’s spoor, the open won,  
Panting with the long race, pursuing, faint,  
Assured the noble horse was nearly done :  
Like hounds they follow’d up ; the woman white  
Must soon succumb, and be their chieftain’s right :  
’Twas thus the savages, too vainly thought.

But, when the twelve men enter’d on that place,  
Twenty sure rifles rose on ev’ry side ;  
Scarcely a moment giv’n for breathing space,  
When ev’ry man dropp’d down in power and pride ;  
All wounded helplessly ; some writhing strong ;  
Some bounding high, then stretch’d in death along,  
Fall’n on the sod, where they had willing fought.

From their concealment, then rush'd out the crew,  
And finish'd with their knives the painful scene ;  
And one huge fellow took a careful view,  
And pierced each seeming corse with a long skene,  
Careful that life was ended, for he knew  
He was but doing, what his foe would do,  
If, in his place, he happ'd to be victorious.

What now was to be done? Helen had mark'd  
That fifty men composed the warring troop :  
Twelve gone—but thirty-eight, she now remark'd,  
Remain'd. By quick attack they might recoup  
All disadvantage. The old Reis who knew  
What savage warfare was, placed in her view  
Something her anxious mind esteem'd less glorious.

Thro' the young Dragoman, he courteous said,  
' We will surprise their sleeping camp to night,  
And if we silently effect our raid,  
The deed can e'en be done, without a fight.  
Let Ackbar lead us, he knows every wile,  
And will the wary enemy beguile,  
Or else, we 'll creep on silent, and surprise.'

Ackbar was ready. Ackbar ow'd a grudge  
To Black Hawk, and concisely speaking then,  
He utter'd, solemnly as any judge,  
And said, ' He 'd, doubtless, save the Englishmen.  
But they must strict obey—nor Black Hawk touch,  
'Till he could seize the miscreant in his clutch.  
For, Black Hawk Ackbar sold—so Black Hawk dies.'

Darkness soon comes, and sudden, in this clime,  
Scarce is there any twilight : day grows night,  
In scarce recorded minutes of old time,  
When the great luminary sinks from sight.  
Before that time arrived, the horse was fed,  
And silently before the maiden led :  
And on him, with great eagerness she vaulted.

Then on the open plain, or sand, or sod,  
These twenty men and that young maiden pass'd,  
On velvet ev'ry foot the desert trod  
In weird procession, till they came at last  
To a small grove of palms, close to the where  
The savages had made their nightly lair,  
And then, with circumspection keen, they halted.

One of their number, stripp'd of all his clothes,  
Crept, roll'd, and slid o'er the dividing space,  
Till, right amongst the Blackies in repose,  
He laid him down, as tho' in his right place.  
Then made his observations, shrewdly wise,  
Knowing that sleeping savages have eyes  
Which, scarcely even in slumber, dare to wink.

Then, when he 'd noted all, again he slipp'd  
Out on the other side, till he had gain'd  
The outer part of a long sandy drift ;  
Then every limb to join his friends, was strain'd.  
Ackbar ask'd where the Englishmen were tied,  
And heard exulting, ' Close by Black Hawk's side.'  
Nor stopp'd he many minutes then to think.

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The horse and Helen were left in the grove,  
With orders not to stir, till signal giv'n  
By a sharp whistle, gave her leave to move,  
And then she should dash on, with stirrup driv'n,  
And round and round the camp, with all her might,  
Circle midst darkness, and confuse the fight.  
She bow'd (what else could she) silent assent.

Not Joan of Arc, the standard in her hand,  
When Orleans and a cause she sacred deem'd,  
Placed her, as leader of the devoted band,  
Could more the fearless Amazon have seem'd  
Than gentle Helen, on that noble bay,  
Ready to play her part when came the fray,  
With her calm features, braced to stern intent.

Ackbar, and all the rest, now took the track  
Behind the sand wave, creeping on their knees,  
By which the scout, when spying, had come back ;  
Then at a run they gain'd the nearest trees.  
The dragoman then crept, all fours, to where  
The prisoners were secured within the lair,  
To arm them, if he could, and then unbind them.

Already, with the knife which Helen gave,  
They had cut thro' their bonds, but dared not stir,  
Hoping some chance might come, themselves, to save,  
When they heard, close to them, a gentle purr.  
Then a charged rifle, and a sharp machete  
Slipp'd gently on, their now freed hands to meet.  
Right glad were they, now, freemen thus to find them.

‘With the first shot spring up, but not till then.’

‘Good.’ He slipp’d off, and now a scene occur’d  
Which scarce could be described, for Ackbar’s men  
Had closed upon their enemy. He purr’d,  
And each man cock’d his rifle, and took aim  
Close to their heads—they woke to deadly shame,  
Thus on the very war-path to be caught.

A whistle then he blew, and loud horse-tramp,  
As of a band of riders, sounded round;  
As tho’ a host invaded the small camp,  
To break, with hostile hoof, silence profound.

‘Yield, slaves!’ cried Ackbar. ‘Black Hawk, you must die.’  
‘Not at your hand,’ was Black Hawk’s answering cry.  
‘Your power, in Black Hawk’s presence, is as nought.’

And with the speed of lightning, and one blow,  
Just as his gun exploded, Ackbar found  
His weapon hurl’d away—himself laid low,  
With sense bewilder’d, in a dark profound.  
Black Hawk, unhurt, yell’d forth his battle-cry,  
And swung his axe, to end his enemy.  
The first shot had with good effect been fired;

And with its sound up sprung the Englishmen,  
No second now too soon. Sir Alan dash’d  
Himself between the foes, and there and then,  
Fended the blows, with which the savage crash’d  
To slaughter Ackbar; but his light machete  
Was quite unsuited that strong axe to meet;  
I saw, and promptly too, aid was required.

I thrust my rifle right at Black Hawk's breast,  
My finger on the trigger, for 'twas plain,  
Arm'd so unequally, no doubt could rest  
That spite his skill, Sir Alan must be slain.  
My hand was seized, just as I tried to save  
My dear good friend, from an untimely grave.  
Ackbar, tho' injured sore, had gain'd his feet,

And with a fearful shout, first spoil'd my shot,  
Then struck at my opponent such a blow  
With a great club, where gotten I know not,  
Which, had it hit him, must have laid him low.  
But he evaded, and now seeing three  
Men were upon him, he turn'd round to flee :  
He was renown'd as fleetest of the fleet.

But he was gone, like lightning, round the trees,  
And if he got some distance on the plain,  
He could outrun them all with perfect ease,  
And such pursuit would certainly prove vain.  
Ackbar was sorely hurt, but full of fight,  
Muskets were going off to left and right,  
Some in the darkness, still were fiercely fighting.

Ackbar, enraged, emitted a wild screech,  
Grinding his teeth, then laughed hyena-like,  
Sardonic grinning—then in guttural speech,  
'The horse, the horse,' he cried ; 'I still shall strike.'  
His whistle shrilly sounded—to his need  
Helen came galloping, at utmost speed,  
Into the thick of fight the sound inviting.

Swiftly the lady from the horse he lifted,  
Bounded into her place, and dash'd away ;  
When he was gone, the scene for us was shifted,  
Around us was a terrible array.  
Men wounded, and men kill'd, and many bound,  
And gagg'd, and stretch'd upon the ensanguined ground ;  
It was, in truth, a very ugly sight.

However, we were safe ; our direful foe  
Was render'd harmless ; all we wanted now  
Was Ackbar—last he came, on foot, and slow,  
Sore wounded, with a gash upon his brow.  
He reach'd us, and then fainted. Well 'twas so,  
For with the swoon the life-blood ceased to flow,  
And o'er his senses came a sudden night.

After a time the flood of life ebb'd back,  
And then he told us to retreat with speed,  
Else we should all be lost—he had seen the track  
Of num'rous horsemen, who'd revenge the deed  
We just had done ; then to our great surprise  
A bloody head, he held before our eyes.  
No mercy could be shown him, after that.

'Where is the horse?' we ask'd him. 'Brains dash'd out  
By Black Hawk's axe, when he was overtaken,  
And my own nearly, but my turban stout  
Partially saved me, tho' I feel much shaken.  
Black Hawk I kill'd, of course ; he was too brave  
To yield an inch with life. He call'd me slave !  
A king's son was his conqueror, for all that.'



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This deed was done hardly a league from where  
The whole tribe was encamp'd. Ackbar well knew,  
Before an hour, a thousand men would stare  
Upon their chieftain's corpse. After that view,  
'Twas certain they would hurry on their track.  
'Twould be a race for life if they got back :  
So now with all speed, they must reach the river.

'What's to be done with Helen?' They must speed  
At utmost pace, when that wild hunt broke out.  
Ackbar was always ready when came need,  
And in few minutes rigg'd a litter stout,  
With branches lopp'd from palms which grew around,  
And leopard skins, torn from the fall'n, bound,  
Rapidly made by custom'd hands, and clever.

Helen was placed upon this palanquin,  
And six stout fellows started at a run,  
Bearing her off, as if she were a queen,  
And seemingly enjoying it as fun.  
The rest allow'd her to get far ahead,  
Then, in loose order, after her they sped,  
Taking what loot they could, each doubly arm'd.

Carrying the weapons off, their foes had borne,  
Swung on a bamboo, 'twixt two active men,  
With a few buffalo robes, which they had worn,  
The only spoils haste let them compass then.  
They knew their foes had horses, and could ride,  
They must outstrip them to the river side,  
Or, failing that, risk to be deadly harm'd.

So, at a long continuous run, they pass'd  
In single file out of the little wood ;  
Leaving the living bound, and dead aghast,  
Glad to escape that reeking scene of blood :  
Watching, with careful eyes, the horizon wide,  
And making with all speed for Nile's white tide,  
Not to lose time, by the directest line.

Now fortune favour'd them ; the sandy plain  
Was overpast, and thro' the sultry night,  
Again the river-skirting woods they gain,  
With wearied limbs, in that continuous flight.  
Within the shelter of the jungly wood,  
And glancing back, the little party stood,  
Seeking of their pursuers some vague sign.

Nor long had they to wait ; for far away  
On the horizon's verge, a little cloud,  
Scarce to be noticed in the morning's ray,  
Raised to their sight its immaterial shroud.  
' They come,' said Ackbar, ' we have two hours more,  
Ere, ev'n if mounted, they can reach the shore,  
And long ere that, we shall be safe on board.'

On, on ! Thro' the same track they'd made before,  
They trod, in silence, thro' the little glade,  
Where was their primal scuffle, till the shore  
Greeted them, welcome, in the sylvan shade ;  
Here they o'ertook the litter, and soon gain'd  
The shelter'd nook, where the large boat remain'd,  
Under umbrageous branches, safely moor'd.

On board at once—the hawsers loosed—sail spread—

Great sweeps work'd stoutly, with the river's flow  
Rapidly down the Diahbeya sped,

Nor did they any relaxation know,  
Till, near the junction with the mighty Nile,  
Their labours were relax'd, and with a smile

Of great content, they thought their perils ended.

The sweeps were taken in, soft blew the breeze,

The mat-lateens were sheeted home, aloft,  
To catch the upper air above the trees,

And the Reis call'd the zephyrs, whistling soft.

The wounded men now of their injuries thought,  
For many a one had serious mischief caught,

And it was time, their damage should be tended.

Extracting arrow-heads, and closing gashes,

Gave Helen and her friends enough to do.

Negroes mind little, desperate head smashes,

And plenty of that surgery was to view.

All had arrived at some degree of ease,

And they were moving lightly to the breeze,

When, lo ! upon their ears a fearful shout

Came from the wooded bank ; their unseen foes

Pour'd clouds of spears and arrows : safe themselves :  
And such a din of yells incessant rose

As Pandemonium had let loose its elves.

Then ev'ry man, shelter'd as best he could,

Aim'd with his levell'd rifle at the wood,

Watching, with keenest eye, if aught peep'd out.

No shot they fired, for not a limb appear'd,  
And they were slipping onward, at a rate  
Which soon would give them safety, tho' they fear'd  
Just at the river's mouth, another fate :  
A sand bar crossed it, which might them impede,  
And force them lower sail, when needing speed.  
In this perplexity, what could they do ?

A wooded promontory jutt'd out  
Just at the dangerous point, and might conceal  
A foe : then if their boat err'd from the route,  
Again they might the savage vengeance feel.  
Men ready stood to drop the lofty sail  
In case they grounded, if that might avail  
To save from double death, the hardy crew.

Just at that crisis, 'neath the opposing bank,  
They saw a light canoe, which paddled fast,  
Work'd by two young men, thro' the rushes dank,  
Which darted out to meet them as they pass'd.  
'English on board? You hoist the English flag!  
Stop all your way, or on the sand you'll drag,  
Or go right over. Quick, an anchor drop.'

No English knew the Reis, and ere we could  
Explain the danger, we had forged ahead.  
The savages we found had gain'd the wood,  
Close to the point where deepest water led :  
If they should board us, we were lost indeed ;  
And wind and current press'd us on with speed.  
It seem'd no power, could our momentum stop.

The Englishmen beneath our counter ran.

‘There is no passage on this side at all.

Up with your helm, and round her if you can ;

Make fast this fishing-line to a hawser coil,

Pay out as fast as possible, and we

Will pull ashore, and make fast to a tree.

’Tis now, altho’ full weak, your only chance.’

’Twas done, almost as quick as said, and we,

Drifting to death and danger, were brought up.

Across the stream they haul the Diabeah,

Beyond the bowshot of our enemy.;

There head to stream, we lay beyond their reach,

Safely secured upon the distant beach.

The young men now, to our support advance.

‘Nubians are gather’d thick on yonder spit,

And hiding in the bushes—water is

Almost their element, and, if they think fit

To swim in numbers, they could hardly miss

To crowd the Diabeah—skin your eyes,

And let no single man the boat surprise.

Say, have you a good marksman, and true rifle ?’

We answer’d cheerily, and thank’d the friends,

Who came so opportunely. Then we saw

The lads walk down the shore, to where it bends

Before the spur projecting, then withdraw

Behind some reedy scrub—then a sharp crack,

A rifle shot it seem’d, came echoing back.

It seem’d, but it was not, a very trifle.

'Twas follow'd on the moment, by a roar  
Of fierce hostility and rage, which came  
From the conceal'd gathering on the shore ;  
A roar of baffled spite and mingled shame.  
One of the number dived, when out of view,  
In hopes to seize the Englishmen's canoe ;  
They caught a glimpse of him in time, and shot him.

Now ev'ry gun was levell'd—twenty more,  
Swimming and diving, tried by cunning craft,  
And very great address, to reach the shore.  
Axes were heard, too, chopping for a raft.  
Well knew we, if a number got across,  
It must be to our danger and great loss,  
If, ev'n with advantages, we fought them.

It was a curious sight, a hideous dream,  
In that fair paradise, where Nature spread  
Her most luxuriant carpet—a clear stream  
By many a mountain torrent brightly fed :  
Close by, beyond the sand-bank, the great Nile,  
Dimpling its turbid waters with a smile,  
Flow'rs and grand trees perfuming air and earth.

All lovely, but the loveliest of creation,  
Man, only, there was devilish—he was bent  
On vengeful slaughter and annihilation  
Of brother-man, to its most fierce extent.  
Tigers ne'er watch'd for blood with eyes more keen  
Than did the actors on that splendid scene  
Of evil passions, cradling murder-birth.

Dead silence reign'd—intently each eye watch'd  
The smooth expanse of water—if a head  
Appear'd but for an instant, it was scotch'd  
By the quick bullet, or the stream of lead  
Pour'd from the fowling-piece, of large duck-shot.  
They felt almost secure now, in their lot,  
Yet fortune, at its brightest, oft has woe.

The Englishmen's canoe has left the bank,  
No one on board, as if 'twere self-impell'd.  
An active savage swam, and dived, and sank,  
'Till, the canoe 'twixt him and fire, he held.  
Striking out rapidly, he gain'd its side,  
And with strong arms impell'd it thro' the tide,  
Right in the current, of most rapid flow.

No shot could reach him : he was hid from fire,  
And if he gain'd the central current's teem,  
Right well he knew, he'd win his heart's desire,  
And drop down to the bank, with eddying stream.  
'Twould be a fatal move, if he got back.  
A negro leaves our deck : swims in the track  
The boat, current-impell'd, perforce must follow,

His aim to meet it : in his teeth he bore  
A knife, and struggling with the current, gain'd  
The floating skiff. In one short moment more,  
The blade was flourish'd, tho' our hearts it pain'd ;  
Yet ev'n the gentlest, wish'd the man success.  
We did not see the event—could not repress.  
Then o'er the waters came a loud halloo

From the young Englishmen ; they saw what we,

From our position, could not hold in view,

Yet the event soon told us what must be.

With splashing paddles dash'd on the canoe,

Pick'd up the youths, brought them on board ; stout men.

A welcome reinforcement, it was then.

The hero of this deed was brave Ackbar.

The Reis and the two youths held a short talk ;

All that they said, was gibberish unto us.

It ended by his saying, ' We must walk

Centre of river, and make-not,-no fuss.

From the spit's point, we must the niggers drive,

Where they are busy as a swarming hive,

And, if we can effect it, have no war.'

One youth proposed a plan, he thought would tell,

To fire the grass behind them, and when they

Were forced to show, with rifles levell'd well,

To keep up galling fire till they gave way.

This could be done beyond their arrows' reach.

We all concurr'd in this appropriate speech,

And with a ready will, we set to work.

First, a light anchor, with a hawser strong,

Was carried up the river, then dropp'd free ;

Haul'd hard on, till we lay 'mid stream along,

Slacking the rope first fasten'd to the tree.

The passage to the main stream lay along

The very point, where negroes muster'd strong,

Where hid in bushes and rank grass, they lurk.



We had some signal rockets in the boat,  
Strong ones, which carried many hundred feet ;  
The first one gauged the distance, as it smote  
A mighty tree, then sputter'd at its feet.  
The next with truer range, pierced thro' the grass,  
Firing the dried-up herbage in its pass,  
Glancing in fiery gyres, on all sides round.

Smoke rose in dark clouds from the flaming wood ;  
Fann'd by the breeze, its billowy volumes rose  
In choking vapour, vain to be withstood,  
And flames which mortal man could not oppose.  
The savages were cut off from the land,  
And forced by the fierce fire upon the strand ;  
Then crack on crack, came the sharp rifles' sound.

And ev'ry bullet told. The black mass seem'd  
Tott'ring to waver. Death was all around ;  
The pattering bullets and big shot still teem'd ;  
Their only safety was the smoke profound.  
Some half-a-dozen rockets now let fly  
Amongst them, proved their final destiny :  
They plunged, in desperation, in the wave.

Then ev'ry hand on board the Diabeah  
Laid down their arms, to hoist the mighty sail ;  
The hawser carried aft, she swung round free.  
'Up anchor !' Many hands and strength prevail ;  
She comes above, and trips it, then finds way.  
Her guiding helms the English lads obey :  
They knew the channel's course, and thus could save.

Helms, we have said, a rudder and an oar  
Are both deem'd requisite these boats to steer,  
To guide thro' swirling eddies near the shore,  
Or almost jump down cataracts of fear.  
The sweeps, too, were got out, the light boat flies,  
Driving a wave before her, to the skies,  
'Till nearly skirting the woods' scathing fire.

Horrid the vision which then burst on view :  
On shore, and in the water, dead men lay,  
Their features blister'd, red flesh coming thro'  
Their ebon skins, but life had fled away.  
'Twas but a moment, swift the boat pass'd on,  
Leaving the horrors she had caused, alone,  
Victorious in the fight, and yet the flyer.

Out in the Nile-stream once, we dropp'd our sail,  
And with the current glided gently on.  
Strange, up that river winds always prevail,  
And blow quite steady when the sun is gone.  
But the full current counterpoises quite  
The opposition of the breeze's might,  
Rendering this stream, 'mongst rivers, quite unique.

A few miles down the stream, from danger free,  
They dropp'd their anchor, near a ruin'd fane,  
Whence a clear view to distance they could see,  
Nor let themselves be thus surprised again.  
The strangers, who had join'd so opportune,  
Said they were bound for Mountains of the Moon,  
Spending their holiday, in a pleasant freak,

And so must leave us. We were sad to part,  
For both these young men lent us aid and skill ;  
One a lieutenant, R.N., brave and smart,  
The other did a surgeon's post fulfil.  
Pritchard and Lenox named : Sir Alan tried  
With all his might to keep them at his side ;  
But no, the lads were obdurate—go they must.

We parted, and I hope to meet again.  
They took to their canoe, and up the tide  
Sail'd on their curious voyage ; tongue or pen  
Cannot describe how lonely down we glide  
When we lost those bright spirits ; but they went,  
And we were fain to make ourselves content,  
And as we liked our company, did, I trust.

Now, Armstrong, I appeal to your good sense,  
Could any man be such a stoic found,  
Exposed to such events, to make pretence  
That for a moment he could hold his ground ;  
Seeing such perfection, mental power, strong will,  
And steady vigour, such deeds to fulfil ?  
Then, too, her gallant action saved our lives.

My admiration I could not conceal,  
'Twas always frankly taken ; yet I 'll own,  
I never came to know did Helen feel  
Inclined to sigh, in answer to my groan.  
Kind, ev'n familiar, all unselfish, free,  
She grew my idol, yet was naught to me.  
They say that love when trembling most, most thrives.

If so, mine ought succeed, for doubt, not hope,  
Was ever present with me. I felt still  
So happy in the present, with wide scope  
For genial friendly intercourse—a thrill  
Pervaded all my nature at the dread  
If I spoke out, I might be chasséed.  
I clung to, tho' I hated, my position."

"Then you are not affianced?" Armstrong said.  
"No such good fortune. We are best of friends.  
To analyze my thoughts, that lovely maid  
Acts too fraternally for connubial ends.  
As far as I'm concern'd, she's free as air;  
I scarcely think she does my feelings share;  
And you, dear friend, can't act as my physician."

"Tho' we again are rivals, let's be friends.  
Where luck, or chance, or fortune could prevail,  
You, Henry Lovett, always gain'd your ends,  
And I was sure, to have the luck to fail.  
This is a competition I much dread.  
In one sense we stand equal—no word said!  
Helen must between us, both be prize and judge."

Speak of an angel, and the rustling wings  
Will certainly be heard, and may appear.  
"What must she judge?" Helen herself sweet sings,  
Advancing from the arch'd door, opening near.  
"She'll judge you both, for staying up on high  
Till the tea's spoil'd, and the toast got quite dry.  
Arguing about some most important fudge."

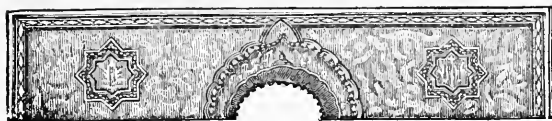
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“ Lady, we wanted not a witching toast ;  
We spoke of thee last, and before that we  
Held sage, diverse opinions on the ghost  
Which haunts this tower—so we forgot our tea.  
Now we will follow a spirit of flesh and blood,  
Not her who plunged from hence into the flood.  
Tea, by the Great Celestials, before water ! ”

So down they tripp'd that narrow winding stair,  
Two men in manhood's prime, twisting their thought.  
Pity the three could not become a pair,  
For both could not obtain the blessing sought.  
She, the unconscious cause of their sad state,  
Had not a thought of either, for her mate.  
Helen was, indeed, a very rare Eve's daughter.







### Canfo III.

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“ Kind Providence is near, when man must fail,  
And to the true gives aid when woes assail.”

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**H**ELEN was a girl of the shrewdest sense,  
Rear'd chiefly amongst men and real things ;  
Of striking beauty ; free from all pretence ;  
With thought and words where genuine spirit rings.  
She liked both these young men, but could not smother  
A feeling strange—she liked them as a mother,  
And wish'd for them, maternally, all good.

She talk'd to them as freely as she would  
To her own brothers—brothers she had none :  
On no weak, fem'nine punctilio stood,  
But in the clash of wit enjoy'd the fun :  
Could argue sensibly, and reason well,  
Tho' all unskill'd in logic's magic spell.  
Yet was she truly feminine, not rude.

Most people came to love her, for they found  
In her a genial nature, ever bright ;  
She knew each cottier all the country round,  
And came amongst them like a ray of light.  
Their grievances she struggled to redress,  
And never made them envious by her dress :  
Simple at all times—simply elegant.

The Arabs and the Fellahs were her slaves ;  
Few days together, and she won their heart.  
The veriest cowards, 'neath her eye grew braves,  
And at her bidding play'd a gallant part.  
Her influence touch'd the civilized and wild,  
Potent alike on learning, and the child  
From the wide desert's education scant.

No wonder, if her influence prevail'd  
Where culture high, had soil for pride of growth.  
When bold expansive talent never fail'd  
To test her pow'rs, and she was never loth  
To bring ingenious reasoning in full play,  
And gently, yet persuasively, essay  
To gain a victory over Nature's lords.

These sharp discussions whetted her keen wits,  
And roused the limbs of thought to active play :  
The electric spark from mind to mind swift flits,  
Flashing its message, like a sunny ray.  
And it was Helen's most supreme delight,  
Against all comers, to prove right was right.  
Each of her friends, occasion good, affords.



Well, that night pass'd in peace ; next morning rose  
In the clear brightness of a summer day,  
When all our friends started from calm repose,  
Roused by the ringing of a loud hurray !  
The lawn was fill'd with Highlanders, who cried  
Something to English ears, of sense denied.  
A school of whales, was seen the loch ascending !

Translated by Sir Alan to his guests,  
They join'd in the excitement, and forgot  
Their last night's ponderings, in their hurried quests  
For harpoons, rifles, boats. 'Twas Lovett's lot  
Now to step forward, and his schooner place  
At stout Sir Alan's bidding, with good grace ;  
Hopeful 'twould find a place for aidance lending.

"Wait not for breakfast—you 'll have that on board ;  
Your old friend, Ackbar, is the steward there,  
And he will give the best he can afford,  
And where Miss Helen is, he will not spare."  
Ere they got down the cliff, they saw the craft  
Hoise her broad mainsail, flapping fore and aft,  
And heard the capstan rounding with a groan.

A six-oar'd gig, with each oar toss'd on high,  
Receives the party, gently slipping in.  
"Oars ! men ! give way !" they o'er the waters fly,  
Eager the novel fishing to begin.  
On board, the jib flies up, the anchor tripp'd,  
The breeze is caught, the vessel is adrift,  
And they are, merrily, on their fishing gone.

Armstrong and Lovett each had giv'n a hand  
To Helen, as she boarded ; but well used  
To voyaging on sea, as well as land,  
She caught the standing rigging, and refused,  
With a light laugh. "Nay, gentlemen, if allow'd,  
To either hand, I would prefer a shroud ;  
I know with confidence, its certain fixings."

They look'd upon each other, with one thought :  
Is this the *avant courier* to that hour  
When to their feelings, now fast overfraught,  
Helen should exercise her maiden-power,  
Refusing both ? This vivid thought, between  
Their present hopes, and some yet unknown scene,  
Fell on their ardent minds, with strange perplexings.

Helen had sprung aboard ; Lovett the wheel  
Had sought, to hide his huff ; big Armstrong sigh'd,  
And poked 'midst harpoons, his hurt to conceal.  
They both were work'd upon by inward pride.  
Helen perceived the gloom on either face,  
Nor could she any cause for sadness trace,  
Seeing in both their faces some constraint.

This lasted but few moments, for the dullest  
Now saw a sight which tickled all their nerves  
Of risible funny feeling, to the fullest,  
And open'd ev'ry mouth in laughter's curves.  
'Twas Ackbar, in full Hieland costume dress'd,  
With kilt and spleuchan, dirk and eagle crest :  
A sight to make the gravest, almost faint.

His white teeth shone like ivory ; his calves black,  
Like cannon-balls, high up beneath his knee ;  
The great expansion of his brawny back,  
Made greater by his plaid, was strange to see ;  
His long feet, with the leg stepp'd in the middle,  
To puzzle great pedestrians, like a riddle.  
'Twas wondrous funny Hieland travestie !

Laughter was almost painful—the guffaw  
Went thro' the schooner with electric touch ;  
The merriment knowing neither bounds nor law,  
Was certainly for discipline too much.  
Yet it met no reproval ; and the nigger  
Strutted about the deck, a lordly figure :  
“ Me Captain's steward, Ocean Foam, me be.”

This episode set all in humour gay ;  
They sail'd swift down the loch, and then across  
The entrance, seeing there the dense array  
Of boats, and men who wildly their arms toss,  
And shout and yell, and make a hideous noise,  
Fire guns and pistols, and long lances poise,  
Ready with might and main the fish to strike.

Swan-like approaching, hugging the land near,  
They pass beyond, then come about, and join  
The semicircle with a ringing cheer.  
Then all press forward to the vantage coign,  
Where a small river laves a pebbly strand,  
Indented 'twixt the cliffs which line the land.  
Then, quick employment find harpoon and pike.

The whales were small, a few feet at the most,  
Which form'd the school: one fellow twelve feet long,  
The schoolmaster, the largest they could boast,  
Show'd now and then, lashing the water strong,  
Turn'd oft to break thro' the pursuing foe,  
But spears and pikes inflicting serious woe,  
Compell'd him to proceed, when he would turn.

Thus driven up the loch, till near the strand,  
Where in shoal water weapons could be plied,  
Men rush'd waist-deep to drag the prey on land,  
And a strong net was pass'd from side to side.  
The boats closed in; the fish in dread alarm,  
Dash'd in wild flurries, doing themselves harm,  
And set the waters boiling, like a churn.

The brine was all alive, with foam and spray,  
From flapping fins and tails, thick crowding on,  
With small chance of escape now, anyway;  
Red streaks, too, 'midst the foam now brightly shone.  
Men struggling, swimming, with noosed ropes essay  
To hamper, and to drag ashore the prey;  
And some reverse the medal, and are dragg'd.

Sir Alan, in the middle of the strife,  
Wrought like a hero, spurring on his men,  
Even in the thick, where danger was most rife,  
Hauling on land, now plung'd in the pen.  
His daughter in a whale-boat's stern sheets sat,  
She knew of tiller ropes the lesson pat,  
But never of her past experience bragg'd.

Five oarsmen, the fifth Ackbar, form'd her crew,  
Ackbar upon the bow, with sharp harpoon,  
His tub, and line fair coilèd, in his view,  
Pull'd back and forward, outside the half moon  
Of boats and men and nets, watching a chance  
If any fish should break bounds and advance.  
Nor was their patience tried with waiting long.

The Schoolmaster, the largest of the group,  
Rush'd from the place of slaughter, and made head,  
Tearing the net, with one tremendous swoop,  
And bursting forth, with nostrils gleaming red.  
The shallow water would not let him dive ;  
But as he reach'd the deep, Ackbar let drive  
His sharp harpoon, impell'd by arm so strong ;

It quiver'd in his back, away he dives :  
Out runs the whistling rope, whilst with a mop  
Ackbar keeps wetting it, till it arrives  
At the last coil, fast to a fixèd stop.  
“Give way men ; after him.” The chuck is saved  
By the boat's motion ; greatest danger braved  
In this Balænic, truly manly sport.

Now he hauls on the line ; gets some in hand :  
For a short distance they are tow'd along.  
He has his captive now, in some command,  
Keeping the line strait, lest a struggle strong  
Might liberate the iron, snap the rope,  
And let the monster, with the barb, elope.  
This was the delicate part—the fisher's forte.

Ackbar had never seen a whale before ;  
But the bonito he had often spear'd,  
And wearied out his strength, till to the shore  
In his light bark canoe, his prize he steer'd.  
So now, he thought these baby whales to day  
Were but amusing, innocent child's play ;  
A harmless little sport to be enjoy'd.

At first the fish tow'd the whole boat along,  
Then by degrees, the rope was coiled in.  
Again he'd make an effort fierce and strong,  
Or a wild dart, with lashing tail and fin.  
Man's power and art prevail'd at length, with skill  
To work the creature's motions to his will,  
And subjugate him, by the means employ'd.

He drew him, by degrees, the schooner near,  
And when he rose for breath, as whales must do,  
He pierced him deeply with a driven spear.  
The water foam'd around, a ruddy hue.  
Then stead of diving, with a fearful splash  
He leaped from out the water, with a dash,  
Striking with loud report, writhing and pain'd.

Then plunging, smote the boat a forceful blow,  
Tipping it over : then dived deep in hope  
To rid himself of his tormenting foe,  
Bringing down Ackbar tangled in the rope.  
For a few seconds, panic wild prevail'd,  
Then horrid terror, ev'ry mind assail'd ;  
And on the spot, was ev'ry eyeball strain'd.

First the four sailors to the surface came,  
And gain'd the schooner. Where 's the lady, where?  
They look'd on ev'ry side. Oh! dreadful shame!  
Under the boat. 'Tis righted. No! not there;  
A short way down the tide, they see the whale,  
With Ackbar very near the monster's tail,  
Still tangled in the coils of the strong rope.

A boat pulls up, and frees him. Other boats  
Dash to the rescue. Old Sir Alan, wild  
With mad despair, each little object notes  
If by it, he could guess where lay his child.  
Armstrong and Lovett hurry with the rest,  
With deepest terror, and strong grief oppress'd.  
All thought of rivalry, now lost in hope.

A shout! An hundred yards adown the stream,  
A little hat emerges from the wave.  
The boats all seek the spot, in eager team,  
If still, it may be possible to save.  
Not one man stay'd behind—empty the yacht.  
The whole crew had the one contagion caught,  
From the small cabin-boy, to Ackbar sable.

Meantime, when Helen met the swift capsized,  
She sunk deep in the water by the yacht,  
And when her sense recover'd the surprise,  
She felt that she, by some strong rope had caught.  
With wondrous effort, drowning fast to death,  
And just when life was fading, found her breath,  
Climbing, by slow degrees, the extended cable.

Exhaustion was so great, she could not speak :  
Her ears were ringing, with a chime of bells.  
A short, short prayer, the maiden thought on, meek,  
And silent hope, her panting bosom swells.  
Strength was returning—colour dyes her lips ;  
She lifts her head, breathes hard, and firmly grips,  
With delicate fingers, the hard strands, rough-grain'd.

As yet, no power had she to cry aloud :  
No one was near : all were too busy, where  
Her hat was seen ; nor turn'd the anxious crowd  
An eye towards her, till in the dark despair  
Of finding her alive, the nets they thought  
Might catch her body, ere 'twas seaward brought.  
'Twas all, to hopeless hearts, that now remain'd.

The two young men pull'd back in separate boats,  
Full of this plan. 'Hallo ! What, what is there ?  
What is it 'neath the schooner's bow which floats ?  
A mass of seaweed ! No ! 'tis flowing hair !  
Give way, men, with a will.' The fast gigs glide  
Along the schooner, each on diff'rent side,  
In maddest, unimaginable race.

At the same moment each, "Back water," cried.  
At the same instant, each a hand stretch'd out.  
They hardly breathed, as grasping her they tried  
To raise her from the water, with no doubt  
That she was living. Gently in the Foam  
Her dripping form has found a ready home ;  
Kind hands, and comfort, in a welcome place.



Loud shouts announced the fortunate event,  
A thrill of joy rang thro' Sir Alan's heart :  
Some female aid quick from the shore he sent,  
And Helen, so near lost, play'd a brave part.  
Stripp'd, dried, well rubb'd, her hair rung out, reclined  
Upon the cabin sofa, with calm mind  
All undismay'd, she was herself again.

Warm wine well spiced set her chill'd blood aflow,  
And when dry clothes were brought, she bloom'd so fair,  
And felt thro' all her frame, such genial glow,  
As banish'd from her friends all thought of care.  
Sir Alan scarce his feelings could repress.  
Meeting again his darling's fond caress :  
'Twas pleasure of the deepest, mix'd with pain.

The youths were very joyous she was saved,  
Yet very jealous, that to neither fell  
The glory of the deed. They fain had braved  
Danger and risk ; aye, ev'n life to sell.  
But for the saving Helen, all due praise  
Was Helen's own. Romance was lost. To raise  
Her when she safely held on, was no task.

Ackbar had his own troubles. Tho' half drown'd,  
And tangled in the line ; the boat upset :  
Dragg'd fathoms under, as the whale did sound,  
And carried far, before he free could get.  
When he came up, he swam back ; instant dived.  
"He 'd rescue Helen, if she still survived ;  
To save her, if he died, was all he 'd ask."

Exhausted with his search, he rose again,  
Just as the shouts proclaim fair Helen found.  
Then, for the Foam he swims, climbs 'midst the men,  
And in his joy, shakes hands with all around.  
"You're sure Miss Helen's right?" "All right," they cry.  
"Then Mr. Whale, who drown'd her, sure must die.  
No one, whilst I live, e'er shall harm Miss Helen."

Whilst thus he spoke, into a boat he swung,  
Catching a pike from many, which were rack'd  
Around the mast, and with one paddle, flung  
Adown the stream. The sailors thought him crack'd.  
Few minutes more the abandoned boat was reach'd,  
The fiery Black a ringing war-whoop screech'd,  
Piercing the rocks and woods, and widely telling.

For, he perceived his harpoon line was fast  
To a belaying pin, as he had left.  
So, quick as lightning, 'neath a thoft 'twas passed,  
Then haul'd upon, till scarce a fathom left  
The tired monster, raised his wearied head,  
And Ackbar's pike, was with great vigour sped  
Deep in his brain. He shouted "Victory."

One dying effort by the fish was made;  
He roll'd and plunged, then dived; it was his last:  
Quick as he went, the line itself outpaid,  
And when it reach'd the point, where 'twas made fast,  
The moving boat prevented undue strain,  
And dying, he came surface-wise again,  
Flound'ring and blind, exhausted plain to see.

Aid reach'd him now : the Schoolmaster ashore  
Was tow'd by many hands. Ackbar's revenge  
Was sated : yet some said he did deplore  
He had no neck to sever. But, 'twas sweet t' avenge  
Miss Helen's injuries. Helen, quite revived,  
Stood on the deck, when he on board arrived,  
And Ackbar dropp'd before, and kiss'd her feet,

And cried, and sobb'd, and utter'd prayers to heav'n—  
Where his heav'n was, we don't exactly know.  
When unexcited he had Christian leaven ;  
But when his passions rose, his mind would go  
To his Old Mumbo Jumbo. Christians, too,  
Will sometimes rap out oaths when in a stew.  
Satan, when opportunity serves, will cheat !

However, he express'd his wondrous love,  
And mighty gratitude to the Great Spirit  
Who ruleth o'er all earthly things, above,  
And is all mankind's God, whate'er their merit.  
Then Helen he address'd. " Thank you, not die ;  
Ackbar, would then melt in a great big cry,  
And break up in small bits, his stony heart."

Thus winds our story, this the sole mishap ;  
No harm came of it. Many joyous days  
Were spent on hill, lake, mountain. Scotland's map  
Bore traces of their wanderings, and forays,  
To each romantic spot. The Ocean Foam  
Found in each hieland loch, a lovely home,  
And welcome, whence 'twas difficult to part.

Then the time came, when Armstrong to his ship  
In full commission, must return, to sail  
Under seal'd orders, which no one let slip.  
On board he must be, and that without fail.  
Lovett was inclinèd, too, the game to end,  
Which favour'd him, as little as his friend.  
They talk'd it over, and to this agreed,

That on the morrow, they should cast a lot  
Which first should plead his cause before the Fair,  
And crave decisive answer, yes or not.  
Then if the first succeeded, not to dare  
Mention aught of his rival. They agree  
Thus to make happy two, and set one free,  
Tho' it tore up his heart, and made it bleed.

Lovett, with his usual fortune, won the chance,  
Then offer'd to resign it, and proclaim  
If to fair Helen, he made first advance,  
That each of them was touch'd with similar flame,  
And she should choose between them. "No ! not so,"  
Armstrong declared, "all favour he 'd forego,  
And stand fast firmly, by the first arrangement."

So Henry Lovett started on love's quest,  
With more than hope, fanning his fever'd brain.  
Armstrong went fishing, to stay his unrest.  
How strange, he thought, Lovett must ever gain.  
I never grudged him anything before,  
Till, upon Helen's favour, I laid store ;  
If his, it must produce a great estrangement.

Scarce half an hour, the high meridian past,  
Armstrong had whipp'd the river with his flies,  
Yet, so indifferent was his careless cast,  
That knowing trout refused to him to rise.  
When down came Lovett with a rapid tread.  
"Armstrong, my hopes are *number'd with the dead*.  
I'm off to sea, to distant seas, to-night.

Yet, fain would I, my friend, your fortune know ;  
I'm ready, spite of envy, to rejoice  
In your success, ere on my way, I go,  
And give congratulation to your choice ;  
Hand me your rod, I'll fish the river side,  
Till you return, and tell me of your bride :  
Beating in this life-game, your friend outright."

Another hour had pass'd—the useless rod,  
Which would not catch a fish to-day, was thrown  
In sickening disgust upon the sod,  
And Lovett lay down, too, and heaved a groan.  
"He's very long!—Can she have struck? And he  
Hangs fire, because he knows 'tis woe to me?  
Suspense, he ought to know, is ten times worse."

Next, Armstrong saunter'd down. "Henry, don't ask.  
Newton's Principia were an easier lesson,  
Than that girl's mind. Why, she took me to task,  
And ere I knew, I found myself, confessing,  
That if I married now, I ne'er would be  
Captain, or Admiral, or gain high degree.  
Or even at the lowest, make a purse.

Then she said, my good father would take huff,  
If I flung thus, my life's work, all away,  
For a wild hieland girl—would call it stuff!  
And what would Uncle, the kind Admiral, say?  
Now, if the Admiral himself, she said,  
Made me this offer—I, perhaps, might wed.  
He's reach'd in my mind's eye, a sounder age.

And then she mention'd you, and asked if we  
Had plann'd between us, just for compliment,  
To place our happiness at her decree?  
If so, she thank'd us both: knew what it meant,  
But in her present state, felt so serene  
She dared not, in our friendship intervene.  
She thought 'twould, not, to say the least, be sage.

She said much more, which I was doom'd to hear.  
As good as told me, we were both but boys:  
That matrimony carried doubt and fear,  
And must have much, to make the counterpoise.  
Said, we must not grow Sybarites, and not work:  
It was not wholesome, duty thus to shirk.  
Riches alone, not earn'd, were paltry, very!

I came away, perhaps a wiser man,  
But not a better, for it vex'd my soul  
To hear the truisms, which from her tongue ran,  
Each sending me still further from my goal.  
She ended, asking my success in fishing?  
I answer'd, it would hardly need the dishing.  
She said, come, come, cheer up, we'll try it, all-three.

---

And here she comes, with Neptune at her back,

Carrying her rod. I wish I were that brute :

For him, her sense of love is never slack.

She says, in his good qualities, it has root.

Well then, we must presume, we 're wanting there,

And have not got even a brutal share.

The fact is, we are both below contempt."

Helen approach'd with springing step, and light,

Thro' the pink heather ; or from tuft to stone

Bounded, a vision dear to either sight,

Tho' love was now reduced to humble tone.

" Well, Gentlemen ; what sport ? What 's in the creel ?

'Tis light as down : I nothing here can feel :

From murder piscatorial, you 're exempt."

The lads were silent : they had hearts too full

To jest at present : but the noble girl

Whose sensibilities were never dull,

Saw that their brains were in an awkward whirl.

With kindness beaming in her gentle face,

A full tear ebbing o'er, which added grace,

She held out both her own, and grasp'd their hands.

" You both remember the famed whaling day,

When mounting to the Foam's deck from the boat,

Each offer'd me a hand, but I said, nay,

I'd rather have a shroud—the rope was caught,

And ere the day was over, my chance word

Which hurt you both, often to me recurr'd,

And held me all, despite myself, in bands.

You know, how nearly per'lous realized  
Was the expression, and you know me true,  
Seeing the hands refused, but not despid,  
Were the good hands that me from peril drew.  
Now the same hands, containing hearts, are sent,  
Enough to make the sauciest girl content,  
Did she desire changed state, or other bliss.

Let friendship the sincerest, dwell between  
Us then, and let no sorrow cloud our days ;  
We all have life before us, bright and green,  
We all have hearts, kind Providence to praise.  
I would not of our very happy three,  
That by my act, one should feel misery—  
I 'd stay a *miss*, rather than feel amiss."

The hands were join'd, firm press'd, not a dry eye  
Amongst them—all they felt was, they were friends.  
Each kiss'd the hand he held: perhaps a sigh  
Escap'd each, such unexpected ends  
O'ertaking their high hopes. Such kindness blended  
Something not quite of earth, and only tended  
To fertilize and humanize their love.

Then Helen took her rod, look'd to her flies,  
Made a long cast, just where the eddy twined.  
Flop! Ha! Behold! she has a glorious rise ;  
Another, now, in the spot she had divined.  
She strikes them both, then gently draws to land.  
The gentlemen, with landing nets in hand,  
Each delicately lifts a fish above.



Helen, with a smile, the two bright fishes takes ;  
Places both in one net, and sinks it deep  
In the brown pool ; then from it, unhurt, shakes  
Her finny captives, “ You ’re too small to keep ;  
Go free, and learn not thus to be ensnared,  
Before, for loss of freedom you ’re prepared.  
Go, learn, dear little fishes, life’s keen lesson.”

Doubtless her hearers laid to heart her words,  
Equally sure their pride was sorely moved ;  
Each felt his very soul within him spurr’d,  
Yet each in heart, decision wise approved.  
A simple girl had giv’n a lesson strong,  
Mere liking ’s not enough to hold life-long.  
And bear on chance beginnings, a true blessing.

Then Helen took another cast, two, three :  
They watch’d her, and at last a noble trout  
Rose from beneath the sedges, steadily,  
Making no splash, nor any fussy rout ;  
Then dived down deep—the rod is doubled, bent,  
Click goes the reel, the line runs till near spent,  
But never, by the skilful hand relax’d.

Then with the weight of line, and constant strain,  
The fish grows wearied ; gently up he ’s wound,  
Till thro’ the waters his form ’s seen again,  
And forcibly, the reel ’s again unwound ;  
But not so far this time, tho’ fierce the run,  
His strength and power to flag have just begun ;  
But, desp’rate now, adroitness is more tax’d.

For when again brought home, he stern rebels,  
Makes sudden starts and chucks, and leaps on high,  
Endangering the tackle, which compels  
Closest attention, both from hand and eye.  
But Helen knew each turning and device,  
And kept the pressure up, with skill so nice,  
As brought the unwilling captive to her feet.

The Gaff now aids the fisher: he is landed,  
A trout of weight and merit. Helen muses:  
“How beautiful that fish, with colours banded,  
Fading in rainbow shades as life he loses!  
Well, he was worth the capture, well matured.  
Give me some credit, to have him secured;  
An epicure would find my prize a treat.”

Then a gold whistle from her breast she drew,  
And a long thrilling note went down the breeze,  
A note which ev’ry Gillie there well knew.  
And soon a boy, red head, and redder knees,  
Raced down the brae, to know Miss Helen’s wull:  
None to her signals there was ever dull.  
Him she address’d in purest Gaelic then.

“Ranald, fetch up that trout. Sir Alan likes  
His fish when freshly taken from the water;  
And on my vanity it also strikes,  
He thinks fish sweetest taken by his daughter.  
But be that as it may, I’m providore,  
For my friends here, add nothing to our store.  
Oh! very lazy are these gentlemen!”

That night the youths most seriously communed ;  
The gist being this : We are a pair of fools ;  
With all our good intentions, high attuned,  
This girl predominant above us rules.  
She little cares to say it, but she acts ;  
We from her tropes, may fairly deduce facts :  
She thinks, most seriously, we want experience.

One thing is sure—we ought to go away ;  
'Tis cruel here longer now to dally on :  
It would be painful and bad taste to stay,  
When ev'ry reason for delay is gone.  
Up anchor ! is the word, tho' it be pain,  
It would be greater torture to remain.  
She would not have us, were we both Hyperions.

Whilst they debated, a seal'd packet came,  
"On the King's service," with a mighty seal  
With Admiralty anchors all aflame.  
Surely portentous news this must proclaim.  
Open'd—a very few words tell its tale :  
"The Orion, Sir J—— R——, ready to sail.  
All hands must be on board the 15th clear."

"How fortunate ! This covers our retreat.  
Come, Lovett, let us both go, honours gain,  
And then come back, and lay them at her feet ;  
Perhaps then, our suit may not prove in vain.  
She will chose one of us." "No, Armstrong, no.  
Take your own noble course. I must forego  
The pleasure, and the pain to be you near.

The Ocean Foam to-morrow morn shall sail,  
    Bearing us both away; the Orion lies  
Now in the Downs: we 'll reach her without fail,  
    Even tho' tempestuous weather wreathes the skies.  
I think a little storm would now agree  
With my mind's tenor, in full sympathy,  
    How is it now, dearest of friends, with thee?"

"Lovett, I 'm disappointed. I can't read  
    In the decision of this curious girl  
Why she has made our world's work, thus a need;  
    Why should she her own happiness imperil?  
She cares for neither of us: you will see  
Her wedded to some man of high degree;  
    A great big trout—not men like you or me."

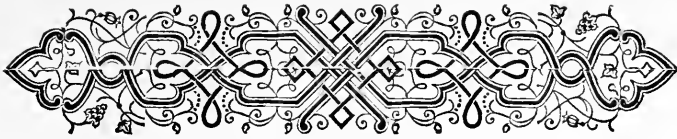
"Tush, tush! Dear Armstrong, 'tis because she finds  
    It difficult between our mighty merits  
To raise the veil, discrimination blinds,  
    And all the prejudice which birth inherits.  
I do believe she cares much for us both,  
But to make choice of one, her mind is loath.  
    Science acted formerly, as now does love."

"We can't explain this mystery. I shall go  
    Where calls my country's honour. Who can tell,  
Some random shot, some unexpected blow,  
    May break the dual charm, and tell full well  
For the survivor. Time and absence will  
Work out the purpose, which they should fulfil.  
    Design is ours—fruition from above."

Next morning, with the sun, the Ocean Foam  
Spread her white canvas to the wooing breeze,  
Firing her parting signal : glad to roam  
From this wild sylvan nook, to open seas.  
And beautiful she look'd, as in the blue  
She dipp'd her ensign, as a last adieu :  
Then vanish'd with the rising breeze, from sight.







## Canto IV.

---

Methinks two lovers with one mate  
Are sair like a triangle,  
If she but keeps her corner straight,  
They can't get in a tangle.

---

THE Castle seemed deserted. Helen stood  
Close by the flagstaff, on the lofty tower,  
Watching the dear Foam cleave the watery flood :  
Then sat her down within the maiden's bower,  
Her thoughts reverting to the pleasant past,  
And sadden'd at the cloud, which overcast  
And threw dark shadows o'er a time of joy.

"Why did they ask me ? Why disturb the peace  
Which reign'd among us ? Selfish boys, to think  
That quiet happiness, must have increase,  
And then, shove our contentment o'er the brink.  
Here they had ev'ry thing enjoyable,  
And had been wise to leave what they found well,  
Nor add to purest gold, any alloy.

I wish they had not ask'd me ! Thus is broken  
The delicate web of friendship : never more  
Can words the simplest, mean the accents spoken,  
Each will be looking for some secret store  
Of thought-embodied mystery, to convey  
The sentiments the tongue now dare not say.  
No longer, with each other, move we freely.

Restraint hangs over. Thought to be enjoy'd  
Must wander free as sense and truth allow ;  
Shackled, 'tis like a swimmer, cork upbuoy'd,  
Who cannot sink or rise, but straight must go.  
They both have felt this ; otherwise, would they fly  
From a poor friendly maiden such as I,  
Who could appreciate all their good most really.

I wish them well, where'er they go, most truly ;  
'Twould grieve me much, to cross their bright young lives :  
This little episode will be forgotten duly.  
Absence, or distance, rarely love survives.  
I like them both. Love has no part therein.  
To wed with either, would be surely sin.  
Great as my liking is, I must like more.

My ancestress who plunged from this high tower,  
Had reach'd the point, which I must reach, before  
I'd give to any man, the dang'rous power,  
My ev'ry thought and feeling to explore.  
Love, to win me, must mutual impulse be,  
On both sides, seeming a necessity.  
A double unit, in a sea *sans* shore.



He must be all in all to me, and I  
Must be his excellence, the one approved  
Above all womankind ; apple of his eye ;  
Regarding me as something so beloved  
That all comparison sinks in silent grave :  
My Adam : I, his Eve ; neither a slave,  
But link'd by velvet cords, of genuine love."

As thus she thought, the Foam cross'd the last reach  
Before the mountain hid her form away,  
And bade good-bye, in yachtsman's form of speech,  
Her ensign dipping in the briny spray.  
Then a long puff of smoke, a cannon's roar,  
And she was lost behind the wooded shore,  
As tho' she plunged into the leafy grove.

Nor was this movement upon Helen lost,  
She sprang to where the halyards were belay'd  
Of her own Falcon Flag, at foot of post,  
And haul'd down thrice, and thus her adieu said.  
'Twas the last courtesy, for many a day,  
That youthful trio had the power to pay,  
And bitter thoughts pervaded all their souls.

"Methinks I 'll leave my flag at half-mast high,  
In sign of sorrow for the friends I 've lost.  
My heart is sore depress'd. I fain would cry,  
Whilst they, perhaps, are merry at my cost.  
No! that would never do. Up to the peak  
My gallant Falcons! Hearts should work, not break.  
The breeze may flutter us ; but nought controls."

Thus her high spirit solaced Helen's woe.

Not so with our two friends, when the last glance  
Thro' the long telescope could no longer shew

The being, that had power their hearts t' entrance.

They turn'd to each other, with a sigh,

Perhaps a tear-drop glitter'd in each eye.

Each saw reflected there, his mind depress'd.

Little was said: the sailing orders given,

Each sought his cabin to indulge his thought:

Even poor Ackbar from their sight was driven,

As tho' in flagrant delict, he were caught;

For he must talk of Helen, as tho' he

Had suffer'd bitt'rest woe of all the three,

And by expressing, eased his soul's unrest.

At Portsmouth the youths parted. Armstrong went

On board his uncle's ship, and parting wrung

Lovett's white hand: a thrill thro' both hearts sent

That friendly grip—friendly altho' it stung.

But for you, she were mine, was each one's thought,

The feeling was with painful pleasure fraught;

And neither, tho' they wish'd, could shake it off.

Three years pass'd over, and the three ne'er met.

Helen pursued her own true course, and saw

The time pass by in usefulness; no regret

Caused in her solid feelings, ev'n a flaw.

She thought about the past, and kindly thought,

Felt it was right, because it was; and sought

Neither to treat severely, nor to scoff.

Beauty, wealth, station, could not fail to find  
Admirers, and the lady had her share ;  
But nothing suited to her cast of mind,  
No one, with whom she wish'd her life to share.  
She loved her father, her first thoughts she gave  
Him, from the least annoyances to save,  
And make him happy, in his Hieland home.

Well she succeeded too : no happier man  
Than The M'Kenzie any where was found :  
Foremost amidst the wild sports of his clan,  
And first, where duty call'd, for measures sound.  
His people's benefit was his dearest care ;  
His daughter's joy was in those deeds to share ;  
The busy present, shut out times to come.

Armstrong, tho' deeply stung, took heart of grace,  
And tried forgetfulness, by working hard ;  
Wherever danger was, that was his place,  
Cool and collected, but fierce as the pard  
When hunters gather round, in deadly strife ;  
Careless of fame, regardless ev'n of life :  
But for these very reasons, dear to all.

The Admiral, his uncle, felt right proud  
Of the youth's swift advance ; his talents prized,  
Which made him eminent above the crowd,  
Far more than his old relative surmized.  
And when long voyages, and many a fight,  
Display'd his skill and courage, in his sight,  
Deepest affection, did his soul enthrall.

So happ'd it, that along the Spanish main  
They cruised, protective of our maritime,  
For many a Corsair, of half-breeds of Spain,  
And other desperadoes, plough'd the brine :  
Men who desired short cuts to wealth and power,  
But wish'd to anticipate the slow moving hour ;  
Reckless who suffer'd, so the gain was theirs.

Small honour could be gain'd, in hunting down  
Those desperate, crafty men ; and our big ships  
But seldom near'd them ; all the poor renown  
Was gain'd in boats, guided by boys, whose lips  
Were innocent of down, but whose bold hearts  
Led them, at times, to play most daring parts,  
And at a crisis, win the worst affairs.

In these encounters, Armstrong made a name,  
And did such desp'rate things, and risk'd so much,  
That, for such rashness, he had oft got blame,  
But that he leant upon success's crutch ;  
And this, so often happen'd, that men said  
'Twas not his arm that work'd it, but his head.  
So, volunteers abounded, where he strove.

Such service in the boats, could not escape  
All unrewarded ; it was gun-room talk  
That a flotilla, should a night course shape  
To catch a Buccaneer, which yet would balk  
All observation, and whose plunderous course,  
Not to say murderous, still evaded force ;  
Could this be done, 'twould skill and courage prove.

Armstrong had been three days away ashore,  
Return'd at night, pull'd by a Crole native.  
His object being, the coast to explore,  
Where always disappear'd, this pirate caitiff.  
He had discover'd all the Admiral sought,  
And sure intelligence with him had brought.  
Then he retired, to much requirèd rest.

The Admiral call'd his Officers around,  
Told them the news : they all agreed that this  
Was no affair of boats. Silence profound  
Of what they knew, were surely not amiss.  
It would take more of force than they possess'd,  
To thoroughly destroy this hornet's nest,  
That fact, most clearly was by all confess'd.

This was a prize worth having : yet that night  
The Admiral put straight away to sea,  
As tho' he deem'd he left behind, all right,  
And thought his service done, right happily.  
The fishers on the coast, watch'd him away,  
And saw the horizon void, at break of day.  
The pirates soon were told, the coast was clear.

A long low island lay close to the shore  
Most densely wooded, as was all the coast  
On the mainland, it look'd one wood, no more.  
That eye, indeed, its vision keen might boast,  
Which seawards could discover waters deep  
Lying behind that isle, in tranquil sleep ;  
A river, then a lake, and village near.

But Armstrong had gone inland, and came down  
On the suspected place, and from on high,  
Perch'd, with his glass, upon a mountain's crown,  
Noted the whole locale, with seaman's eye.  
He saw the lake's shore, cumber'd o'er with wrecks,  
Anchors, huge capstans, cannon, seeming specks  
In the far distant view, from which he look'd.

Sixteen or eighteen swift Feluccas lay  
Crowded with men at work on various tasks,  
At anchor, in the centre of the bay,  
And boats were passing from the shore with casks.  
In one spot where a pier, pierced the round bay,  
A long, low craft beneath a tall shears lay,  
And from its chains, a long gun hoised, was hook'd.

“Ha! a long Tom! methinks, my friends, I see  
The coin you give for all your merchandise :  
That lovely craft, I hope, shall be my fee :  
But how in such a place, seize on the prize ?  
Let's see. Just where the river joins the lake,  
Are two earth-forts, and if I don't mistake,  
Two or three booms, are chain'd across the pass.

Four or five hundred men, are scatter'd o'er  
The adjoining houses, vessels, sheds, and stores ;  
I'm sure I see so many, perhaps more  
May hang about upon the neighbouring shores—  
Perhaps I've seen enough, to make me know,  
'Twill take both skill and strength to beat this foe.  
'Tis too much for my dashing lads ! Alas !

Our gun-boats could warp up, where those lateens  
Found water. And those strong earth-works, surprised,  
Would form for those who took them, famous screens :  
A better basis, could not be devised  
To aid the attacking party, were that gain'd,  
Manhood and pluck, must do all that remain'd."  
These thoughts of Armstrong, were the Admiral's news.

A Naval Council held, Armstrong was call'd,  
Thank'd for the service render'd : questioned close :  
All his first statement, carefully o'erhaul'd.  
Then asked, "if he suggestion could propose ?"  
He answer'd, "Yes." The seniors look'd surprise.  
The Admiral ask'd the plan he would devise ?  
He answer'd, "We have two strong merchant crews

Of various nationalities, saved from death,  
And rescued from this very pirate crew ;  
Many of whom, would spend their latest breath  
To get a chance, the warfare to renew ;  
Stung by the injuries they have undergone,  
And beggar'd of their means, there is not one  
Of those, who would not join the enterprise.

I'd put these men into the Spanish brig  
We took the other day, and with them send  
Some true Blue Jackets, sinking navy rigg.  
Abundant small arms hid away, I'd lend.  
Some trusty officer must take command,  
And the whole lot, assume to join the band :  
And thus, throw dust, in these vile murd'ers' eyes.

The service will be dangerous, but once in,  
A pow'rful force must haste to their release :  
The houses can be fired, fright to begin ;  
The Forts in silence mann'd, and to increase  
Confusion more confounded, all the slaves  
In the long sheddings fetter'd, stead of graves,  
Amidst the fiery element, shall be free.

We have some negroes in the ships, 't were good  
That one or two should join, who could make known  
To the imprison'd Blacks, how matters stood ;  
That we were friends, to help them to their own.  
Let loose, they soon will find of arms enough,  
And what they've suffer'd, will bring out the stuff  
Of sudden waked revenge, in fierce degree.

If all be managed in good time, not one  
Of the enclosed vessels can escape ;  
A dreadful nest of Pirate Slavers gone  
Will on this coast, take piracy by the nape.  
This cunning lie-by we could not find out,  
Will serve no longer, honest men to flout,  
But from a snare, become a port of rest.

Then for the gain. Eighteen sweet cruisers lie,  
A prize of far more value than it seems ;  
For, if we had them, we could inshore ply,  
And catch the catchers : all Aladdin's dreams  
Would be as tinsel, to the gold they'd win.  
I wish I had my brevet, to begin,  
In one I saw there, in sweet honour's quest.



It was a great Lateener, with three masts  
Stepp'd in an English hull, broad-beam'd and long.  
Each tapering spar a distant shadow casts,  
Her rigging seem'd so fine, and yet so strong.  
Midships, on swivel lay a great long gun,  
And at her sides, six carronades were run.  
She sat upon the water, like a duck.

She was the very craft, we chased one night,  
Which drew us close upon a coral reef,  
Just when we hoped to close with her, in fight;  
She glided thro' the breakers, to our grief,  
Into some narrow channel, and made play  
Right for the shore, to our intense dismay:  
Chance had we follow'd her, we must have struck.

But when the reef was headed, she was gone.  
A little-fog bank pass'd along the shore,  
Then clear'd away to leeward: but not one  
In all our Brig, the mystery could explore,  
Where she had disappear'd: no one could see  
Inlet, bay, river; none appear'd to be:  
Yet like a phantom, was the vessel gone—

We cruised along the coast, scann'd the long reef,  
Took certain bearings, where the passage lay,  
Thro' which escaped this cunning pirate thief.  
Then from inland, I saw this hidden bay  
Midst the dark forest, with the river deep,  
The ships, store-houses, and the Robber's keep,  
The island which hid all, and heard slaves groan."

Armstrong concluded : then his Captain said,  
“ Dear Boy, I fear ’twould be a murd’rous game  
To storm this hive of villains : if betray’d,  
Our gallant fellows would meet death of shame,  
Trapp’d in this rat hole, by a desp’rate foe ;  
Ruffians, who but by hearsay, mercy know.  
I must consult the captains of my Fleet.

Meantime, look out amongst the rescued men,  
Who are trustworthy. Fain, I’d keep our tars  
For open action, and fair fight, the when  
They gird themselves, to strike in nobler wars.  
Yet, ’gainst these miscreants, stratagem is fair,  
They know no honour, and they never spare :  
They well deserve the measure, which they mete.”

Armstrong return’d, “ Dear Uncle, I’m not rash ;  
The cause, it is a good one : half the fight  
When on the foe, with all your might you dash,  
Is won, by knowing you are in the right.  
The bad cause cowards breeds : compacts for ill  
Are easily broken thro’, by right and skill.  
Cohesion is no trait of infamy !

If you permit me, and approve my plan,  
Or, if some better be devised, rest sure  
When volunteers are call’d, the foremost man  
Shall be your nephew, ready to secure  
The post of danger ; willingly to share  
The perils he ask’d other men to dare,  
And not when risking others, to sail free.”

"I never doubted you, my boy! Mayhap  
When at your age, adventure such as this,  
Had made me reckless rush into the trap,  
Nor think the danger came a bit amiss.  
But now, to be wise, prudent and discreet,  
We 'll signal all the Captains of the Fleet,  
And talk with sapient heads, the matter o'er."

Right out to sea, then went the British ship,  
With the High Admiral, and along the shore  
All the light naval craft, quietly slip,  
To signalise the squadron. Fierce winds tore  
The canvas from the bolts: yet true and free  
The British tars, those children of the sea,  
Fail'd not, their destination to explore.

Far out of landmen's ken, the Navy met,  
Captains and first Lieutenants came on board  
The Admiral: bronzed men, a goodly set,  
And turn'd to their business at a word.  
Maps, charts and compasses, the table load,  
Surveys most recent, many a naval code,  
With lists of each ship's strength, and present health.

The Admiral in few words declared the need  
The service had, to rid the coast of those  
Most daring Buccaneers, whose strength and speed  
Outwitted all their efforts: they must close  
With the least loss they could, the long account;  
By force or stratagem, they must surmount  
The local difficulties—force or stealth?

Then he made mention, how young Armstrong had  
Spied out this snug lie-bye, and then declared  
The plan proposèd by the gallant lad,  
By which the Buccaneers might be ensnared.  
They ask'd to see the youth, and question him.  
He came, a lad amongst those warriors grim,  
And, modestly, he told them, all he knew.

He then would have retired ; they bade him stay.  
He made a pencil sketch of the locale ;  
Gave them the probable soundings of the bay,  
And of its winding entrance, which was small,  
And tree-surrounded, guessing from the size  
Of many a merchant hulk, a ruin'd prize,  
Which lay around the harbour, not a few !

To their surprise he added, he would go  
If leave were giv'n, with the merchant crews,  
In the prize merchantman, and beard the foe ;  
And that he hoped, they would not this refuse.  
Once captured, and transferr'd within the den,  
Sure of a quick support, those injured men  
Would fight, with all the fierceness of revenge.

Proud of such trusting courage, they agreed  
To his proposal. Twenty volunteers,  
Pick'd men and steady, were lent to his need,  
Twenty of merchant sailors join'd, with cheers.  
A Corromantee nigger too, shipp'd in,  
And all were eager their work to begin,  
Their beggary, and their injuries to avenge.

The scene now shifts, to tell of Lovett's course  
Thro' those three years; baffled in Helen's love,  
His character acquired a novel force;  
His inner man received a dang'rous shove.  
Unlike his gen'rous friend, who drown'd his care  
By seeking work, where danger had a share,  
At first, deep apathy his soul o'ercast.

He sail'd for home. The Foam dismantled lay  
In all her beauty, idle in the scene  
Of active life, at anchor in the bay,  
Where, without question, she was fairly queen.  
Her youthful master rarely graced her deck,  
White from the holystone, without a fleck.  
His sailors saw his whiter face aghast.

Gloomy inaction, then was follow'd by  
A fidgety uneasiness, and unrest.  
Those who observed him, saw the swallow'd sigh,  
Which mark'd the suppress'd feelings in his breast.  
He plunged in politics, a borough gain'd,  
With his mark'd talents, name and fame attain'd,  
And seem'd upon the road to glorious fame.

A seat within the Cabinet, loomèd near:  
When all at once, he flung his honours by;  
Consulted no one, dismal, silent, drear,  
He show'd no 'harvest of a quiet eye.'  
His yacht again is stored, for voyage long,  
His crew a strong one, is made still more strong,  
And boasts an armoury, would a king's ship shame.

Out in the Channel, he directs her way  
Towards Caledonia's mountains. Dark and late  
He reach'd the opening, to the winding bay  
Leading to the M'Kenzie's tow'r elate.  
Then in a light skiff, with the black Ackbar,  
He paddled till he saw the Keep afar :  
Then landed, and alone pursued his course.

He reach'd the Castle woods. What brings him there ?  
He hardly knows himself : some influence strong  
O'ercoming all his scruples, makes him dare  
What in his heart of hearts, he felt was wrong.  
Still between him and Armstrong, no compact  
In any way impeded thought or act ;  
Yet thoughts of treason to his friend, would force

Themselves upon him, in the silent night.  
Why came he there, like to an evil thing,  
Creeping in darkness, like unholy sprite,  
On some foul mission under Asræl's wing ?  
" See her again I will," he anguish'd cried ;  
The mocking echo " will " to him replied.  
And now, he stood beneath the Castle wall.

Unusual silence brooded all around ;  
Not a dog bark'd ; no window show'd a light :  
Gloom the intensest, painfully profound,  
Sabled with inky blackness, the dark night.  
He groped around the plaisaunce, still as death,  
He hardly dared to draw a murmuring breath :  
His nerves refused him strength, to raise a call.

Can they be gone? he thought. No life seems here:

Then down the path beneath the ancient Keep  
Rapidly pass'd, without a thought of fear;

Startling the birds from their nocturnal sleep:  
Till at a sharp turn of the rocky way,  
A stalwart arm, and voice, bade him to stay.

"Whar gang ye, Mon, a fleeing thro' the night?"

"A friend," quoth Lovett, recognising well

The boat-keeper. "Andrew, your grip is tough."

"Oh! Maister Lovett, I wad na be snell,

To lay upon your arm, a touch too rough.  
Forgie me, for I thought some poacher, near,  
Was creeping in the dark, on our pet deer,  
Who had to venison, no airthly right.

Now that the Knight is gone, behoves to keep

A tidy foresee: rogues will play the knave,  
And harry all the game, if keepers sleep.

That roused me from my bed. I pardon crave  
For my rough welcome. But, dear sir, why here?  
The family are ganè, full half a year,  
And only a few servitors remain."

"Gone, Andrew—do you say? Whither and where?

I had not heard of their departure, or  
I had not come here. But, inform me then,

Are they a visiting, anear or far?  
Where can I find them?" "Here your search is lost,  
Sir Alan, and his daughter, the seas cross'd.

He's Governor, somewhere on the Spanish main."

“Ha! That’s where service has old Armstrong brought;  
This world’s a little place; they’ll meet: that’s sure.”  
Thro’ Lovett’s brain, flashèd the jealous thought,  
Armstrong, the prize would after all secure.  
“Andrew, canst tell the name of this far place?  
I’d like upon the map, their course to trace;  
As I can’t find my worthy friends at home.”

“I dinna ken the name exact, dear sir,  
But I can splore it out: letters arrive  
For Forbes Kenzie, down at Lackinver,  
The factor on the property: he’ll contrive  
To tell the curious names; he show’d one day  
A little island, in a great big bay;  
It seem’d a very puny spot, to some.

But there, he said, Sir Alan was Vice-King,  
And our sweet Queen of Hearts, Miss Helen, there,  
Was Queen, and had around her a great ring  
Of fierce, dark chieftains, men who would not spare  
Or friend or foe; who ware but scanty clothes,  
Scarce knew what firearms were, and still used bows:  
Still more a torrid sun, and scorching heat.

More than a twelvemonth were they gone; Na Gaie  
Felt gruesome lonely, nothing stirring there;  
No games or gatherings, pipings or strathspey,  
Aroused the hardy, or amused the fair.”  
Thus spoke old Andrew, and his words sad fell  
On Lovett’s ear, like some funereal knell,  
Which palsied, and yet quicken’d, his heart’s beat.



Thro' the dark night, again the young man sped,  
Regain'd his boat : felt sore when Ackbar ask'd,  
"How Missy Helen was?" For his heart bled,  
And his keen spirit, was most sorely task'd,  
When answering, "Dear Miss Helen's far away,  
And we'll not see her now, for many a day :  
An Ocean very wide, now lies between."

Next morning, Forbes Kenzie had a call,  
And Lovett information full received,  
Enough his vivid transports to appal,  
And yet, 'twas doubtful if he joy'd, or grieved,  
True, 'twas away on far Lucayas Isles,  
On which, protecting Britain blandly smiles,  
His friend was Governor of a Tropic scene.

These Isles, spread over two or three degrees\*  
Not far from Florida, and the Mexan bay.  
"Sir Alan, with our Government, had a breeze ;  
You know he's wilful, and must have his way ;  
So now 'mongst Dons and Natives, and rough men,  
Sir Alan has set up his distant pen ;  
And we are left his absence, to deplore.

These seas, they say, swarm with a Pirate host,  
Obstructing trade and commerce, who must be  
Met on the skirts of ev'ry far outpost ;  
So, we have Cruisers many, on that sea.  
And on the Islands (legion is their name)  
Are many, like Sir Alan whose bold fame,  
Already, sounds triumphant, on each shore."

\* Latitude 20 degrees ; Longitude 75 degrees.

These words fell not on inattentive ears,  
Lovett has heard it all ; thanks, takes his way,  
Listening methinks more to his jealous fears,  
Than to the dangers, which he must essay.  
“ Armstrong is there. Armstrong is brave and bold ;  
Fortune now favours him, as me of old.”  
Then from a locker, he takes many charts.

Antilles, Bahamas, Lucayas, aye,  
This is the region. Let me con the map.  
A pretty longish voyage, for a spell ;  
The Foam could do it tho' : then there's the trap  
Of these vile pirates—it would never do  
To be waylaid, with such a prize in view.  
I must have heavier guns, for these wild parts.

With Lovett to determine, was to do,  
Whate'er he set his heart on, was half-done ;  
He rarely fail'd, with object in his view :  
Commenced, with him the race was almost run.  
Startling may seem the thought, which thro' his brain  
With quick determination, surged amain.  
Letters of Marque obtainèd, he'd be gone.

More strength was added to the schooner yacht,  
More metal to her guns, and some old salts  
Who knew these western regions, then were got,  
To aid as pilots—nothing, limping, halts.  
Grantham his Skipper, that small silent man,  
Enters, at once, into his owner's plan :  
An unaccustom'd flash, from his eyes shone.

He knew the Islands, and had often been  
Through all the keys and channels, and knew well  
The banks and currents ; reefs and rocks had seen  
In ev'ry weather : passages could tell  
Amongst the coral reefs, all down the coast  
Men call the Spanish main ; he did not boast  
Saying he knew it, intimate and well.

Then he spoke Spanish like a native, could  
Turn it to Portuguese when e'er he chose ;  
Was versed in all the dodges, which that brood  
Of evil men, who hold mankind their foes,  
Work'd in these distant regions. Did he say  
How he acquired this knowledge ? Did he ? Nay,  
Grantham could sail a ship, not secrets tell.

Grantham was small in person, thin and lithe,  
A first-rate navigator, one of those  
Sarcastic spirits, who are never blithe ;  
Who never seem to joy in calm repose ;  
Unloved, unliked, his history unknown,  
The joys of others, seem'd to make him groan ;  
Yet for his skill, knowledge and courage prized.

“ Will the Foam do it ? ” Lovett asks. “ Aye, more,  
And pay her owner cent per cent with ease,  
Ere, yet she sights a height on Cuba's shore.  
Her rapid sailing will tell in those seas,  
Where all the heavy craft are forced to keep  
In narrow channels. Skill can overleap  
Those natural obstacles, with well train'd eyes.

Our letters will permit to overhaul  
Any suspicious sail, and none will ask  
What has become of the unwonted spoil.  
Well managed, it will prove an easy task.  
The little Foam is just the thing to do  
This kind of work, and you 've a splendid crew,  
Men ready for adventure, or repose!"

This was the longest speech that Grantham, ever,  
Whilst Skipper of the Foam, had lavish'd on  
His hearer: and he seem'd so to deliver  
Each word with zest, and his black bead-eyes shone  
With such a sparkle, Lovett felt surprise.  
Ho! Ho! He thought. I see how the land lies.  
Grantham's opinion, clearly with mine goes.

This kind of knowledge, theorists don't possess;  
Perhaps he was a slaver, or a pirate.  
No matter, I'll not ask him to confess,  
He would not do it, did I e'en require it;  
I wish he had more of a genial spirit,  
Tho', sometimes, that detracts from actual merit.  
I prize the man, e'en tho' I do not like.

In lovely Plymouth, England's fairest sea-port,  
Finishing his preparations, Lovett met  
An unexpected pleasure, in the resort  
Of ev'ry stranger there, The Hohe, high-set,  
Commanding the whole bay. Looking around  
O'er many motley groups which stud the ground,  
He sees young Lenox sitting on the Dyke.

Joyful, the youths clasp'd hands: they had not met  
Since they had parted on Nile's muddy stream,  
And then, it was with very great regret.

That recollection seem'd a pleasant dream:  
Their memories painted all that time with joy,  
Care seldom hangs on youth, with heavy cloy.  
Lovett was troubled—Lenox free as air.

They talk'd of past events, until at last  
The dreaded question naturally came:  
To Lovett 'twas a fiery, icy blast,  
Which sent a shiver thro' him, and a flame.  
"Where's Miss M'Kenzie! I can ne'er forget  
That noble girl, that universal pet,  
So gentle, yet whom danger could not scare.

She, was the only girl, I ever saw,  
I wish'd to fall in love with: had I stay'd  
Near her perfections, I felt soon she'd draw  
My whole soul to herself. I was afraid  
My poverty would prove a dang'rous bar,  
Which must success, in such a cause, just mar.  
Pritchard was just as much entranced as I.

So we both sail'd away, 'midst Nubian charms;  
Distance and absence gave us consolation,  
And real dangers, saved us love's alarms,  
Both of us felt a dreadful aggravation  
That we could never compass such a wife.  
Both could not have her, we'd no jealous strife.  
We were too humble stars, for her bright sky.

So, we the lassie toasted in Nile water,  
Thinking, no doubt, the Abyssinian springs  
Tasted the fresher, when fair Scotia's daughter  
Touch'd all unknowing, as we drank, the strings  
Of fascination, which we could not banish,  
Drive away as we would, it would not vanish.  
It was a very strange imperious feeling!

Pritchard could think of nothing else for days  
After we parted; but, in truth, we both  
Seem'd like men stricken by the solar rays;  
A little dazed: yet we were nothing loth  
To talk about the charmer: we could do it.  
She was a queen, above us, and we knew it.  
Hopeless and helpless, so not worth concealing."

Lenox went on: "I wish Dame Fortune kind  
Had shed a little of her stores on me:  
'Twould not be long, ere I'd Miss Helen find,  
And make her mistress of my destiny.  
Were I a rich man, with a yacht like that,  
I'd soon be off for Scotland—that is flat—  
And try to win her favour—or go work!"

"That yacht is mine," said Lovett, "and that yacht  
Has been to Scotland, and her owner too,  
One that the world dubs rich, has just been caught  
Failing to do the deed, you fain would do;  
Riches will not tempt her, good looks, dash, or fame:  
She put a noble friend of mine to shame.  
And made me willing to turn very Turk."

"Short were my chances then," young Lenox sigh'd.

    " If such advantages as you describe  
Have all been offer'd, and been all denied,  
    My paltry fortunes scarce could Cupid bribe.  
I 'll think no more about it, but wish well  
To one, who could cast o'er us such a spell.  
    I 'm looking for a ship—a surgeon's post."

" Come, dine with me on board the Foam : we' ll chat

    On days gone by : we have a common theme  
Had better be avoided ; but for that  
    It matters little, 'twas a boyish dream,  
And as such, let it fade." Then from the Hohe,  
The pair descended, and a whistle low,  
    Brought a swift gig, responsive, to the coast.

That ev'ning as they chatted o'er their nuts,

    After some confidences made, and giv'n :  
After upsetting many plaguy buts,  
    A bargain 'twixt the twain, was fairly driv'n.  
That, Lenox should be surgeon to the Foam,  
And share her fortunes, wheresoe'r they 'd roam.  
    There might be wounds and dangers in her track.

Lovett was charm'd, to find an able friend,

    A soul harmonious : he was ready now  
For the wide ocean, and could his mind bend  
    To all that possibilities allow.  
Lenox look'd to his instruments, got a chest  
Of all the necessary drugs possest,  
    And with his ready kit, was quickly back.

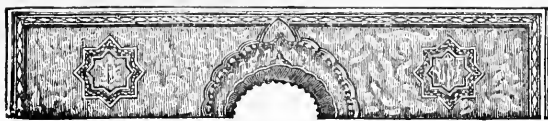
They sail'd, and we will leave them to make good  
Their cruise 'cross the Atlantic: 'twas no feat  
With such a boat and crew, plenty of food,  
And pow'r sufficient, not to dread defeat.  
A cunning skipper, well acclimatised  
To those far distant lands, and to be prized  
For local knowledge, strange and wonderful.

France was at war with England, at this time,  
And privateers were plenty on the coast;  
And quiet households shudd'ring heard of crime,  
And dreaded buccaneers, and all that host  
Of men with no allegiance, who make free  
With doubtful prizes on the open sea,  
But sometimes catch a Tartar, blunderful!

Spain was at peace with us, but a treaty gave  
Powers to all ships which could, by force of arms  
To confiscate all slavers, free the slave,  
Make profit if they could, for risks, and harms.  
America, too, had deeply enter'd in  
This horrid traffic of depraving sin.  
Portugal was, perhaps, the worst of all.

Such was the general state of things, afar,  
Which stout M'Kenzie said, was England's shame;—  
England contended, 'tis no cause for war.  
Go there, be Governor, and cease to blame.  
He went because he could not well refuse.  
Lovett went, too, for he was in the "blues,"  
And Armstrong simply went, at duty's call.





## Canto V.

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Courage and skill combined with a good cause  
Will win the battle, for true sword it draws.

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IN sunny regions of the far, far West,  
Our three friends, all unknowing, found new skies.  
Asunder—yet together. In each breast  
Had they known all, had waken'd sheer surprise.  
There, where the breathless sunshine, blends with storm,  
And halcyon calm awakes in tempest's form.  
Sweetest serenity, with wild passion blending.

Three years have pass'd, since, by the river's side,  
The three, we're most concern'd in, sprung apart;  
All in the prime of youth, and beauty's pride.  
Each might have lived in peace, and play'd a part  
In quiet life, without a thought of care;  
Yet each, right willingly, threw up their share  
Of sober life, in peaceful calmness spending.

The Admiral arranged conjoint attack  
On the dark pirates' nest ; the day was fix'd.  
All able boats the squadron then possess'd  
Collected were : for the thing must be risk'd.  
Armstrong must be the guide : he alone knew  
The secret passage to the deep bay, thro'.  
An eight-oar'd pinnace, served his purpose well.

Helen, and the Station Admiral, were strong friends ;  
And as it happ'd, the Governor and she  
Had gone on board, unknowing whither bends  
His mind, on warlike purpose, on the sea.  
They meant it for a visit ; he declared  
Everything for a start to be prepared.  
" Come, join our cruise, and honour our cockle-shell.

My nephew is away, on dangerous track,  
So you must trust the old man, to amuse'  
The passing hours : God send the lad safe back,  
And the Blue Jackets, his too willing crews.  
That dear boy, is the darling of the ship,  
Without a selfish thought, his mind to trip :  
He is the hero, of our present cruise."

Helen and Sir Alan took the friendly word :  
Found quarters, to the good old man's delight.  
" Up anchor ! and away ! my bonny bird !  
We turn our backs, upon a coming fight.  
Sometimes we tars, must stretch our long arms out,  
Whilst we retire, as if in actual rout.  
But, we have long eyes, too, which we can use.

Away they sail'd, to get clear out of ken  
Of the suspected spot: then Helen heard  
From the old Admiral, yarns of his brave men,  
And took keen interest, in what occur'd.  
He spoke of nephew Armstrong, with a zest,  
And said, 'he was of modest men, the best.'  
Helen responded, "He's a fine young fellow."

"Sail on the larboard bow," a top-man cries.  
"Can't make her out yet." "Signal her! She speaks!"  
Up to the truck, a ball of bunting flies,  
The signal-man stands by: his pencil creaks,  
Dotting the telegraphic speech with ease.  
Loudly he roars, to gain attention, "Please."  
Then from the cross-trees, comes his answering bellow.

"An English armèd yacht: Letter of Marque;  
Bound for the coast of Cuba. Gave no number."  
"Signal again. Some hot-headed young spark  
Forgets his Majesty's cruisers do not slumber."  
"He says, he is pursuing a fast ship,  
Which in a fog-bank, last night, gave the slip,  
Doing some damage, with a parting gun."

"She is a schooner fore and aft, and seems  
To skim along, without a breath of air;  
Whilst all our canvas, scarce the current stems.  
She really is a beauty, strong and fair."  
The first lieutenant dropp'd upon the deck.  
"Sir, that boat, which looks now a tiny speck,  
Will surely strike the reef, in that quick run."

That reef runs three good leagues : and by my glass  
She heads right for it. We shall find her bones,  
Even our pinnaces dare not tempt the pass."

Then to a Top-man, in his shrillest tones :  
"What of yon schooner?" "She runs right ahead  
Into the breakers; sight and sense are fled;  
Or mayhap, she's the Flying Dutchman's spirit."

The Admiral smiled; his officer ran aloft,  
And glass at eye, reported all he saw.  
"How she does toss! Now she creeps on, quite soft,  
Now skims along with all her sails adraw!  
Ha! Has she struck? No, only changed her course  
Sharply to windward, 'gainst the current's force.  
She's got thro' the long reef, Sir! I aver it.

She's signalling now. Too far to make a guess.  
Our boats must now, be near the spot, where she  
So strangely workèd thro'—I hope no mess  
May by her presence there, created be.  
She crosses our boats' track. The Brigantine  
Carrying the heavy guns, can now be seen.  
She does not seem to mind them, but bears on."

"Ha! Signalling again! What's in the wind?  
That saucy Privateer, is questions asking,  
As if she were a Man of War, inclined  
To put the native craft, to Royal tasking.  
Three large Feluccas have put out from shore,  
Their whereabouts, I did not see before,  
Bearing down on the Englishman, I see one.

“Ha ! There’s a puff of smoke. The Englishman  
Has dropp’d into a snare ! ’Tis well for him,  
That our flotilla, has now inshore ran,  
And o’er the shelter’d waters fast doth skim.  
All sides are firing now ; we’re near enough  
To see of every shot, the fleecy puff,  
Tho’ the report, don’t reach us up the wind.

The three are at him : still he holds his way.  
The smoke conceals them all, from present view.  
A plucky dog he is, I needs must say,  
Seriously overmatch’d, at least by two.  
The smoke clears off—Fore George the mast is gone  
Of the Felucca, and stout Britain’s son  
Appears to be to danger, wondrous blind.”

The Admiral’s glass was taken from his eye,  
Handed to Helen. With a minute’s look,  
A cloud of anxious thought, cross’d her brow’s sky,  
And her cheek flush’d, and then the blood forsook.  
“What,” said the kind old man, “has feeling touch’d ?”  
As at the falling telescope, he clutch’d.  
Helen shortly answer’d—“I know that bold yacht.”

“You may be proud of her !” his quick reply.  
“Whose is she ?” “Henry Lovett’s. An old friend.”  
Again the glass was fix’d to his eye ;  
For Helen’s words a novel interest lend.  
“Your friend is a bold fellow, fain I’d say ;  
But we must help him, in this dang’rous play ;  
For, he has drawn a per’lous, daring, lot.”

He calls his sailing Captain. " 'Bout ship ! sharp,  
Clear the long reef, and bear down for the boats.  
That lad, does honor, to Green Erin's Harp !  
Ha ! there 's a running gamut, of loud notes,  
From num'rous guns, of no small metal too.  
And musketry are peppering, not a few."  
"Second Felucca raked." A Top-man shouts.

"Bravo ! Bravissimo." "Helm shot away."  
There 's skill as well as daring ; look out keen."  
"All smoke, 'Sir, in a cloud that darkens day,  
And comes right aft, us and the ships between."  
"Second Felucca sinking : yacht slants clear.  
She 's at the third one now, without a fear,  
Certain, she 'll give the Buccaneer the rout.

They 've got the pirate round, and her great sail  
Sweeps her along at speed, double to that  
The Yacht can make. No matter, her long gun  
Tells on her fearfully ; her sail of mat  
Is riddled all in holes ; the losing chase  
Has a long arm, to aid her in the race.  
The grape falls murderous, 'mongst that crowd of men."

The boats, meanwhile, had gain'd the river's mouth,  
And unobserved had enter'd the dark neck  
Of the deep wooded chasm, which look'd due South,  
Then turn'd Westward, mark'd by many a wreck,  
Stranded amid the trees, prizes of blood,  
Trapp'd, and o'ercome, then drawn within the wood,  
Where cruiser never more their form could ken.

Silent with muffled oars, they pull'd along,  
Carrying the pride of England's jackets blue,  
Scarcely repressing the half murmur'd song.  
Girt with a handkerchief, a big pistol thro'  
And a sharp cutlass form'd their armament ;  
Their jolly faces, beaming bright content.  
Marines, in each large boat fill'd up the stern.

The sailors, said, they were for ornament,  
As the brave fellows sat, their muskets placed  
Between their knees, their eyes sharply intent  
Peering, to find a foe, on their brows traced  
The soldier's high resolve, to do, or die ;  
Unlike Jack's hum'rous, careless, suavity.  
Yet courage of the purest, in both burn.

Steadily, on they pull'd, till they had gain'd  
The mouth of that foul nest, of murd'rous crime.  
Then from the heights above, a slaughtering rain  
Of bullets, pattering came from time to time,  
Wounding the helpless men, as on they strove,  
Racing with death, at ev'ry yard they move.  
Then, canister and grape tore up the flood.

Still they held on, the shatter'd leading boats  
Sunk with their crews ; the next which came pick'd up  
The swimming men ; the mass impulsive floats  
Still onwards to destruction ; all seem'd up  
With these devoted men, when sudden aid  
Came in a moment, in this fearful raid,  
Where 'gainst such odds, they never had withstood.

The English schooner, quell'd had her three foes,  
And dash'd into the channel, in full sail,  
Carrying her impulse, which scarce slower grows,  
For her sweeps push her on, where breezes fail.  
And from her heavy guns, the bomb-shells fly  
In arches o'er the boats, in middle sky,  
And drop destruction, on the hostile host.

This saved them from destruction. Unseen foes  
Are the worst foes of any : like false friends  
Conceal'd in brakes of courtesy : no one knows  
Who fires the evil, which so deadly tends.  
Yet the Allseeing Eye, is o'er the brave,  
The Arm is stretched, which will the honest save,  
And villany, not long is left to boast.

Under the skilful fire, the boats press'd on,  
Till opposite the earthworks by the lake :  
Here men stood crowded by each heavy gun,  
It seem'd impossible the pass to make.  
A moment's hesitation, that was all,  
And then the clipping oarblades flashing fall,  
And the boats open the fine bay to view.

How did it happen that these forts were dumb,  
The very point which had destruction proved ?  
Armstrong's bold scouts, secretly there had come,  
And fill'd the guns with sods, the charge removed,  
Left them well primed, seemingly fit for fight,  
Then silent thro' the forest, took their flight  
To where the slaves were, a strange-looking crew.



The negroes Armstrong sent, inform'd each Black  
What was to happen ; and when heard, each gun  
Spurr'd them to action, and they were not slack  
To free each other, and in negro fun  
Chain up, and gag their keepers ; then a yell  
Burst from their throats, which might have come from Hell,  
So demonish, of wild revenge the tones.

With fierce rapidity, themselves they arm'd  
With every deadly weapon, and then fired  
The sheds which prison'd them : three hundred swarm'd  
Round a young sailor ; courage he inspired,  
And led them in a rush, along the shore  
Crowded with men, marking their track, in gore,  
And shrieking wounded men, and dying groans.

That sailor's eye, saw where most danger lay ;  
Three large Feluccas, crowded with fierce men,  
Were moor'd with warps in centre of the bay,  
Pouring irregular volleys, now and then.  
The little yacht, attracted most their fire.  
Her very insolence, excited ire,  
As with a puff of wind, she stagger'd on.

The splinters flew from her bright sides, her sails  
Were spotted with shot holes, still on she came ;  
She sail'd beneath the flag, which seldom fails,  
Or dies, unconquer'd, in grim battle's flame,  
The glorious Jack. Right for the centre ship,  
Despite the heavy fire, she aim'd to slip  
Athwart her stern—she was no laggart one !

That sailor, with his Blackies, seized the boats  
Which lined the beach, and paddled with all might,  
Carried, on all, and ev'ry thing which floats,  
'Till, they unnoticed, reach'd the point of fight.  
Then, when the schooner with unerring fire,  
From stem to stern, mow'd down at her desire.  
Clearing her decks, they climb'd the vessel's waist.

The pirates fiercely fought, but had no chance,  
And many leap'd o'erboard, and struck for shore ;  
The sailor and his men, the guns advance,  
And on the other ships their broadsides pour,  
Nor ceased, till men of war's men from the deck  
Sent up the signal halyards a small speck,  
Which opening, shew'd Black flag, by Jack replaced.

The other vessel, still kept up her fire ;  
Mock'd all assailants, in their fierce attacks.  
But, when the Britons boarded, spite their ire,  
On opposite quarter, came th' enfranchised Blacks.  
And tho' the pirates fought for very life,  
But for few minutes, lasts the deadly strife ;  
Cut down—forced over—or dash'd down the hold.

All the three vessels, now, were theirs, and so,  
They turn'd their guns upon the village gang,  
And silenced their sharp fire, and drove the foe  
In terror, to the woods, with ev'ry bang.  
Victory was doubtless theirs, not without loss,  
But, ev'ry where, was flying the Red Cross,  
And that, was consolation to the bold.

One negro was conspicuous in the fight,  
Swinging an axe, with mighty power he crush'd  
All right before him : 'twas a fearful sight  
To see, how thro' the mass of men he push'd,  
Levelling with stalwart force, all who opposed,  
'Till in mid-deck the attacking parties closed ;  
Beside him, fought a youth, with golden locks.

Ten or twelve sailors, with their brawny chests  
And naked arms, streaming with ruddy gore,  
(Their enemy's, or their own) hew'd at their best,  
And back'd their leaders, as they strode before ;  
Cutlass and boarding-pike, alone, they wield,  
Seeking no quarter, asking none to yield,  
But, broaching forceful on, as firm as rocks.

Firearms they could not use, for friends they saw  
Pouring in o'er the bows, with lusty shouts,  
Striking with panic, and with sudden awe  
The desp'rate men, whom double danger routs.  
Crush'd 'twixt two bodies, some fought to the death,  
Others leap'd overboard, and dived beneath.  
Then the two parties, met on middle deck.

All black with powder, crimson'd o'er with blood,  
The leaders slack'd their hands, and stand amazed,  
Doubting their sense of sight, as there they stood,  
Whilst in their eyes, the fighting demon blazed,  
The sailor dark and strong, of lofty height,  
The other bright and fair, of figure slight ;  
Each countenance begrimed with bloody fleck.

Spontaneous each pronounced a single word, [hands  
'Twas "Lovett?" "Armstrong?" And their ensanguined  
Clasp'd in a moment, in a loved accord,  
As each before the other, wond'ring stands :  
Surprise, depicted in each countenance ;  
Each thinking, surely 'twas some dreamy trance  
Which brought them thus together, unawares.

Wonder of wonders, each friend thought, to meet  
In such a scene. Surprise is a small word  
To express their feeling, mingled, bitter sweet.  
The flash of curious thought, to each occur'd,  
What brings him here? What thinks he of my coming?  
Each saw, despite the scene, at distance looming  
A reason for his friend, in which he shares.

They had but little time for welcome then,  
For desultory fighting, still went on,  
And balls came whizzing from a reedy fen,  
And flashes swift and rapid often shone.  
So, each betook them, to complete the war,  
Which they had push'd, successfully, so far.  
"We'll meet again, when we've reach'd Victory's goals."

Short then, and sharp the practice. Prisoners few  
Were found amongst those desp'rate men, to yield :  
Taken beneath the black flag, well they knew  
A rope and short shrift, figured in the field,  
Death, here or there, scarce matter'd, come it must  
By bullet, stab, or wreck, or treach'rous thrust.  
But chains and gibbets, terrified their souls.

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Another hour, and all the smoke flew clear,  
So did most evidence of the dreadful scene;  
The sailors muster'd on the shore, and were  
Told over: then too plain it could be seen  
Whose battles now were ended: whose to come;  
They gather'd slowly in, to tap of drum;  
Some creeping in, assisted, wounded sore.

The wounded men were borne to a shed,  
And then the surgeons, plied their kindness cruel;  
Making worse wounds than war, as science led:  
Tho' in such case science is found a jewel.  
But sad it is, to see fine fellows lopp'd  
Of their stout manly limbs, their career stopp'd,  
Whose only hope is Greenwich, glory o'er.

Five, of the fifteen vessels which were found  
Seaworthy, were then fitted to sail out:  
The rest, in centre of the bay, were bound  
With chains, and set ablaze, thus to tread out  
The pirate and the slaver. A safe hand  
Removing all the powder, with a band  
Of steady active men, rapid as thought.

A shower of rockets then was pour'd upon  
The wooden town, and soon the blazes rose  
In fiery tongues, till the whole place was gone.  
The pitch, tar, resin, which the stores compose  
Burst up in mighty flames, and e'en till night  
Was far advanced, illumed the heav'ns with light,  
Nor sunk, till Hesper's rays the morning caught.

War seems a glorious thing, whilst fervour lasts ;  
    Whilst fierce exertion strains each quiv'ring nerve ;  
Whilst courage swell'd to passion overcasts  
    The inner man, and each rash feeling serves  
An evil tenor, and the wolf assails  
All that is humanized, and o'er good prevails,  
    With morbid love, a victory to gain.

But, 'tis another phase, when passion cools,  
    And fierce destructive energy sinks down ;  
The warriors feel themselves blood-thirsty fools,  
    And look on their past deeds, with gloomy frown ;  
The energy all absorbing, whilst war rages,  
The hospital misery, most sad, assuages,  
    And victory bright has its gloom-side of pain.

The place was burn'd : wounded and prisoners brought  
    On board the men-of-war : the enfranchised slaves,  
Slaves now no longer, like a miracle wrought,  
    Held up their drooping hands, their open graves  
Of degradation closed for ever now.  
Whilst on the blood-steep'd soil, the verdant bough  
    Of Liberty's grand palm-tree, flourish'd well.

The dead were buried in one common grave ;  
    Outlaw and honest man, lay side by side :  
One common quality both had, they were brave,  
    And tho' in diff'rent cause they bravely died :  
Enmity over, they repose in peace,  
Earth's punishment, earth's glories for both cease.  
    Let men not judge—the tree lies where it fell.

A week from this, and nearly ev'ry trace  
Of the fell havoc in the deadly fray,  
Had disappear'd, and the whole pirate race  
Had faded, as it were, from face of day.  
All who escaped, hid in the forests drear,  
Or climb'd the Sierra's scarpèd sides in fear.  
Not one remain'd, of all that multitude.

The Governor, M'Kenzie, wish'd to see  
This strange locality ; his daughter, too,  
Ask'd the old Admiral, if she might be  
One of the party, in this wierd review ?  
With hesitating kindness, he delay'd,  
With thought of horrors, then he said : " Fair maid,  
A scene like this is scarcely wholesome food,

For gentle feminine feelings, which might shock  
And give you thoughts, which all your future life  
Could not erase, and which in dreams, would mock  
Your efforts to escape them : you 'll think strife  
And ev'rything inhuman, still must be  
The attribute of sailors, and the sea.  
'Twould give you thoughts terrific and affrighting."

The maiden press'd the point : did beauty e'er  
Plead with a gen'rous mind, and plead in vain ?  
So Helen conquer'd. " Admiral, no fear  
Have I, but that I can the sight sustain.  
Do you not know, on Afric's torrid soil,  
I enter'd on the war-path, and took spoil,  
Playing my part in danger, and some fighting."

Meantime, young Armstrong was dispatch'd to clear  
The place of ev'rything could shock the eye.  
Helen's feelings to the Admiral were dear,  
He would not, willingly, she should descry  
Aught of a hideous nature. Armstrong went,  
And scarce believed his senses, as a tent,  
Snow-white, pavilion-like, before him stood.

With England's banner floating from its staff,  
Where when he last had gazed, was devastation,  
Fire, smoke, and fury, and a mingled raff  
Of desp'rate men, the scum of ev'ry nation,  
Blacks, whites, and creoles, valiant tho' debased.  
What saw he now, the ruin all effaced,  
And trees, shrubs, flowers, descending to the flood?

A hedged-in garden, round the snowy tent  
Of cactus succulent, and some wavy palms  
Over large flowering shrubs, their branches bent,  
Exchanging sweetness, for the boughs' salaams.  
A few neat huts, in Indian fashion made,  
Their rapid structure, by no trace betray'd;  
It seem'd a clearing in a natural wood.

The graves he help'd to make, were planted o'er  
With prickly shrubs, and not a trace remain'd  
Of the fierce combat on that bloody shore,  
So recently, with hideous carnage stain'd.  
Fire had well done its work, and small debris  
Was there, ev'n for his critic eye, to see;  
All horrors disappear'd by fire or flood.



Then in the centre of the deep lagoon,  
Where fiercest wax'd the fight, and where were burn'd  
The useless prizes, paling the bright moon  
Thro' a whole night, till the chain'd mass o'erturn'd,  
Hissing and surging, till in volumed steam,  
They sank in the deep water—like a dream,  
Swan-like, a lovely schooner, floated now,

Shining beneath the sun ; a fairy thing,  
Repair'd, and painted fresh, and varnishèd ;  
Ev'ry mast taut—each rope, line, block, and ring,  
Fix'd in its proper place : no tarnishèd  
Spot on her decks, told of the ichorous rain  
Which flow'd in sullyng streams, from many a vein.  
Neatness was ev'rywhere, from stern to bow.

There's the Magician's Ark, was Armstrong's thought,  
As with his gallant crew, he pull'd along  
The Foam's bright side. Lovett, thy soul is fraught  
With poetry of action : thou art strong  
In the great art of pleasing. Here, confess'd,  
Thy prescient mind has a sweet problem guess'd,  
Unask'd, thou hast done, what I was sent to do.

Swift to the shore they pull'd. A tiny pier  
Of blocks of stone and timber stretch'd right out,  
With a neat rail of bamboo : it seem'd clear  
Such landing was not meant for seamen stout.  
Brave Armstrong smiled, we fear somewhat sardonic.  
“He beats me in all things,” he said, laconic.  
Then slanted to the pier. “Oars!” to the crew.

Now, thought he, as he strode along the pier,  
The Necromancer, I shall surely twit,  
For the surprise so gracious, which 'tis clear  
He thought for one eye only, passing fit.  
Shame on me! I am jealous; just because  
My friend, my rival, versed in female laws,  
Pays delicate attentions, where I would.

Approach'd the tent, a new surprise awakes;  
He draws aside the curtain, to behold  
A table richly laid, with glass and gold.  
A sight upon his wond'ring optics breaks  
Fit for a queen; velvet the seats all round,  
With Turkey carpets spread upon the ground.  
Behind, three blacks, white tired, like statues stood.

"Heigho," cried Armstrong, "this is fairyland,"  
As round he look'd. "Where is the Zauber King?  
Henry, you have yourself outdone, and plann'd  
What must the sweetest of applauses bring.  
Come forth, magician! my poor presence grace,  
And let me see the brightness of your face,  
In some transcendent vision, of great power!"

Forth from an inner chamber, gently came  
A manly form, but Lovett's it was not;  
George Armstrong almost felt a tinge of shame,  
As, tho' he were intruding on a spot  
Where was another's privacy. Both bow'd—  
Armstrong's apology was not allow'd,  
But, welcome met him in this lovely bower.

Quick explanation follow'd: spirits bright  
Like those young men, soon harmonize, and seem  
Like old friends, tho' this meeting their first sight,  
Small introduction needed they to deem  
Each of soul's kindred at a flying glance;  
And when their names were mention'd, they advance  
"Ah! Lenox, the Foam's surgeon." "Armstrong! ah!"

Next query: "Where is Lovett? He may be  
Proud of his late achievements: 'tis to him  
We owe our great success; I may speak free;  
The Foam's unslacking fire, saved many a limb  
In our poor boats, in that straightforward rush,  
When ev'ry range was taken, us to crush.  
Willingly, I accord him victory's pas.

Besides, in fight unequal, he repell'd  
Three arm'd feluccas, full of daring men,  
And put them 'hors de combat,' and thus held  
Open our safe retreat, from this vile den.  
By his most skilful dash, we took the place.  
Without it, I much fear in foul disgrace,  
Retreat alone, had saved our gallant tars."

"He is both brave and clever," Lenox said,  
"His knowledge seems intuitive. Old train'd skill  
Scarce can effect what he does, but is made  
An agent, subject to his dom'nant will.  
The Foam's an hospital, he left me here,  
Seven badly wounded men, to treat and cheer,  
And he has plunged him further in the wars.

After the prizes all were tow'd away,  
    Whilst seeking wounded men, or lurking foes,  
We found another arm of the bay,  
    In forest buried, round which, tall woods close ;  
And there conceal'd almost from light of day  
A powerful cruiser, found in all stores lay.  
    'The very thing I wanted,' Lovett cried.

He had her out at once. Survey'd her stores ;  
    Made good deficiencies, clapp'd in some big guns :  
Gave orders for my preparations, on these shores,  
    And ere the sun went down ; from this he runs.  
One big Polacca gave the Foam the slip,  
His plan, to catch her with this sister ship :  
    If he but see her, woe shall her betide !

She must keep in shore to avoid the fleet ;  
    He 'll sink, or bring her back, if fav'ring gales  
Enable him, the runaway to greet.  
    His Skipper knows to manage lateen sails.  
All the unwounded men of his own crew  
He took, and of the Nubians, not a few,  
    Under the guidance of the Black Ackbar.

I have obey'd his bidding, to blot out  
    Ev'ry appearance of the by-gone fray :  
And all my darkies work'd with spirit stout,  
    To give the semblance which you see to-day.  
Come now who will ; ready they 'll find us here  
To give them welcome, and the best of cheer,  
    Where they expected but the spoils of war.

But who the expected guests, I must confess  
I do not know : I did what Lovett ask'd.  
Tho' at a hazard, I would make a guess  
Nor feel my mind with difficulty task'd.  
The Admiral will surely view the place,  
And rumour says, there is a lovely face  
On board his floating palace, on the brine."

"The Governor, and Miss M'Kenzie are  
On board the Admiral: either, I've hardly seen :  
My duties, hitherto, have kept me far  
From bold Sir Alan, and fair Beauty's Queen."  
"I've seen the lady, Lenox said, and vow  
I'd serve her with my life, did I know how.  
I thought her, all in all, almost divine!"

"She is a noble woman," Armstrong said.  
His voice was steady, but the rosy flush  
Mantling his cheek, to Lenox' eye betray'd  
The feeling in those words, and in that blush.  
The men look'd at each other ; nought was said,  
But each, the other's heart, instinctive read,  
And there, he saw reflection of his own.;

Armstrong from off the table took a bunch  
Of splendid wild flowers, such as tropic zones  
Alone produce : swallow'd a hasty lunch ;  
Look'd to his sailors' comforts ; then his tones  
Fell soft on Lenox' ear, "Now I may go  
And place on Beauty's shrine, the flowers, which grow  
Where lives and wounds, were but so lately sown."

“You are a happy man, to dwell within  
The same big wooden house, with one so fair.  
I know three other men, so much to win,  
Would little care what dangers, they might dare ;  
Whilst you, at ease, may revel in the smile  
Which can so many worthy hearts beguile,  
Truly, such fortune is too good to last.”

“Second Lieutenant to a seventy-four,  
Would be but paltry standing, to aspire  
To so much excellence. And furthermore,  
Her father is a Governor, and the fire  
Of fifty generations, Celtic blood,  
Must sink all poor pretensions, in the flood  
Which thistle-ly heraldry, has o'er her cast,”

Away went Armstrong, and his sturdy crew  
Down the Lagoon, bending to ev'ry stroke,  
Till their swift course, the Ocean brought in view,  
And a low whistle, did the breeze evoke.  
“In oars ; up with the lug.” Away they stretch,  
And leave the land, whilst a long tack they fetch,  
Then go about, upon the other side.

A glass sweeps the horizon. Soon they find  
A lofty sail upon the Ocean verge.  
“That 's the Old Darling, or my eyes are blind,”  
Growls the bluff boatswain, “See, she drives the surge  
In foam before her bows ; full sail ; top-gallants set ;  
Sky scrapers too ; the sea is in a fret.  
Hand over hand, she comes with wind and tide.”

Quickly, they near'd the ship, the ship hove-to.

Round goes the boat to leeward, the falls drop  
Down from the davits, and her steady crew

Lay hold, hook on, one pull, and then a stop.

She's raised above the water. Then the men  
Swarm up the tackle falls, on deck again,

And then some fifty hands sweep her aloft.

Armstrong, swings in on board, and lightly springs

On to the quarter-deck ; reports, return,  
To the watch officer. A small hand-bell rings,

And a small boy, sailor in ev'ry turn,  
Tells him, " The Admiral to his state room  
Orders that he, without delay should come."

" Aye, aye, boy," Armstrong says, in accents soft.

Down the Companion, with quick step, he glides ;

Is welcomed by his Chief, and what is more,  
Feels Helen's friendly grasp, whose touch abides,  
And goes electric thro' his ev'ry pore.

" So quickly back ? We cannot land, I guess,  
Too much of horror, misery and distress  
For any lady's eye, to witness there !"

" Pardon, dear Admiral ; a magic rod

And superhuman effort, have fulfill'd  
Before I stepp'd upon that blood-stain'd sod,  
All, aye and more, than you had ever will'd.  
For ever vanish'd is the carnage scene ;  
In place there blooms a paradise of green,  
Adorn'd with roses red, and lilies fair.

This bunch of lovely flowers, from thence I bore.  
Nought tells of war, upon that peaceful bay :  
Romance has made its own of that fair shore,  
And ladies' bowers supplant burn'd ruins grey.  
The only thing I grieve for, is to find  
The miracle-worker, to his merits blind,  
Has left the place, on some adventure bent."

Helen received the flowers, and admired ;  
Then look'd at Armstrong with intelligence.  
He knew she guess'd, while old Sir J—— enquired  
Who was the necromancer, whose good sense  
Forestall'd his orders ? Lady Fair, then we  
Shall seek the shore, this miracle to see,  
And thank the worker, to his heart's content.

The old man saw the look, which pass'd between  
The two young people. " I am mystified  
With all this glamour : 'twas a fearful scene  
All witnesses declare, and many died  
In a most savage combat, and you say,  
That ev'ry vestige has been swept away,  
And from the ensanguined scene, you bring us flowers."

Sir J—— then turn'd to Helen. " Say, fair maid,  
Think'st thou, our officer has had a spell,  
Whose witchery, has his senses so betray'd  
And acted upon brain, and mind, so well,  
That objects of a dreadful hue, appear  
*Couleur de Rose*, to each enchanted sphere,  
When he pictures pirate haunts, as ladies' bowers ? "



“ Dear Admiral, I can the riddle read.

Bethink you, ere this fight, we saw a yacht  
Most formidably arm’d, sailing at speed

Right on the foaming reef, and thought her lot  
Was sure destruction : yet, she safe pass’d thro’,  
Engaged, and beat three pirates, in our view ;

Then, with our little squadron, sought the fight.

There she gave wondrous aid, to our press’d men,  
Was work’d, and fought, with superhuman skill ;  
But from that den of danger, not again

Has she been seen to issue. I think still  
I know that boat ; I recognized each line,  
For months I lived in her, as were she mine.

I hardly am deceived in that sight.

Sir Alan knows her owner, well as I ;

A bolder, braver youth has never lived ;  
Gifted with talent, which he could apply

To anything. I’m sure I’m not deceived.

Say, Mr. Armstrong, was that boat the Foam ?

Is Henry Lovett, in his old sea home ?

Is he the conjuror, in this wondrous change ?”

“ None other, lady. I believe, in truth,

No other man could have accomplished  
Those feats of elegance and deeds of ruth.

They scarcely would have cross’d another’s head.  
His is a genius, wonderful and rare,  
Sure to succeed, where others would despair,

And his high talents, have a mighty range.”

“Well,” said the Admiral, “I long to know  
This Admirable Crichton, who could win  
Eulogiums like the present: beat our foe,  
Then run away, avoiding praise, as sin.  
The yacht is there, you say, her owner gone?  
We ’ll find him yet, Miss Helen; he’s not flown.  
The bird will come back, to his lovely nest.”

Helen blush’d, and thought, perhaps, too loud her praise,  
The Admiral look’d funny: then she made  
The blunder worse. “With him, we’d happy days,  
And ow’d much to his courage.” Then she pray’d  
Sir Alan, to relate the Nubian tale,  
“When he knows that, methinks his heart will fail  
To smile at my just praise, and let me rest.”

“This legal buccaneer, has gain’d the heart  
Of my good nephew, and he’s hard to please.  
Whatever I say here on board, don’t start,  
The old man loves, at times, his pet to tease.”  
“Well, Admiral, you’re forgiv’n,” Helen said.  
Then with swift steps, up the companion fled.  
Strange fate, she thought, we three must meet again.

On deck, some minutes later, Armstrong came.  
She met, and ask’d him, “Did you see your friend?  
His brow look’d clouded, and his cheek was flame,  
He thought he saw the way, her mind must bend.  
“No. He’s not there; his surgeon holds the post  
With orders, there to act the gen’rous host.  
The Ocean Foam, is fill’d with wounded men.

This surgeon, too, you know him, *Lenox* named;  
He says, he met you somewhere on the Nile!  
Was with you, when some blackamoors you tamed,  
And when he spoke of you, he always smiled;  
Declared you were his beau ideal of women,  
And ask'd, if any chance were of your coming;  
He longed so much, again to see your face."

"Well, well, if that may gratify the lad,  
We soon shall see him; *Lovett*, too, I hope.  
Both, did for me good service. I'd be glad  
To hear again his projects varied scope.  
He knows, I think he is a little crack'd;  
This last adventure, almost proves the fact,  
And would have done so, had there been disgrace."

"Disgrace, or e'en defeat, *Lovett* knows not.  
He never fails, he has a noble mind;  
Would sicken, did his 'scutcheon bear a blot  
In aught of possible. Boldly refined.  
To see his features soft, blue eyes, fair hair,  
None could conceive the feats that he would dare,  
And rather die, than not effect success."

"'Tis pleasant, thus, to see the friendly look,  
To hear the endearing praise, which friendship marks.  
It tells that goodness has not quite forsook  
The earth, or if it has, here in our barques  
It flourishes, and seems to thrive on water,  
Ev'n tho the wave ensanguined be with slaughter,  
And has hard lines, as we must all confess."

“I cannot praise too much, who know his worth :  
His strength I know, for in the mental game  
He beat me often. Yet, 'tis odd, this earth,  
With all its mighty, and stupendous frame,  
Cannot keep us asunder ; some strange power,  
Some strong attraction, seems to rule our hour,  
Impelling us together, not free will.

If friendship be the magnet, 'tis most true  
We dearly love each other : all our fights  
For scientific honours, never grew  
To make one jealous of the other's rights.  
We neither grumbled, when the other gain'd ;  
A secret joy still in our hearts remain'd,  
To soothe the pang, derived from failing skill.

Well, these were deeds of peace, now warlike toil  
Gives Henry the pre-eminence. Again  
We find him, with a dash, in this turmoil,  
Winning all honours from his brother men.  
Great without effort ; doing, at his will,  
What it was but our duty, to fulfil,  
And which, unaided, we had scarcely done.”

“He is a fine youth,” Helen softly said ;  
“The Admiral must know him. 'Tis most strange  
Just at this moment, he our sight has fled,  
Gone no one knows where, on some per'lous range.  
My father has a wondrous love for him,  
Affection, temper'd by profound esteem.  
He fain would have that young man, for a son.”

“That may be too, if Helen fair relents ;  
The only thing I grudge him, if I dare.  
But I ’m a fool ! Time, and unknown events  
Will crown his happiness. Others may despair.  
Yet all the blessings, that this life can give,  
I wish my friend, and ever whilst I live,  
Will pray for his dear welfare, from my heart.

He ’d do the same for me, I ’m well assured ;  
He never would complain of my success :  
He ’d sacrifice himself, if that secured  
His friend’s dear welfare ; yet both must confess  
We ’ve had one trial, in which both have fail’d ;  
One common shipwreck, has our lives assail’d :  
Yet, I believe, both play’d an honest part.”

“Both, are incapable of other play.  
Prudence should teach them, that it is no fault  
Of mine, to darken with ill-omen’d ray  
Those who together make a springing vault ;  
The danger of collision, must be clear ;  
A simple maiden’s heart, is placed in fear,  
Which each, would eagerly monopolise.

Yet both, I hope, will carefully abstain  
From injuring friendship, by a word or show,  
Or seek to make me kindly thoughts restrain,  
And play the hypocrite, or free speech forego.  
I like you both. Further I will not say :  
If you like me, disturb not my young day,  
Nor break the friendship, which I dearly prize.

Thanks, for the splendid flowers you have brought,  
They mock the illusion of this scene of slaughter :  
The bringing them, sprung from a kindly thought ;  
In loving Nature's gifts, I 'm Eve's own daughter.  
And now, Lieutenant, how long will it take  
For our good ship, this Pirate nest to make ?  
I feel like the Lady mention'd, strongly curious !”

“ One hour, if this breeze hold, will bring us there ;  
It is a wond'rous place of natural beauty.  
Your caution, Lady, too, shall be my care ;  
Respect for you, shall tie my tongue to duty.  
Lovett will not presume, his soul of fire,  
Will grant, in courteous silence, your desire ;  
Tho' love in his great heart, burns hot and furious.”

“ Taci, Friend George, tread not on Paphian ground,  
Either for yourself or others, or else I  
Will hold our compact broken, and around  
Myself, will weave a nimbus to defy  
All sensitiveness, and become what I would not,  
A prude, concealing each kind thought she'd got,  
A courteous hypocrite, of politest tact.”

The Admiral and Governor now appear'd  
Upon the Quarterdeck. Helen drew near.  
“ Now,” said the Admiral, “ 'tis just what I fear'd,  
Cometh to pass, with reason for my fear.  
Lieutenant Armstrong's eyes, are under spell,  
He's fail'd to see, what my old eyes see well :  
Two unreported sails ! An outrageous fact !”

“ Pardon me, Admiral, the sails were seen  
By both the watches : they have not made out  
As yet their colours. Fault falls not, I ween,  
On me, as I did duty, as a scout  
Away on shore. Hull-down as yet are both ;  
But if my eye tells true, I were not loth  
To affirm, that one’s an English Ship of War.”

Presently from the tops, a look-out, cries,  
“ A British Frigate, about East, Sou’-East,  
And a Lateener, probably a prize,  
Bowling along beneath a breeze increas’d.  
Another sail, is heaving into sight,  
A Feluc, whose mat sails, look golden-bright,  
As the strong sun glints on them from afar.”

“ Keep bright look-out. Bear on the Island down.  
When you make out the Frigate, quick report.  
And, now Miss Helen, I am jealous grown  
To see your Hero, who now holds his Court  
In our new conquest. I ’m afraid he ’ll take  
The wind out of my sails, and make them shake.  
Your father tells me, you were intimate.”

“ Yes ! We were intimate, and are right good friends ;  
We travell’d in wild countries, and we saw  
Dangers and fearful doubt, which always tends  
To draw out character, by a natural law,  
Breaking down those false outworks, which Society  
Conventionally, hedges round propriety,  
And which in studying men, gives insight great.”

"Then your Wild Hero, met your strict approval?"

"Yes! In most things he was outrageous clever:

A thorough Gentleman, everywhere he moved:

Very unselfish: aye, and ready ever,

To sacrifice his interest to his heart.

He's more than common good, to have fill'd the part

He has in life, with wealth's temptations round."

"Well, we shall see this Paragon, right soon,

Who knew to win such advocate to his side.

His vanity, would bear him to the moon,

Had he but heard this éloge, with sheer pride.

But mark well, Lady, you, your friend expose

To observation keen, from critic foes!

For, we are fill'd with jealousy profound."

"Dear Admiral, your banter would provoke

Me to retort, did I not know, that you

When you know Henry Lovett, will not joke,

But, will regard him, from my point of view.

Ask your own nephew, Armstrong? He can tell

If I have lauded his good friend too well.

He knows him from a baby, to a man."

"Hoot, toot," the Admiral cries, "George thinks that he

Could override the world, and yet be loved;

He'd beat us seamen, on our native sea.

And ev'n then, still find himself approved.

Of course he's handsome, debonaire, and you

Appraise these showy qualities, you think true.

But trust me, I your Hero close will scan."



Meantime, young Armstrong had left the deck ;  
Ran up the ladders, then swarm'd up a rope,  
Till near the main truck, he appear'd a speck :  
And then, they saw him draw a telescope,  
And after some few seconds' keen regard,  
His voice by the maintop Captain clear was heard.  
"Frigate Endymion ! Tell the Admiral quick !"

The message reach'd the deck. The Admiral call'd  
A little Reefer. "Please, the Navy list."  
The boy came up, looking somewhat appall'd.  
"Miss Helen has it, and she would insist  
On keeping it she said, a minutes few,  
She'd bring it up, herself, and hand to you,  
She's overhauling the Endymion, slick."

The Admiral with a twinkle in his eye  
Look'd at the small boy : then he thunder'd out  
Whilst little middy, ready seem'd to cry.  
"Sir, do you dare my orders thus to flout ?  
In irons I will clap you both : you'll see  
Evading orders will not do for me."  
"Oh ! Kill me if you like, Sir. Don't touch her."

Helen came up with open book in hand.  
Read out. "Endymion Frigate, Captain Gore.  
Officers, Disney, Jackson, Cook and Brand,  
Pritchard. Can it be Lamb, I've known of yore ?"  
"Lady, I know not, but behold that Elf,  
He offer'd me his life, to save yourself.  
Give him some cake, as my forgiveness' voucher.

But really, Helen, you must mend your ways,  
Nor spoil the discipline of the Navy Royal.  
Is this another spark, you've got to praise?  
I'm glad he's not a Buccaneer, but loyal,  
And a Blue Jacket. Here's the name you miss'd,  
Lamb Pritchard, to the Endymion, vice John Blesset,  
Promoted for good service, first Lieutenant."

"Truly this is most strange," Helen replied.  
"Strange! What Miss Magnet, all the men of worth  
Are coming, with attraction, multiplied,  
Almost, from the other end of Mother Earth.  
This Pritchard, with the gentle name of Lamb,  
This Lenox with the scriptural name of Sam,  
Lovett and Armstrong, and my small snipe Pennant,

All lost in admiration: then they say  
Slaught'ring white men, won't satisfy your pride,  
But you must make a Nubian Prince your prey.  
Venus herself, with Cupid by her side,  
Was never half so mischievously vain,  
As thus, to try o'er all men's hearts to reign.  
Think, fair Deluder, I have heard of Ackbar."

"Dear Admiral, you really are too bad.  
Ackbar's as brave a Black, as ever grinn'd;  
A grand tamed savage! Oh! I'm always glad  
To speak well of poor Ackbar. I had sinn'd  
Not to praise him. He saved my father's life,  
When we were hamper'd in a fearful strife,  
In doing so, he got a gruesome scar."

“ Ah ! yes. You ’re good at taming savages.  
But my regard for discipline, is too strong  
To favour ’mongst my crew, the ravages  
Which seem to walk the seas with you along.  
I doubt if these strong fellows would obey,  
If they thought, you my orders would gainsay.  
For example, see rebellious little Pennant.

And if he fails me, who ’s the smallest thing  
On board the Orion, what can I expect ;  
The big fellows will, *a fortiori*, fling  
Up all authority, and due respect.  
Then in the next Gazette, perhaps, you ’ll see  
Sir J. R. superseded by H. M’Kenzie,  
Late Queen of Hearts, but never a lieutenant.

To save myself, I shall employ a ruse.  
This expedition upon shore, not hostile,  
You shall command it, but a solemn truce  
Be ratified, that you no more beguile  
My gallant fellows, not to shrink from duty,  
But to be scorning fate, allured by beauty.  
I wish I were a young man, for your sake ! ”

Pleasantly thus the good, old brave Commander  
Banter’d the girl, whom he dearly loved,  
And she enjoy’d, and coax’d him to philander,  
Giving him hit for hit, as fancy moved.  
And thus they skirmish’d in a pleasant way,  
Each trying most provoking things to say ;  
Yet neither in the least, would umbrage take.

They now had reach'd the entrance to the bay,  
"Look to the anchors." A small boat drew near,  
A yellow man from out it found his way,  
Climbing the side by rope flung, without fear.  
"Pilot from Mr. Lenox," all he said.  
Promptly, the man was to the Admiral led,  
And in few words, he told him all he knew.

Deep water, all behind the Island lay.  
The Pilot guided in the noble ship,  
Till opposite the entrance to the bay  
The Orion found safe mooring, with a slip.  
Here in the shelter, lay the wave asleep,  
Resting from its wild tumult, on the deep,  
And in its depths, it was cerulean blue.

"Where is the entrance, Pilot? all I see,  
Is wond'rous foliage, and continuous shore,  
Clothed up the mountain sides with tree on tree,  
Both difficult and dang'rous to explore.  
To think of open water hereabouts,  
But that I know it is, would foster doubts;  
I give the riddle up. Pilot, declare."

"Within two hundred yards of where you lie,  
A little patch of sand beside a rock,  
Where those tall tamarisks ascend the sky,  
There where the Sea Mews circle in a flock,  
This mighty vessel, could you give her weigh,  
Would dash thro' yielding foliage, to the bay.  
Look Sir! a boat appears now, even there."

And as he spoke, from 'neath the verdant bough,  
A stately barge with twelve oars of a side,  
Protruded her gilt, flower bedeckéd prow,  
And swept out towards them, till she reach'd their side.  
A tiny boy, with gold laced hat and dirk,  
Sat 'twixt the tiller ropes, proud as a Turk,  
And issued orders, to his sable crew.

"Bow-man, lay in your oar. Out boathook, grip.  
Steady men! Oars!" Up went the blades like light.  
The crowding sailors look'd down from the ship,  
And wonder almost took away their sight.  
Lion, Leopard, Tiger-skins clothed all below,  
And crimson velvet cushions, with bright glow,  
As she swept 'neath the counter, came to view.

Twenty-four negroes grinn'd with ivory teeth,  
Fine stalwart men, whose woolly heads look'd bright,  
Encircled by a water-lily wreath,  
And their black bodies, clothed in pearly white.  
Near to the stern, a tiny lounge lay,  
Bedight with shawls of silk, and ribbons gay.  
"Haroun al Raschid 's here," the Admiral said.

A little table, made of woven cane  
Beside the couch, supported a pearl shell,  
Full of pastilles, flagons of scent; in vain  
The eye sought for a fault. Good taste had well  
Deck'd out that Galley, with a lavish hand,  
From the full pirate stores, when slain the band.  
Yet, not a symbol, the design betray'd.

The little midgy hail'd, "Orion, ahoy!  
Send down a line, I have despatches here."  
Striving to play the man, with voice of boy,  
Sounding in treble notes, piercing and clear.  
"A letter for the Governor: communications  
From outposts on the coast, and other stations;  
And for Miss Helen M'Kenzie, a cock'd hat."

The line is dropp'd, despatches come on board:  
The Admiral opes his, quickly, glances over,  
Turns to an officer, asks, "Can we afford  
To let these privateers, our glory cover.  
See, this young fellow says, we have let slip  
Four of these pirate vessels, by our ship.  
They must have pass'd us in the fog, that's flat.

And for apology, at not receiving  
Us, in this lurking-place, says he has gone  
To overhaul the runaways, thus deceiving  
Us in the fog-bank, and he hopes that one  
On board of which, is a notorious rover  
May fall a prize, if he his course discover.  
Subscribing, Henry Lovett—Ocean Foam."

"Ask the young officer, to step up here,  
I wish to ask some questions. Pennant, go:  
Treat the young gentleman, to some naval cheer,  
And take him to the gun-room, down below.  
Sir Alan, we learn lessons from this youth,  
He is a daring lad, in very truth,  
And strangely on the Ocean, seems at home."

"My letter is from quite another spirit,  
Lenox, the Surgeon of the Foam, who says  
He hopes we 'll pardon any failing merit,  
In his attempts to get his captain praise.  
As humble *locum tenens*, he will try,  
To make the place fit for the lady's eye,  
Aiming to gratify Mr. Lovett's drift."

"Well, Helen, what of Zauberie, have you,  
In that three corner'd missive?" "It is like  
The Sibyl's oracles, for its words are few;  
Yet as the Sibyl's, they the senses strike."  
"Henry Lovett's orders, bade me to present  
The attending boat, with welcome to his tent,  
And hopes acceptance, of his unworthy gift."

The Governor with a smile said, "Helen, dear,  
When you are mistress of that splendid barge,  
I may hang down my head, in very fear,  
A queen might envy you that gorgeous charge.  
Sure 'tis a pleasant joke, graceful at best,  
And you may kindly take the well-meant jest.  
Henry was always, a most splendid fellow."

And now the Admiral must have his say.  
"Miss Helen, *prenez garde*, or you 'll be found  
Receiving stolen goods. Tell me I pray,  
Does this Great Anthony, of wealth profound,  
Give you the niggers too, and the small boy?  
Methought, my wee Midge Pennant, was your joy:  
His eyes, with jealousy, will now turn yellow."

“ A prize is not a robbery. Shall I tell  
The Admiralty, when giving their slow favours,  
That Sir J—— R—— will not his coffers fill,  
With what he gains in fight, from hostile neighbours :  
But quietly resigns it—lets it rot,  
And makes it seem to be, as tho’ ’twere not.  
Prize money to the Admiral, is odious.”

“ Go! Cleopatra. See your galley waits,  
And your attendant slaves! Boatswain, the Whip  
For Miss M’Kenzie. By the Triple Fates  
She well deserves it, for the words let slip  
Betwixt those pearly ivories, cherry-bound,  
Which if they knew their place, would stop the sound;  
Arrangement, which her friends would find commodious.”

“ Admiral, remember Cleopatra had  
An asp hid in her bosom, which the goose  
Turn’d in the wrong direction, which was sad.  
Experience tells me, I’d find better use  
For my Sea Serpent, and I know a Tar  
Should play Læocoon, if he dared to war  
With any of my innocent peccadilloes.”

“ Here Pennant, rig Miss Helen in her chair,  
And guide it safely down.” “ Aye, aye, Sir.” Then  
She took her seat; the Urchin cried, “ Prepare.  
Haul gently. Stop. Now lower away, my men.”  
Then looking at the lady, “ Bid me go  
Along,” he murmur’d in child’s accents low.  
“ Come then,” she said, “ but don’t drop in the billows.”



And as the Whip swung out, to clear the side,  
The tiny fellow clutch'd a hanging rope  
And went down with it, toward the deep blue tide,  
Dodging the Admiral's glances, in the hope  
To get ashore with Helen; warding well,  
From any shock, the light chair, as it fell,  
'Till in the galley, it was gently placed.

Helen assumed her lounge. Pennant shriek'd,  
"Haul away, men." Swiftly the chair ascends;  
And whilst falls rattle, and the block sheaves creak'd,  
The little imp to his sea-brother bends,  
"Bid them, give way, I don't know their black talk,  
And let us see, how you can make her walk,  
Or we shall by the ship's boats be disgraced."

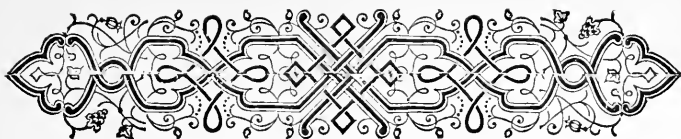
"Up with the awning, men," and with a flash  
Pink silken hangings o'er the maiden rise,  
And hide her from all eyes, with sudden dash,  
Whilst o'er the waters, the swift vessel flies.  
"You'll catch it, Mr. Pennant, when you're miss'd."  
As the young scapegrace to his messmates kiss'd  
In a profound salute, his waving hand.

"Well," said the Admiral, "that little scamp  
'Scapes thro' my fingers, like a slippery eel;  
He's found a way to see the hostile camp,  
Beyond my punishment, or he should feel  
The virtue of a rope's end—bless the boy,  
His mother is a widow—he, her joy—  
His father died for his country, sword in hand."

Just something like a tear, brimm'd o'er his lid,  
As mem'ry's flood well'd over, and he sneezed,  
And blew his nose with violence, as he hid  
The kind emotion which his heart had seized.  
"Pipe for the Barge and Gigs." Down goes the boat,  
The Admiral and Governor are afloat,  
And soon, in swift pursuit of the bright Galley.

Just then the Endymion frigate, hove around  
The island point, and up the channel sail'd  
Under full canvas, and found anchoring ground  
Astern the Seventy-Four, when breezes fail'd.  
Her Captain and Lieutenant, soon are seen,  
With eight strong oars, o'er waters blue and green,  
To join the party, for the Pirate's valley.





## Canto VI.

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Despise not the tiny, the little, the small,  
They are mortar, cementing great blocks in the wall.

---

ALL the boats gather'd at the entrance dark.  
The Endymion's Captain paid all due respect  
To the High Admiral. He good-will to mark,  
Ask'd him to come on board him : then direct  
Told him, he superseded was, that there,  
Pointing to Helen, was the Commander fair  
Of this most per'lous, pic-nic expedition.

"No doubt 'tis per'lous," Captain Bluart said,  
"To ev'ry youth, to see such beauty rare.  
But you and I may dare it ; see my head  
Proclaims me Admiral of the White. The Fair  
Would dearer prize one flaxen, red, black, brown,  
And all our efforts, Fortune would not crown,  
Nor patronise us, save on one condition,

That we should pass away, as fast as could be."

"Hoot, toot'," the Admiral cried, "'tis no such thing:  
Let him despair, whose heart proclaims it would be;  
But, with the youngers, I will have a fling.  
I'm in high favour. Ask the Governor there,  
If she and I, don't speak in words to scare,  
And play the lover's game, to admiration?"

"Well, Admiral, you'll need a sharp look-out,  
For see, already your Commandress has  
Seized on my first lieutenant, who's no lout,  
But one who has a store of laughing gas  
Ready for occasion: and now look, the pair  
Seem full of fun; I envy them a share;  
Whilst the small Reefer, has taken Cupid's station.

Look at the rogue, buried in wreaths of roses,  
A palm-leaf in his hand, by way of fan,  
Whilst his small form, in graceful ease reposes.  
Are all the Orions like that little man?"  
"Yes, Captain, all the Orions, high and low,  
Are slaves to The M'Kenzie—that I know.  
And I can't blame them—I am her slave, too!

She wins her way after a curious fashion;  
She is no flirt, but tells us dangerous truths:  
Some of my men, the boldest and most dashing,  
Are dash'd by her, and become modest youths.  
I do assure you, there's a moral feeling  
Circles like halo, round where'er she's dwelling.  
You're warn'd, Bluart, of our Circe—save you."

“ You stimulate curiosity, not repel :

    I 'd like to know the lady, not to love her.

Methinks I 've got beyond fair woman's spell.”

    “ Hush, Captain, ere those savages, that shove her

Boat to the shore ; who the first time have seen

Her beauty, and her winning ways, I ween

    Ere landing, will have grown enamour'd deeply,

The only way to escape her, is by flight ;

    Close eyes, and ears, and do not let her touch you ;

You 'll find, my hardy friend, that I am right,

    Or Cupid, in his snares, will surely clutch you.

'Twas thus, Ulysses blink'd the wily Syrens,

And you, believe me, stand in worse environs.

    Some pleasures cost us dear, tho' purchased cheaply.”

“ Forewarn'd, forewarn'd ; at present Mr. Pritchard

    Seems to monopolise this dangerous lass.

And I shall be content to play Poor Richard,

    If she will let my tender feelings pass.

He 's making signs, Sir Admiral ; Pritchard comes,

Happy ambassador of our future dooms,

    To announce her wishes, to obedient swains.”

The boat approaches. Pritchard, hat in hand,

    The Governor and Admiral address'd.

“ Honour'd by the lady's gently-toned command,

    To give her meaning, I shall do my best.

To imitate her language few would dare,

'Tis nectar flowing thro' the ambient air,

    And sweetly rests upon the ear, its strains.

Her wishes are, that your boat leads the way ;  
She thinks it more becoming. She desires  
You will not ask her reasons. She will stay  
Just where she is, till half an hour expires.  
Your landing ceremonies will be o'er,  
And she can come a quiet guest on shore,  
And thank the inviter, for his courtesy."

" So be it then, Lieutenant. Order all  
The boats in single file to follow in.  
You can fall back, and keeping within call,  
See to the lady's welfare. Once within,  
When the lake 's reach'd, we form in double line,  
Our boat keeping the centre. 'Twill be fine,  
To see her pass betwixt—a Venus from the sea."

Then with a dash, the Admiral's barge proceeds  
Over the bending reeds, and takes the turn  
Where the clear river, which the deep lake feeds,  
Seeks the salt water, like a simple burn.  
The other boats all follow, in amaze  
At the great depth, whilst verdant branches graze  
The oar-blades, as they sweep against the stream.'

The monkeys bound from branch to branch, and grin,  
Or hang by tails prehensile, from above ;  
Whilst paroquets their screaming notes begin,  
Soften'd, at intervals, by the cushat dove.  
Great lilies rise, and sink, anchor'd below  
By their long stems, beneath the river's flow ;  
And wood and water, seems with life to teem.

The party pull'd away, and reach'd the tent  
Where Lenox, Locum Tenens for his chief,  
Obeying orders, hospitably bent,  
Received the magnates, with politeness brief ;  
Excused his absence ; " duty call'd him far,  
To play his part, in this Guerilla war.  
He 'd fain as proxy, try to represent him."

M'Kenzie joy'd to see the gallant youth  
Who had behaved so well, on Ancient Nile.  
The young man's blue eyes flash'd in beaming truth,  
Responding to the Chieftain's radiant smile.  
They clasp'd hands. " Admiral, here 's another friend,  
These sweet surprises come without an end ;  
I must, as an Egyptian friend, present him."

The wounded men had all been brought ashore :  
Their hammocks slung in a capacious tent,  
Where shade, and cooling breezes could do more  
To cool their fever, than 'neath hatches pent.  
And now the Ocean Foam was varnish'd bright ;  
Array'd in all her bunting, a delight  
To please the eye, of any marine lover.

Helen's bright Galley now came into view,  
With twenty-four great grinning mouths a yelling  
As only Blacks can yell, a fearful crew,  
Whose utterance defies the nicest spelling.  
And as she came between the rows of boats,  
And swiftly onwards to the jetty floats,  
All oars are toss'd, a welcome to discover.

Forth from the Foam's white deck, a vivid flash  
And thundering report, echo awakes ;  
And nineteen guns, consecutively, crash,  
Startling the denizens of the thorny brakes ;  
Rolling away, in iterated sound  
From cliff to cliff, and mountains all around.  
Helen stood up, and doff'd her velvet cap,

Answering the compliment, as best she might,  
From her old favourite, the naughty Foam,  
Who had left peace and happiness, most bright,  
Deserting for wild war, her native home.  
Cheers rose on ev'ry side, as to the pier,  
The peerless girl approach'd in full career,  
Half angry, and half pleased, at the Admiral's trap ;

For such she thought it, when she wish'd to land  
In perfect quiet, and enjoy the scene.  
Whereas, she had princely treatment, on each hand,  
And had to lord it, as a Royal Queen.  
For what she could not help, she had to bear,  
And so, she play'd, most gracefully, her share,  
And bore her honours, with an humble pride.

Lenox received her, as she stepp'd on shore ;  
She met him as a friend, and kindly thank'd  
Him, for the feeling which had prompted, more  
To honour her, than for the honours, rank'd  
Too high for her poor merits ; but midst all  
Her pleasure really was great, to fall  
On him again, and many friends beside.



He led them o'er the scenes of the late fight :  
Show'd where the village stood : pointed out marks  
Where the round shot had torn the trees of might,  
And where the grass had caught the falling sparks.  
The ruins were all levell'd, timber burn'd,  
Beneath its blacken'd mound, the dead inurn'd ;  
And all conceal'd by fresh-laid sods, and leaves.

Most of the captured vessels were consumed,  
Or blown to splinters by their magazines ;  
Sunk in deep water, by the wave entomb'd,  
And gone where they would never more be seen.  
Provisions in great quantity, were found stored  
In certain caves, unknown, till they explored :  
A circumstance, most fortunate for the slaves.

Then, in a little clearing in the wood,  
They view'd the Negro village, where the slaves  
Finding their present masters, kind and good,  
Erected huts, wicker'd, with bamboo staves,  
Tied with lianas, bent-grass, smooth'd with mud,  
Which sun or storm, effectual had withstood.  
And here, these Africans, proposed to rest.

“ We hoist de Union Jack, said one Black man,  
“ And we defy the World. We free-men now.  
We fight for England-man, hard as we can :  
We'll not, no Pirate, in this place allow.  
Lovett and Lenox are our Chieftains true,  
The goodest, kindest men, we ever knew.  
We'll do for them, ev'n our very best.”

The Governor and Admiral were made known  
As Mighty Chiefs, the Slavers' deadly bane,  
Whose arms had saved them : by whose will, alone,  
The tyrants who had fetter'd them, were slain.  
Joyfully they received them : but with frenzy,  
Shouting and joy, they welcomed Miss M'Kenzie,  
And cried, "She was a Spirit from Great Oböè."

But when the Chief man, dropp'd before her knee,  
And laid his hatchet, and a palm branch down :  
Declaring, he 'd her slave be, tho' now free :  
Helen did the best she could, to force a frown ;  
Raised up the man ; pointed to Heaven and said,  
"Be not by human feelings e'er betrayed,  
Except it be to Heaven, ne'er bend your knee."

Then smiling, she detach'd a chain of gold,  
From her own neck, and link'd it round the Chief's.  
Whilst he, delighted, spoke in words, we're told  
Of deepest gratitude, rescued from griefs  
Which almost drove to madness ; now sweet hope  
Shone on them all, and gave an ample scope  
To fancy, to believe Gods their deliverers.

Then thro' the Hospital, they made their way,  
Where many wounded men, with grievous hurt,  
Despite of skill and care in suff'ring lay,  
And seven had Ocean Foam mark'd on their shirt.  
Helen glanced in sorrow, on those men of might,  
Stout fellows, she had known before this fight :  
Now pallid, fever'd, flush'd, or aguish shiv'ers.

Yet, as kind Helen walk'd along the beds,  
Looking intently, to discover, who  
Lay in this piteous case, the shaggy heads  
Of all who knew her, of the Foam's old crew,  
Despite of pain, greeted the girl they loved,  
Whose goodness, in old Scotia's lochs, they proved,  
With smiles and welcome words, forgetting pain.

She cheer'd them as she best might, and enquired  
For all their wants and wishes, and her look  
Did more for them, than medicine: she desired  
To know could she do aught? firm-voiced, she shook  
Inwardly, at the horrors she beheld,  
But all unworthy terror was repell'd:  
And comfort flow'd not from her lips in vain.

Gently, young Lenox won her from the place,  
And led her to the tent, where was display'd  
A feast, which had just here, peculiar grace;  
Such elegance in the wilderness, scarce play'd  
A natural part, yet Guildhall could not vie  
With all the riches which there met the eye.  
It was a strange and marvellous demonstration.

Helen M'Kenzie, held the chair of state;  
In wonder and amazement sat her sire  
On her right hand; it was the Admiral's fate  
To head the table, at their host's desire:  
And he, a graceful spirit, moved around,  
Till ev'ryone their fitting place had found,  
And ev'ry eye, was dazed with admiration.

Delicate plenty, in the feast prevail'd,  
Ev'rything fitted for the climate, found  
Its representative ; nothing gross assail'd  
The most refinèd sense, and all around  
The sable servitors, with watchful eyes,  
Provided ev'ry guest, with fresh supplies.  
Plenty and elegance, at once prevail'd.

When all were well refresh'd, Lenox advanced,  
From out a golden cruse rich Cyprus wine  
Pour'd in a crystal goblet. Then he glanced  
All round the company. "Great good fortune mine  
To give the toast, I'm privileged to give :  
Miss Helen M'Kenzie ; may she happy live,  
Till all her good designs, have wide prevail'd."

Hip, hip, hurray ! The shout resounding passes  
Out of the tent, and all the Jackets Blue  
Re-echo it with cheers, and "All Good Lasses,"  
Loudly is sung by sounding throats and true.  
The Africans, their yells add to the choir,  
And jubilant screamèd to their heart's desire.  
Just then, a seaward gun, resounded loud.

An officer despatch'd, return'd to say,  
Three large feluccas, with a crowd of men,  
Full sail, were coming up the lake-like bay.  
Peaceful their errand, as the Foam, had then  
Saluted. Lenox said, "Lovett is there,  
Bringing along two prizes, for his share.  
Well may Old England, of that man be proud."

All left the tent, to see the ships approach ;  
Which rapidly they did : no anchors dropp'd,  
But gliding on, they seem'd about to broach  
The very shore ; came round, dropp'd sail, and stopp'd.  
Drawing but little water, one did more ;  
Holding her way, she slid along the shore,  
Till, her side grated on the little pier.

A single man dropp'd lightly from her deck,  
Array'd in Moorish fashion ; on his head  
A scarlet fez, his jacket show'd his neck  
Fair as a woman's, thickly overspread  
With sunny wavy hair, the muscles strong,  
Which might to a young Hercules belong.  
His bare arms, sunburnt, roped with blue veins, clear.

Moccassins on his feet, and gaiters gay  
With quills of porcupine, encased his limbs,  
Adown whose seams, sharks' teeth, and bears' claws play  
Like castanets, and on their upper rims  
Bangles of gold, form'd circlets of great worth.  
His slender waist had round a wampum girth.  
He was a graceful figure to behold.

Alone he came, to where the naval group  
Stood at the entrance to the splendid tent.  
Then first, his tassell'd head he deign'd to stoop,  
And to Sir J, the Admiral, proudly bent.  
Then swept around the circle with a bow,  
And wreath'd smiles, which burn'd up to a glow,  
As, before Helen, bent his locks of gold.

“ Admiral. All the spoil you left behind  
After the battle in this secret port,  
Inventoried carefully, you ’ll safely find,  
Taken from its caches, by my friend’s report,  
Which reach’d me, as I came, by a canoe.  
So far for business. Now, another view,  
Let me apologise for my absence here.

I know My Friend, has fitly, fill’d my place.  
I hope my Guests are pleased with what he did ;  
I felt, he could, with his peculiar grace,  
Leave me unmiss’d, when acting in my stead :  
And with a Lady in the case, I know  
His chivalrous feelings, would still further go,  
To push his devoir, to perfection near.

My little Sea Foam, batter’d in the fight,  
Her sails and rigging woefully deranged,  
Required some days, to set her all to right.  
Meantime, my Skipper, Grantham, had arranged  
Certain espionage, along the coast.  
His knowledge, hereabouts, is no vain boast,  
And on his wisdom, hangs my present tale.

He had observed a large Lateener, twice  
Pass thro’ the reef, and near a little cove  
Where all was desert. His mind in a trice  
Suspected something, and he made a move  
Worthy himself, for he is cunning’s master ;  
And tho’ most daring, seldom meets disaster,  
His boldness, is so shrewdly mix’d with guile.

A third time, she approach'd the self-same spot.

He hid his small pirogue behind a cape,  
And when the Lateen in the cove had got,  
He landed, and climb'd up the headland's nape,  
And down below him, saw a busy toil,  
Men in large numbers, bearing heavy spoil  
From a concealèd cavern, 'midst the rocks.

Away, under night's cover, Grantham came,  
And reach'd me here, before the sun arose :  
His tale told, I confess a pang of shame  
Cross'd me, thus baffled by our robber foes.  
The Foam was not seaworthy, but there lay  
A fine Felucca, unburn'd, in the bay,  
With Spanish brass guns, with flint-striking locks.

Whilst I was thinking, Grantham solved my doubt.  
' Yes, Sir, that Feluc will be quite enough  
To cripple the Lateener, tho' she's stout,  
And tho' her num'rous crew, are somewhat rough.'  
We caught a Rover when we landed, and  
He says, one Morgan holds supreme command,  
A Desperado, well known down the Main."

"Quick ! Grantham, quick, but cautious ! Lose no time.  
This is a prize, we must not let slip by.  
Altho', it seems almost a naval crime,  
When Governor and Admiral, are so nigh,  
And just about to visit this strange place,  
This slaughter-hole, where we scarce 'scaped disgrace :  
And where, unaided, we were ta'en or slain.

Lenox shall stay behind; the carnage hide :  
Receive the authorities, and fair entertain.  
Whilst we must start, the fate of war t' abide :  
Perhaps, we 'll catch this Morgan of the Main.  
It grieves me much, to leave the little Foam,  
The gallant darling, where I felt at home.  
But all her jolly tars, must with us go.

'Ready's the word, Sir.' Silent Grantham smiled  
With look sardonic, and away he went  
Down to the Negro quarter : there he guiled  
The Savages, unto their hearts' content,  
On meritorious robbing, of the rogue.  
Selecting fifty, and a long Pirogue,  
Shouting, and yelling, to be at the foe.

Within an hour, the boat was under sail,  
The guns rigg'd to our fancy, and the Blacks  
Arm'd with such weapons, as would them avail :  
Their will being good, but discipline very lax.  
Well! with all speed, we reach'd the little bay ;  
No big Lateener in its bosom lay.  
Morgan was quite too cunning, to be caught.

Leaving two sailors and six Blacks on shore,  
Well arm'd and victuall'd, the rock cave to guard,  
With orders the locality to explore,  
Lest our prompt cruise, should be entirely marr'd,  
We put to sea again. Grantham declared  
To find the Rover he was quite prepared,  
Adding, ' If found, he must be fiercely fought.



Morgan was never beaten ; when his flag  
In the breeze flutter'd, few dared to dispute  
The terms imposèd by that blood-red rag.

Victory and plunder lured each new recruit.  
But, if when Morgan led, his men gave way  
He ran the black flag up, as 'twere to say,  
Ye die disgraced, whether ye fight or not.

Now, Mr. Lovett, you have but to say  
Will you this desp'rate man engage, when met?  
I know to find his haunts, and ere the day  
Declines to evening, ere the sun has set,  
I'll lay this boat alongside : that being done,  
I know the work with Morgan's but begun.  
He'll fight, or sink ; he never yet was caught.'

'Must there be fearful slaughter?' I now said,  
'Certain.' The quiet answer. 'But suppose  
This murderous strategist by wiles betray'd.  
A thought this moment, in my mind arose.  
This Feluc, was the Pirates' bark, just now.  
Let it be still, a Rover, in the shew ;  
Thus shall we gain close quarters, unawares.'

The idea was embraced ; the sailors all  
Assumed the fez and turban ; sashes tied,  
Of gaudy colours, round their waists, recall  
Old Moorish memories, and on ev'ry side  
Pistols and knives, hatchets and barb'd spears,  
Form their accoutrements, till the crowd appears  
Just such a lot, as any wild deed dares.

Our prize, again became a Buccaneer,  
Our Crew, an awful set of ruffians seem'd;  
The whole get-up, was something one might fear,  
And from the truck, Morgan's known ensign stream'd.  
Flags of all nations, we found neat array'd,  
Bunting, which many an honest ship betray'd,  
And a small signal book, which told their use.

Prepared to cheat the cheater, in we sail'd,  
Moor'd by a slip kedge, the Lateener lay.  
In no one point our cunning Skipper fail'd,  
But push'd right up the little open bay,  
Rounded upon her stern, and ere she knew  
The bold expedient, we had in our view,  
With all our guns in bearing—burning fuse,

And still more burning courage, we made fast  
With iron chains, and ropes ready at hand,  
The vessel's stern, to our short, sturdy mast,  
And ready stood, to board with all our band.  
Then, we thought right, to summon them to yield:  
Tho' to that moment, we our aim conceal'd.  
Five or six muskets, answer'd our request.

Their deck had fill'd with men, with terror fierce,  
Three times our number, and more, pouring on.  
When Grantham shouted with a voice to pierce  
Thro' any din. 'Down, messmates! every one!'  
And as they dropp'd, with a sharp tug he drew  
The lanyards to the triggers; and forth flew  
Grape, canister and chain, in deadly quest.

The living mass, upon that crowded deck  
Was hurl'd in dire confusion ; ev'ry gun  
Was train'd upon the foe, we did not reck  
The wholesale slaughter. Some of them had run  
A long piece round, and strove to make it bear  
Upon our boat : brave men the thing to dare ;  
But by that time, we clamber'd all on board.

Hid in the smoke, we waded to the bows,  
Slipping and sliding o'er the gory mass,  
Cutting down all we met. Such war allows.  
No thought for aught but action, let it pass.  
'Tis savage, but where men won't yield, but die,  
Or slay their foe, and compromise defy.  
Victory or death, is all they can afford.

We reach'd the gun, the swivel would not play,  
So hamper'd were its plates, with dead and dying :  
They could not train the gun, to point our way,  
Before, upon the miscreants we came flying,  
And hew'd down all but one, a man of power,  
Who seem'd proof to the blows, which round him shower ;  
Arm'd with a Spanish rapier, and a fuse.

That man saw all was over at a glance,  
And when they fail'd to swing the pond'rous gun,  
Determined, as a last resource, the chance  
The magazine to fire—his course was run ;  
His enemies should perish with him there :  
'Twas the last demon-thought, of blank despair.  
He had not done it, if remain'd one ruse.

Seizing a halyard, with a sudden bound

He swung right o'er our heads, and safely came  
Down on the heap of corpses, and wheel'd round,  
The fuse held in his teeth, hissing to flame ;  
The hatchway gain'd, and ere adown he sprung,  
Pierced two of ours, who sudden to him clung,  
And disappear'd below, as quick as thought.

But with an equal speed, our Grantham dropp'd

Down the fore-hatch, and as he oped the door  
Where lay the powder stored, his effort stopp'd ;  
Seizing the fuse, he dash'd it to the floor,  
And tramp'd upon it, with fierce energy.  
The outlaw rush'd, brought Grantham to his knee,  
And both fell over, as they fiercely fought.

Then came a furious struggle ; there and then,

Grantham had strangled been, but Ackbar roll'd  
Into the cabin with some other men,

But could not shoot the ruffian, for his fold  
Was twisted so with Grantham ; chances were  
The ball which wounded one, they both must share.  
And for some seconds, thus the struggle stood.

The pirate, suddenly relax'd his grip,

Flung half-choked Grantham from him, and discharged  
Two pistols, and contrived away to slip

From his opponents, like a deer enlarged ;  
Pass'd thro' the after-cabin, ere they knew,  
Raced thro' an empty boat, and swiftly flew,  
To where it touch'd the land, and bridged the flood.

He had escaped. Surprise held ev'ry hand.  
Escaped uninjured. We were victors now ;  
Yet those few men, from out our grimy band  
Who witness'd the fierce struggle, down below,  
Said, that whilst lock'd in that death struggle there  
Words of deep hatred, pass'd between the pair,  
Which show'd a former knowledge, each of each.

Our victory cost us dear, but dearer far  
Cost the piratic ruffians, of whom few  
Escaped the brunt of this unholy war,  
But not the fate, to most of them well due.  
We set to clearing decks, and taking stock,  
When far above us, on a lofty rock,  
A human form, was seen, far out of reach.

A shout drew our attention. Loudly came  
Words of fierce import, curses dark and stern,  
Mingled with our bold Skipper Grantham's name.  
From which 'twas easy clearly to discern,  
They knew each other well. Steady he raised  
A rifle, and quick fired. The bullet grazed  
Grantham's right temple, but did no great harm.

A volley answer'd, but the man was gone :  
Pursuit quite useless, in those tangled woods.  
We ask'd Grantham, of the man now flown ?  
'That man is Morgan, blackest of the brood  
Of hell-hounds, that infest this dang'rous coast,  
And half our glory 's gone, since he is lost.  
Better him kill'd, than all that pirate swarm.'

Well, we were sorry to have lost our prize,  
The evil spirit of these Western seas,  
Slipping from capture, thus, before our eyes,  
And then defying us, at utmost ease.  
Grantham declares we 'll catch him, tho' so bold,  
And brave and strong; and that when next his hold  
Is fix'd upon him, 'twill be a death gripe.

The pirates saved us trouble; they had placed  
In Morgan's galley, wondrous stores of wealth,  
Taken from the secret caves, which first we traced.  
We took by force, what they had gain'd by stealth.  
We visited the cave on our return,  
Aladdin's lamp, might there appropriate burn,  
For riches there were stored of ev'ry type.

We left a strong guard there, to keep the place,  
And well we did, for as we put to sea,  
Right under the high headland, we could trace  
Another boat, under our larboard lee.  
Her masts and sails all lower'd, all things dark,  
She gave to prying eyes, no salient mark;  
I thought it was a long rock, by the shore.

But, Grantham, whose keen eyes were wide awake,  
Conn'd with his glass the object, then gave me.  
'Sir! unless that good glass makes a mistake,  
Another treasure-trove, I surely see.  
Let's haul our wind, and take a nearer view,  
Luck's in odd numbers, we 'll take this one too.'  
Here we 'd no fight, her crew all fled on shore.

We got her mast and sail up, clapp'd on board

A dozen Nubians, and a couple tars :

Our crowded vessel could the loss afford.

We've wondrously escaped with scarcely scars,

And we have got of value, such a hoard

That to be gen'rous, we can well afford.

Our Letter of Marque than prize money, comes sooner.

The two ships and their crews shall share the spoil,

Their presence help'd procuring. In yon boat

Are jewels without price, got with slight toil,

And also, in its deep recesses float

Foxes of Pillar dollars, bags of gold,

Cloths of the richest fabric, worth untold,

Enough, to rig me out, a larger schooner.

Dear Governor, for you a handsome prize

We have secured, all Morgan's special plate,

His sword and pistols, with the rogue's device,

'Might makes the best of right. Sea my estate.'

And, Admiral, do not mourn, when I present

To you six flags, by bullets torn and rent,

As black as Erebus, of funereal hue,

Taken in fair fight, no more to signalise

Their vulture nature, on those lovely seas ;

Where like a deadly meteor, in the skies,

They tell of brutal horrors, blood to freeze.

Would that this murd'rous wretch, who loved their shade,

Had been made captive, in this hurried raid !

That may be yet, since Grantham leads my crew.

Fair Lady of the North, my Gift to you  
Is still a stranger one, than all the rest.  
I doubted, with this prize what I could do ;  
Your presence solved the riddle, and I bless'd  
The thought "—a boatswain's whistle loud he blew ;  
From the Felucca, came her numerous crew,  
Bearing a litter, cover'd with gold cloths.

Ackbar in front, should 'ring his heavy club,  
Six sailors, with the Black flags, Jacks surmounting ;  
Nubians with chests, and their well-known hubbub,  
Then a few prisoners, scarcely worth the counting.  
The Skipper walk'd beside the litter, and  
Held a strong iron chain, in his right hand,  
Which pass'd from out the litter's golden fold-cloth.

As they approach'd the group, the chests were laid  
Before the Governor, a noble gift.  
The pirate flags in order were display'd,  
And then the Litter to the ground they lift.  
Lovett assumed the chain, placed its last link  
In Helen's hand, and said, " Fair Lady, think  
How many you 've enslaved—enfranchise one."

Ackbar, removed the covering, which o'erlaid  
A lovely Maroon girl, in beauty's prime,  
Form'd like a Venus ; in soft silks array'd,  
Whose youth had only gain'd from passing time.  
The chain which Helen held, was padlock'd round  
Her slender waist, and to her firm arms bound ;  
Life was no welcome gift, with freedom gone.



Helen's astonishment, and wonder were  
Mix'd with soft pity, when this lovely form  
Rose in her brunette beauty, soft as air,  
And bent before her, 'scaped the per'lous storm,  
Which pow'r unbridled, savage, fierce, and wild,  
Had raised to whelm of Peru. this fair child,  
Whom baffled Morgan, chain'd in the dark cave.

And not one hour too soon, had Lovett come.  
Morgan brook'd no denial; forced to fly,  
The girl escaped her plotted, fearful doom.  
But told, in Spanish, of her liberty,  
With her new Captors, quietly she came,  
Escaped a horrid fate of death, or shame,  
And grateful, thank'd the men, who came to save.

Morgan had wooed this girl, himself unknown  
Save by his wealth, and the rich gifts he shed  
On ev'ry one around her, and had grown  
A fav'rite with her father, who, no dread  
Felt of the gen'rous suitor, and who fain  
Had sacrificed his daughter, for his gain.  
Morgan's fierce nature, with her, gentle grew.

He loved the Maiden. That is, he could think  
Of little else when coursing o'er the seas;  
And when in some wild danger, on the brink  
Her image like a phantom, rose to tease.  
Her beauty was the richest, he had seen;  
She was his type, his model, his heart's Queen,  
Filling his murd'rous soul, with visions new.

She cared not for him ; tho' she thought in truth  
He was a Spanish Don, of lofty worth ;  
Good-looking too and rich, who might, in sooth,  
Have pleasèd many a maiden of good birth.  
But in her mind, some strange aversion lay,  
Ungrounded ; but to her 'twas clear as day ;  
She could not bring herself to love this man.

One day he brought a salver of great worth,  
And gave it to her father. He then placed  
A golden goblet on it ; with forced mirth  
Ask'd if those trifles met his Highness' taste ?  
' I give the goblet, you provide the wine ;  
Bestow your daughter on me : make her mine,  
And fortune shall be yours, on sim'lar plan.'

The father caught by avarice, gave his word ;  
' Gain her consent ; I give you mine with joy.'  
The maiden, gently, at the first demurr'd,  
She had no greed for wealth, as love's alloy.  
When press'd, she dash'd his presents 'neath her feet,  
Made the proud conqueror learn to know defeat.  
' Buy love,' she indignant cried, ' some other where.'

Spurn'd, he departed—but revenge he swore.  
When least expected, with a Corsair crew  
His charmer's house he visited, once more,  
But not his gentle suit again, to renew.  
With fire and sword, his wrath found bitter play,  
The sire he slew, the girl he forced away,  
A captive chain'd, in dismal, drear despair.

New, Miss M'Kenzie, do I trespass much  
Giving to your kindness, one redeem'd from fate  
Too horrible to think of? Its foul touch  
I fear has shaken intellect—not too late  
For your sound judgment, gently to restore;  
That will be doing much: you can do more,  
Teach her the blessings, which our land bestows.

Teach her that Britain is the free-man's soil;  
That he who chains our brother, is our foe;  
That British ships, will ever hold as spoil  
Slaver and corsair, wheresoe'er they go.  
Ev'n tho' a Royal hand, should grasp that chain,  
Upon a British deck, its links were vain,  
They would change hands, from prisoners, to their foes."

"Remove the chain," was Helen's mild request,  
Raising the timid girl, with gentle care,  
And folding kindly to her pitying breast.  
"You shall be, till we find your friends, my care."  
Grantham approach'd, took from his sash a key,  
Turn'd in the padlock, and the maid was free:  
Then twined the heavy links around his arm.

He got that key, when in the Feluc's hold,  
In deadly struggle, he with Morgan fought;  
The pirate's girdle held within its fold  
This key, and in the wrestle it was caught  
By fingers, which had gripp'd with deadly strain,  
Just as a drowning man's, and must retain  
That clutch, for weal or woe, for good or harm.

And now he took the heavy iron chain,  
Wrapp'd the shawl round it, and amidst the stare  
Of ev'ry eye, before the maid he sinks  
On bended knee, asks for a tress of hair,  
In purest Spanish. Granted, one dark braid  
With a sharp knife he sever'd, and then said,  
"This shall love's message, unto Morgan bear ;

When next we meet, the gun which carries it  
By keen eye shall be levell'd ; he shall have  
Juanita's iron girdle, as is fit,  
His present to a most unwilling slave.  
This tress of hair shall carry back the key,  
Tho' 'twas not lent most graciously to me.  
These gifts shall be return'd, sweet lady fair."

In Spanish, this was hiss'd between his teeth,  
As he roll'd up the hair, the chain, the key.  
In silence, all round heard it, with stay'd breath,  
And those who knew stern Grantham, knew 'twould be.  
Helen and Juanita, then retired  
Into the tent, with confidence inspired,  
And all the gentlemen, lounged round the place.

There was a great deal to be said and plann'd,  
Much information to be giv'n, and got.  
Sailors were scarce, the Navy must be mann'd,  
The Admiral proposed upon the spot,  
To send the prisoners before the mast,  
And spare their lives, if in their lot they cast.  
Better than hanging, with its foul disgrace.

Then when the ev'ning came, the boats were call'd.

The sailors, jolly, with the abundant cheer,  
Unwillingly to duty now recall'd,

From ev'ry side, in various guise appear.

Jack likes his lark ashore, a schoolboy he,  
When from the trammels of his ship set free,

He is a funny, and obstreperous fellow.

In courtesy, the Admiral, Lovett ask'd

To come on board, and stay the night at will.

The young man look'd at Helen, and it task'd

Answering politeness on his part, and skill,

To read her wishes. "Come," she gently said,  
And a slight blush, in speaking, she betray'd.

"Ho!" cried the Admiral, "my sight's growing yellow."

From Helen's Galley, were the Blacks displaced,

Twelve jolly tars the benches occupied.

"With charge, Lieutenant Armstrong, you are graced,

You have a precious cargo there to guide."

Then turning to fair Helen and her charge,

"Would that I were, the Captain of your barge.

I'd prize it more than Admiral K.C.B."

Helen laugh'd pleasantly, then told her friend,

"The Admiral was her lover, most devoted.

Declared her Spanish, but began, to end,

Or, she had many of his speeches quoted."

And then the boat shoved off, and left the pier,

The other boats all follow'd, far or near,

A lovely evening, on the darkening sea!

Last to embark was Lovett: his gig, swift,  
The Green Grizette, like lightning, shot by all :  
At ev'ry stroke the rowers seem'd to lift  
The light boat on the water, with no fall ;  
But like an arrow, straight the Foam she gain'd :  
Lovett has sprung on board, the crew remain'd.  
Some rapid orders given ; night turns to day.

On ev'ry point of vantage, blue lights flamed ;  
Nineteen great roaring guns, saluted loud,  
As the boats pass'd, and the Yacht's band proclaim'd  
Her owner's sentiments, by the Anthem proud.  
And then to suit his feelings, the air passes  
From grave to gay, with " Health to all good lasses."  
Till they had passèd thro' the lake away.

Then Lovett steps into his gig, again,  
With Ackbar as stroke oar. " Give way," he cries.  
" Ay ! Aye, Sir !" comes responsive from his men,  
And the Grizette, like meteor, onward flies.  
Soon they o'ertake the Galley. Stroke for stroke,  
They keep in company. Helen's words evoke  
Answering responses, in a pleasant tone.

Armstrong, suggested with a ready grace,  
" Ask Mr. Lovett to come in your boat ?  
Converse will be more easy, face to face,  
As quietly, we down the river float."  
Helen assents, the invitation given,  
The favour'd Yachtsman, mounts a higher heaven,  
And at the lady's feet, is seated soon.

"How strange ! We three together, once again,  
Tho' half a world divides our trysting-place.  
Europe, America, Africa, cannot pen  
The wand'rings of our vagrant British race.  
We, yet, must meet in Asia ; then, I ween  
When the four quarters of the World, we've seen,  
We may all settle down, in peaceful state.

Thanks for this beauteous Galley, and this Maid,  
She is a lovely creature, and her smile  
Would win a cynic. I am not afraid  
To take her as companion, to our Isle.  
But that I'm careless of eclipse, I should  
In self-defence, have your sweet gift withstood,  
And left this model of beauty, to her fate."

"She is a happy girl," he replied,  
"To bask in sunshine, all too bright for me :  
Would, that I could in her work-basket hide,  
And be, tho' unacknowledged, near to thee.  
Yet as that can't be, and I've work to do,  
I joy in this bright link, 'twixt me and you :  
A lovely human channel, for our thoughts."

"Dear Mr. Lovett—Henry ! You must know  
Such language, tho' most pleasant to my ear,  
Must not be spoken. I shall tyrant grow,  
And keep my vassals, be they e'er so near,  
In due subjection. Armstrong can tell,  
George, can you not, that I possess a spell,  
Exacting due respect, and sternly fraught ?

No one, outsteps that barrier: all are friends;  
All will remain so. Like Minerva pure,  
I seek in solitary state, my ends,  
And in my independence, feel secure.  
I try to make all happy as I can,  
I tie my future, yet, to no one man,  
But friendly courtesy, I'll take and give."

"Pardon me, Helen! You are ever kind,  
And I shall never trespass, from henceforth,  
Except at your own wish. My secret mind  
Shall never show, how strong the unknown growth  
Of deeply-hidden liking. But your will  
Shall be my law. Forgive me, if I still  
Preserve the sacred fire, which bids me live."

Armstrong, responded, 'twixt the Tiller ropes.  
"Henry, I met a similar destiny,  
When, I but hinted, at my future hopes.  
And as you hoped to live, I wish'd to die.  
In this wild expedition, just now past;  
Where danger was, you know I was not last;  
But, blank despair, lived on without a scratch."

The boat had reach'd the narrow, bowery pass,  
When yells, and screeches came the wood from-out,  
Stopping the conversation. The morass  
Was full of monkey yellings: then a shout,  
An English hail, saluted ev'ry ear,  
A strangely mix'd sound, of contempt and fear;  
And then a few strong words, the ear might catch.



"What can it be? Can monkeys take to talking?  
Run closer, Armstrong, till we make it out,  
What upon Earth, is that great monster stalking  
With two heads and four arms? Ha! There's a shout."  
"Fire, or I'm lost! Oh Messmates, fire quick,  
I can't with all my might, this fellow lick!"  
"'Tis little Pennant, in a Baboon's grasp."

The sailors laugh'd to crying. The small Mid  
Struggling and kicking, was swift borne away  
Over the mangrove branches, seen, now hid,  
Helpless almost, the pow'rful creature's prey.  
"Oh! The poor boy," cried Helen, "who can aid?  
See on a bough, the creature has him laid;  
Where he is forced to hold, with per'lous clasp."

Armstrong, with levell'd carbine, dared not fire:  
The twisted mangroves held the imprison'd boat.  
Lovett twice raised a pistol, with desire  
To aid the child. Each man there would devote  
His life to save him! But the how? Down flash'd  
The Green Grinzette, and thro' the foliage crash'd,  
A black man, standing upright in her stern:

Whirling a lasso in his pow'rful hand.  
"Oh! Gallant Ackbar," Helen cried. He whirl'd  
The noose around his head, with full command  
Of all its motions. Loosed, it curl'd  
Round the big Baboon's neck. The tiny boy  
Shouted and huzza'd, in excess of joy,  
And 'scaped the dire embrace, with sudden spurn.

Ackbar haul'd on the Lariat, and down came  
The half-choked hairy creature, and before  
He had revived from apoplectic dream,  
His teeth and claws, he now could use no more ;  
Muzzled, and tied, he laid him in the boat ;  
Then ask'd " Mass Pennant how he 'd get afloat ? "  
" Send up the Lariat " cries the little chap.

He did, the youngster passed it round the bough ;  
Shinn'd down the double rope ; a moment swung  
Over their heads, then lightly dropp'd, somehow  
Into the stern sheets ; his small pipe rung,  
" Pull, men ; Pull for the barge." That reach'd, he twitch'd  
His curly forelock, and his trowsers hitch'd.  
" Excuse me, Ladies, I have lost my cap."

Then turning unto Armstrong, who had tried  
To look his sternest. " Come Sir, to report  
Absence, quite unavoidable. I just shy'd  
A stone into the bushes, at some sort  
Of Native as I thought, when that big fellow  
With a score others, and a fearful bellow,  
Rush'd out and dragg'd me off, with teeth and claw.

You know I could not help it. They have got  
My dirk, and cap, and—and—a miniature ;  
For which with all my might, indeed, I fought."  
" Your Lady love's ? " " Lieutenant, no ! Be sure.  
The picture was—my own—my own dear Mother.  
The thought of losing her, my breath doth smother,  
I saw the rascal, stick it in his jaw."

You know I'm a bad boy, in mischief ever,  
Larking and pulling fun, where'er I can,  
But when I saw that face, some queer endeavour  
Smiled in my soul, to be a better man.  
I've lost her now——" Here his sobs came so fast,  
That his heart's eloquence was overcast.  
Helen bade him come into her boat, not cry.

"Come here, my boy: why you are torn and bleeding;  
Those beasts have hurt you, very, very much."  
"Oh! That I mind not." His blue eyes look'd pleading,  
And his expression would a savage touch.  
"Oh! Miss M'Kenzie. Oh! Miss Helen; lend me  
Ackbar, and some few gunners, to defend me:  
And for dear mother's picture, let me try."

Lovett consulted Ackbar. Ackbar said,  
"The wood is quite too thick, to force a way;  
These baboons would go miles over our head,  
Before we could approach our active prey.  
I'll try a plan, oft practised in my land,  
To catch the leaders of a baboon band,  
By imitating cry, of one that's hurt.

And this big fellow, shall assist my scheme.  
Pinch him well, Jack, or prod him with a thorn;  
Put him in pain and fright, and make him scream  
Louder than e'er he did, since he was born.  
Level ev'ry gun upon the wood, and see  
How soon we'll have a goodly company,  
For monkeys are as curious, as a flirt."

Then Ackbar howl'd with the baboon, a duet,  
A most unearthly song, diabolistic:  
If tender tympana were there, they'd rue it,  
But yet it work'd a charm, sublimely mystic;  
For, ere two minutes pass'd, on ev'ry tree,  
A big baboon, was visible to see,  
And in the van, a monkey midshipman,

With cap on head, and belted dirk hung round  
His neck's broad hairy tippet, out he swuug  
On a high branch, and look'd with gaze profound  
Down on the boats, whilst other baboons clung  
All round him, and full many a stealthy paw  
Extended was, from him his spoils to draw,  
But his brief triumph, had a short-lived span.

The levell'd tubes rang out, the baboon fell  
Thro' the thick foliage, in the briny deep,  
Uttering an ear-piercing, dying yell.  
Whilst from his buccal pouch, is seen to leap  
Something that shone like gold, then fell, and sank  
In the deep waters, 'midst the herbage dank.  
Wee Pennant saw it, and dived like a duck.

A moment more, the boy was seen below  
Struggling amongst green weeds, and mangrove roots,  
Which there in tropical luxuriance grow,  
Forming sea-forests, with their sinuous shoots;  
A fav'rite lodging for the dark green shark,  
Eels, water-serpents, and things fell and dark.  
That he was struggling hard, the observers struck.

Well for the boy, Ackbar beheld his state,  
Lasso in hand, he plunged the lad to save,  
And came between him, and a wretched fate,  
In fishes' maws, to find a living grave.  
Ackbar soon gripp'd him, those above pull'd fast,  
And safe on board, the pair were lodged at last :  
But not too soon, a shark rose from below ;

His nose shot up in air, the gunnel o'er,  
Turn'd sideways then, to bring his mouth in play ;  
A sailor thrust into his jaws, an oar,  
And Ackbar deftly got his legs away.  
The monster foil'd, crunch'd up, the oar blade strong,  
And carried down the loom with him along,  
Then seized the dead baboon, and sunk down slow.

The little Middy sputt'ring out salt water,  
And dripping, like a young Newfoundland dog,  
Handed to Helen something. "See, I got her,  
Tho' I was hard set, in that tangled fog.  
Oh! dry her ; dear Miss Helen won't you dry her :  
She's not spoilt yet : ah, do what I desire.  
I'm sure, you must have had a pretty mother."

Helen took the picture. It was safely cased,  
So not a tint of the fair face was lost ;  
No line of beauty in it, was erased ;  
It was a miniature of goodly cost.  
The picture was quite perfect ; the glass starr'd.  
And the gold backing, monkey teeth had marr'd.  
Helen dried it carefully, and a sigh did smother,

And then the little Imp, again alive.

“ My dirk and cap, that horrid shark will eat them,

When he devours the monkey ; I can't strive

To fish him up ; they 're spoil'd, if I should get them.

The gold lace on my cap, he may digest,

To eat my dirk, the monkeys did their best,

But found it far too tough, tho' many tried it.

Now Ackbar, my good fellow, let me thank you,

You saved my mother, when you dragg'd me up ;

For that, amongst my best of friends, I 'll rank you,

Who did not let those beasts, upon me sup.

But what will the good Admiral say, when I

Report the loss of Majesty's livery.

Rope's-ending would be damaging—woe betide it.”

After this episode, again they pull'd

Out for the Man of War, and there on board,

Tho' discipline in every corner ruled,

A pleasant frankness, was to all restored.

The Admiral received each lovely guest,

The Jack tars' wonder, faintly was express'd.

“ My eye, another Beauty come aboard.”

Again, their fun and frolic was excited,

As the Grizette under the counter came.

And her black Cockswain, the deck watch invited,

To help on board, a gentleman of fame.

At the same moment, loosing the big ape

From all except his muzzle, to escape,

Which in a trice he did, without a word.

He did not even wait, to have a rope,  
But with his sharp set claws, climb'd up the side,  
Stood on the netting top, for wider scope,  
Look'd down into the ship, then in the tide,  
As if he ponder'd, which way to escape;  
In the bright moonlight, looking worse than ape,  
And then he did a deed, by no means civil.

Startled by something, he stood his full height:  
The bold marine on guard, in wonder saw;  
Then wonder changed, to superstitious fright,  
And cold he shiver'd, as he felt a claw  
Rest on his shoulder; then the Horror flew  
Up in the air, how? where? he never knew;  
He dropp'd his gun, assured it was the Devil.

But Jacko, used to climbing, shot away  
By ropes or shrouds, or anything he caught,  
Striking the topsmen with intense dismay,  
As, thro' the ropes, his upward way he fought:  
And there he stay'd, till hunger made him tame,  
When weak and shiv'ring, the black monster, came  
To snap a morsel, from some pitying hand.

The sailors vow'd that he was Pennant's father,  
For that bright youth, was first to lure him down;  
And this good-humour'd quizzing, they did rather  
Slyly insinuate, when they found him lone.  
"What could this hairy fellow have to do,  
With mother's picture, but for sake of you?  
Besides you're very like him, now you're tann'd."

This is anticipant. In the great saloon,  
The Admiral's state cabin, now were met  
(The bright suspended lamps, dimming the moon,)     Almost the whole, of our strange story's set.  
The Governor, Admiral, Lovett, Armstrong, she,  
Helen, the keystone of our history,  
Pritchard, and waiting on his master, Ackbar.

"Have you not brought young Lenox, Mr. Lovett?"  
"I could not: he has anxious work ashore:  
Great wealth, and but small guard, and then above it  
His hospital of wounded men, and more  
He's dubious of bold Grantham's sanity;  
Now, Grantham is my right hand, in this sea;  
Without him, we had never fought this war."

"Sorry. For I greatly like that candid lad,  
And just another reason I had present,  
Our sweet Peruvian guest, were surely glad  
To find some one, who could talk Spanish pleasant.  
She looks, and smiles upon us, most provoking,  
Whilst, we to say some pretty things, are choking.  
Send Mr. Pennant here; he will amuse her.

And Steward, bring my snuff-box!" Chat went on  
Cheerily, 'midst so many bent to please;  
It seem'd revival of the times long gone.  
Time flew, the Admiral lack'd his 'custom'd sneeze.  
Again he hail'd the Steward, and he came,  
His breath exhausted, and his face like flame.  
And laying down the box, he said, "Excuse, Sir."



"Excuse what?" quoth the Admiral; "delay?  
I'm used to it. But where's the boy? I told you  
Send Mr. Pennant. Why don't you obey?  
However, on this day, I will not scold you."  
"He's dressing, Admiral; he's coming quick."  
Then *sotto voce*, "Won't he rue his trick?  
The little scamp can never rest in quiet."

The door wide open'd; down the cabin stair!  
Two booted legs, trousers roll'd to the knees,  
A long pea-jacket follow'd; golden hair  
Curl'd o'er the gold-laced collar, like a frieze;  
But head and face were almost lost to view,  
Striving to rise the standing collar thro'.  
Both fear, and fun, were in the eyes, or nigh it.

"What means this, boy? Sir, have you no respect  
Ev'n in these ladies' presence, to come here  
In such outrageous toggery? You reflect  
Scandal upon the service! Don't you fear  
I'd order you rope's-ending, and top-masting?"  
"Dear Admiral, it all comes, that I was hasting  
Swift as I could, your orders to obey."

"No doubt! Those garments must have aided speed,  
They'd fit a giant. Little gnat, account  
For your uncouth appearance. It will need  
All your assurance, that's no small amount."  
"Admiral, my clothes got wet; I dare not come  
With dripping garments, into your state-room,  
So I cribb'd the Purser's sheathings, on my way."

I had no choice of clothes, so took the first  
That I could get convenient : not my fault,  
If Purser Bumbo Groggins, looks to burst  
Thro' all his clothes ; they seem'd so tight, I caught  
Just the idea, that perhaps they 'd fit,  
And mine are torn to ribbands, ev'ry bit,  
By Father Pennant, so I took your snuff-box.

Then, Sir, you know, my mother did it all——”  
“What? The boy's mad! Look at him, Miss M'Kenzie.  
His rigmarole, I fathom not at all.  
The boy, assuredly, has got fever's frenzy.  
His mother is some thousand miles away :  
He had my snuff-box, when it went astray.  
I wish, somebody would unearth this fox.”

Helen came to the rescue. “My small page  
Who join'd my service, in the early morn,  
When I play'd Cleopatra ; (what's his age?  
I believe 'tis not ten years since he was born :)  
Wander'd away to Monkey-land ; was caught  
By big baboons, altho' he bravely fought,  
Was carried off, and robb'd in the tree-tops.

As we came thro' the passage, we were hail'd  
By English shouts, and rescued the poor youth :  
Catching one big baboon, who had assail'd,  
And would have borne him off, in very truth.  
His mother's picture was stuff'd in his jaw.  
A lasso choked the beast, and from his maw  
Into the water deep, the picture drops.

Without a thought, the boy plunged in the sea,  
A dangerous spot, for sharks abounded there.  
He got the picture, but we all could see  
The tree-roots held him tangled. In despair  
The good Ackbar released him, and was near  
Meeting a death, to think of, inspires fear.  
A ground shark nearly seized him, as he rose.

Of course the lad was wet, his clothes in tatters ;  
We were well satisfied he death escaped.  
As to the snuff-box, and the other matters,  
I don't know how that story may be shaped.  
But he will tell the truth, that I can say,  
No matter what temptation blocks his way—  
That, Admiral, you know well—the whole ship knows.”

From out the big pea-jacket came a sob,  
“No thanks to me ; my Mother made me do it.”  
“Come, Sir, your Mother did not bid you rob  
Me of my snuff box.” “Admiral, you'll see thro' it,  
When I declare to you, the Great big Ape  
When he came here, tried in the tops t' escape,  
And the men jeer'd, and said he was my father.

And they defied me, to bring down the Ape.  
I knew from what had pass'd, he was too strong  
For me, alone, to manage. Could I shape  
Some way to force the dang'rous beast along ?  
Just then, the Steward in his pantry stood  
Surrounded by his fixings, and much food.  
I thought to get a tit-bit, Ape to bother.

He was a polishing your box. That's it,  
I said, and took to laughing, like to die.  
I'll snuff him down, that is the very fit,  
Whipp'd up the box, and mounted to the sky.  
Babbo, upon the gallant yard was sitting.  
I offer'd him a cake, as was most fitting,  
But with the cake, he seized my arm, and dragg'd me.

I quietly got beside him : then above ;  
Gave him a pinch, of your most pungent stuff,  
Which made him sneeze to blindness. Then I shove  
A little lower down, and ply the snuff.  
And ev'ry time I near'd him with a pinch,  
The rascal lower dropp'd, with ready flinch.  
Conquer'd by skill, just when he thought he 'd bagg'd me.

I brought him down, and then the sailors snared him.  
I had the laugh against them, and they saw it ;  
His first lesson he had got, and it prepared him  
For man's supremacy. I told them, draw it  
Gently and mild, until the creature 's tamed.  
To be carried off by him, I 'm half ashamed.  
By a fellow too, that was not up to snuff.

Then came your Steward, like a clap of thunder,  
Carried your snuff box off: told me I'd catch it.  
I told the muff, that I would little wonder,  
If his stupidity could ever match it.  
Gave him a hint, he might be superseded  
By the Recruit I'd brought on board, if needed,  
He 'd look as handsome ! He rush'd off in puff.

Then down I darted. In the Purser's pigsty,  
I found these togs, which he had just cast off,  
And when I donn'd them, Admiral, on the sly  
I heard his step; be sure I was not last off,  
But thro' the port-hole popping, gain'd the deck,  
And left fat Groggins, all my Middy's wreck :  
There's not much fear, that he will try to wear them."

Pennant had shuffled on, till he had gain'd  
By shifts and tacks, a place by Helen's side,  
Whilst all the party laugh'd, till laughter pain'd.  
The Admiral laugh'd, too, cannot be denied :  
Pennant, saw his advantage and slipp'd in  
Between the ladies with a merry grin,  
And jabber'd all the Spanish he could spare them.

"Methinks, our young friend, must have got a lesson,  
Whilst in the monkey's lair. List how he chatters.  
What is he gabbling now? He is professing  
The most unbounded love, for all the sex,  
And telling Juanita, she's the rarest  
Of beautiful brunettes, and Helen fairest.  
So lovely, as to make, other beauty vanish."

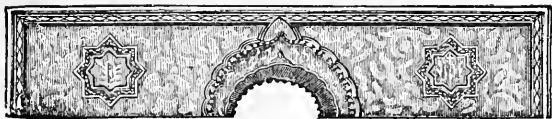
So far the Governor. Then the Admiral, said,  
"It cannot be denied that Curly pate  
Knows how to get on : hear the little blade  
Protesting he will teach the girls, ship's rate,  
To knot, reef, steer, and various nautical matters,  
Only their tiny hands 'twould tear to tatters,  
And they quite understand, his barbarous Spanish."

Poor Juanita was amused, and pleased  
With the boy's drollery, and again felt peace ;  
And Helen, tho' she just a little teased,  
Was careful, all her happiness to increase.  
All there were happy ; yet mix'd feelings play'd  
Within the bosom, of each lovely maid :  
Feelings, they could not analyse, themselves.

The Steward enter'd with respectful grace,  
(Tho' Pennant pinch'd his leg, as he pass'd by)  
Announcing Mr. Lenox : and his face  
Bloom'd 'neath the smart, to him unpleasantly ;  
There, he could not resent it. " Now, fair Lasses,  
Our party will be perfect, fill your glasses.  
The fairies of this land, are jolly Elves.

Shew Mr. Lenox in." The word scarce spoken,  
The young man enter'd, but a mute surprise  
Pass'd o'er each face, ere was the silence broken.  
For he was fully arm'd, and in his eyes  
Was plainly writ, hasty intelligence.  
" Give me a private moment. I came thence,  
And must return as quick, my errand spoken."

The Chiefs and Lovett left the cabin then,  
And in the Roundhouse, had a short debate.  
Lenox rejoined his boat, and urged his men  
To put on all their force, or they 'd be late.  
The Admiral return'd, apologised,  
Hoped that his guests would not be much surprised,  
And said, he grieved their party must be broken.



## Canto VII.

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Instinct will guide where human reason fails :  
Where man 's at fault, the dog will strike sure trails.

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**N**O drum was heard ; no boatswain's whistle thrill'd ;  
But thro' the ship the middies raced at speed,  
Calling all hands to quarters : the decks fill'd  
With sturdy men, as in an hour of need.  
Silently dropp'd a boat, with muffled oar,  
Lovett directs its course, right for the shore :  
And thro' the umbrageous passage, flies Grizette.

To the Endymion, Captain Bluart rows,  
And in ten minutes, all that fine ship's crew  
Are at their posts, and ready for all foes,  
With the alacrity, each blue jacket knew.  
Silently, boats from well-greased davits fall,  
Two hundred men, well arm'd, obey the call,  
In wondrous silence, for that noisy set.

'Twas midnight now, a soft and starlit night,  
Without a breath of air to move the water ;  
The moon had sunk, but soft suppressèd light  
Under a black veil, as light's mourning daughter,  
Was scintillating o'er the ocean wide,  
And phosphorescent lines, flow'd with the tide,  
And ev'ry fish that rose, was wreath'd in fire.

The ladies from the quarter-deck beheld  
This scene of sombre beauty, with a sigh ;  
The Admiral stood by them, and he held  
At intervals, his night glass to his eye.  
In vain fair Helen ask'd to know the cause.  
"Seal'd orders," is a well from which none draws.  
Be advised, ladies, to your berths retire."

"How can we, Admiral, in this commotion ?  
We could not sleep, or if we did, we'd dream  
Of horrid things, tho' rock'd by swells of ocean,  
Our cradle would uneasy to us seem.  
Besides, you know, dear Admiral, I have got  
My own fine barge, and I can go, see what  
Excites so much our curiosity."

"Well done, Miss Independence. So you have  
Both barge and curious feelings, but you know  
Tho' you may be as bold, as you are brave,  
The barge without hands, would work very slow.  
But as the men are gone, and I am kind  
To tell the secret, I have ev'ry mind,  
But I must have returning reciprocity."



"Dear Admiral, I know you always kind,  
As well as, always looking for reward;  
But I, too, to your feelings will be blind,  
But, don't let that disclosure now retard."  
"Well, then, fair lady, know, that some foul hand  
Has kidnapp'd Grantham from the Foam's brave band.  
Lenox suspects it is the pirate, Morgan."

At Morgan's name, brown Juanita starts,  
And trembling asks, "What of that villain man?"  
From neither tongue the information parts,  
Their Spanish help'd them not, do what they can.  
"Send Mr. Pennant here." The urchin came,  
Rigg'd in a scarlet jersey, all aflame.  
"We want, my boy, the aid of your vocal organ."

He told him, to inform the Senorita,  
That Morgan, the brave Skipper of the Foam  
Had carried off by violence. Juanita  
Watch'd the boy's efforts, and was soon at home  
In the whole matter; pantomime prevail'd,  
Where his short list of Spanish lingo fail'd.  
"Carried him off, just as the monkey, me did."

"And has he kill'd him?" "No one knows as yet.  
All hands have gone to seek him. Cunning fox!  
But, lady dear, you have no cause to fret,  
Grantham knows how to bear the hardest knocks.  
He's twice as cunning, as that pirate thief,  
I should not wonder, if he brought him grief.  
I hope my boat, on shore, will yet be needed."

Miss Helen, may I ask a favour of you?

Lend me your darling little pistols. Do now!  
You know well, in my heart, I adore and love you,  
Tho' just to tell you that, I don't know how.  
You know, you are entrusted with my mother,  
And she was never touch'd by any other.  
Lend me the pistols. Oh! I do entreat you."

"Perhaps, you 'd shoot yourself, or wound your messmates."

"Oh! no such thing. I'm used to weapons well.

I am so little, on my heart it grates

To be so helpless, when I meet a swell.

Even the monkey, carried me away:

Had I your pistols, he had been my prey.

Ah! do, Miss Helen! When I'm rich, I'll treat you."

Helen brought the little weapons. Whilst away

To Juanita the boy promised much.

"If ever Morgan catches me at bay,

He'll find my bullets, stronger than his clutch;

I'll fight for you, and make him suffer dear,

For causing you anxiety, pain and fear.

Isn't Helen good, those weapons me to lend?"

"I lend them not, I give them, my dear boy.

Promise to think an instant, ere you draw

The trigger, of this seeming little toy.

I kept them for defence, and when I saw

The motto on the plate, it made me strong;

For, there the artist had engraved along,

'I will not fail, where truth and honour blend.'"

The pistols were examined, loaded, placed,  
After being kiss'd a hundred times, and more  
In the silk girdle, once a Rover graced :  
And then the boy said, "Would I were ashore."  
Scarce the wish utter'd, when a tall marine,  
With Admiral's orders, came upon the scene.  
"Ready away the Gig, Sir, and go to him."

The little fellow blew a kiss in air,  
And darted off, to wait on his Commander.  
"He's a strange child," exclaim'd both ladies fair ;  
Guileless, and yet so apt : it is no slander  
To say his father's blood, flows in his veins,  
And his good mother's sweetness, in his brains.  
All good men love that boy, that ever knew him.

The Admiral he found below, fast writing  
Slip after slip, with bold and steady hand.  
The ship's clerk at his side, as fast inditing.  
In regular order, warrants of command.  
Upon the table, lay a bran new dirk.  
"Here, Pennant, this is serious navy work,  
The insignia of your rank,' 'tis right to bear.

A cap, too, you must have ; gold lace does wonders,  
Fit yourself rightly. Now you'll do. Take these.  
Board the *Endymion* : make no silly blunders.  
Tell Captain Bluart, read this, if he please.  
Bring back his answer. Then make for the shore.  
This for Lieutenant Armstrong, this one more  
For Mr. Lovett, quick, but take good care.

Go silently. Our orders are, no noise ;  
Muffle the rowlocks ; whisper, if you speak :  
No singing, nor no shouting with your boys.  
Make steady way up thro' the winding creek.  
Go ; if you get your answers, quickly come  
Back to the good ship, before beat of drum.  
If in my cot, still I will hear your news."

Dismiss'd, the tiny midgy, down a rope  
Slid to the stern sheets of a gig, four-oar'd.  
"Now then !" Away they went. "Oh ! how I hope  
I won't be too late ; sure no fight occur'd,  
Or we had heard some firing. (*Sotto voce*),  
Now, dear Endymion, silent we approach you,  
Like fair Diana, in her moonlit shoes."

"Who goes ?" the sentry hails. "Boat from Orion.  
An officer with despatches. Drop a ladder."  
Promptly responded Pennant. He could ply on  
A single rope, and p'rhaps be all the gladder,  
But now, ambassador with despatches, he  
Must with respect be served, and dignity.  
Stately, he stepp'd the ropes, and gain'd the quarter.

Lieutenant upon duty, stepp'd to meet,  
And turn'd a lantern on the messenger.  
Wee Pennant with a roll advanced to greet ;  
Told him, the message must have no demur,  
But, quick, to Captain Bluart be made known.  
"Captain 's in bed." "Can't help it—must be shewn.  
Sir J— awaits the answer. Pray be smarter!"

The tall lieutenant dared not disobey,  
But shrugg'd his shoulders at the little man,  
And did his bidding. To the marine, "Pipeclay,  
Where's Mr. Pritchard? Tell him, if you can,  
He's wish'd sweet dreams, by Pennant of the Orion.  
Ha! here's the Captain's answer; I must fly on:  
This secret service, brooks of no delay."

"Back to the Orion—All right, now for shore.  
Pull with a will, men. 'Twill be lively work,  
In which I'd dearly like to shove my oar,  
And come across that Morgan, the old Turk."  
Soon by the Foam, their racing speed they check'd,  
Diver, the ship's dog, shew'd them all respect;  
He knew they were the King's men, far away.

The deck watch shew'd at once, arm'd to the teeth.  
Pennant ask'd some questions. "Do you say all gone?"  
"Aye, Sir," they answer'd, with suppress'd breath,  
"All scatter'd, save the watches, ev'ry one.  
'Tis scarce an hour, since Mr. Lovett took  
His fav'rite claymore from its custom'd hook,  
Said but two words, 'Look sharp,' and then was gone.

Lieutenant Armstrong, with the Orion's boats,  
Next touch'd a moment as two bells rang out:  
The Black men far and wide, like mountain goats  
Have climb'd the hills, each man a willing scout.  
If Morgan be the man, who did this deed,  
Unless his friend the Devil helps his need,  
He and his aiders, must be overthrown."

“Lend me the dog, good fellows. Diver, come!

We ’ll find your master, Grantham, Grantham, lost.  
Come, doggie, Grantham, Grantham! Now be dumb.”

Diver jump’d to the boat, lay forelegs cross’d,  
His head on side, striving to understand  
The boy’s repeated “Granthams,” and command  
“To find him, find him! good dog, find your master.”

Landed, the dog coursed wildly o’er the shore,  
Seeing, where man was blind: then to the tent,  
Scenting the earth, and seeming to explore  
Each nook and cranny, to his heart’s content;  
Then rush’d behind, and sniff’d in one small space.  
Then raised his head, and howl’d, with upturn’d face.  
Portending, he’d discover’d some disaster.

The sailors ran to find what caused the cry.  
They found a pool of blood, stiff’ning and glazed:  
The poor dog howling, with head to the sky,  
The canvas torn, and a tent-rope raised.  
Grantham is murder’d, was the general thought,  
The infection from the dog, was quickly caught.  
But the boy cried out, “Grantham, Grantham, seek;”

The howl sunk to a whimper, his fine nose  
Snuff’d all around, then taking up a scent,  
In a short canter, off the creature goes  
Into the darkness, with a sure intent.  
The boy and his companions, vainly try,  
To keep pace with the dog, but still his cry  
At distance, reach’d their ears, more and more weak.

They tore thro' the sharp bushes, in the dark,  
And reach'd the mountain-side. A precipice  
Now stood before them, without step or mark.

The dog, they found here, and they heard him thrice  
Leap, vainly, 'gainst the perpendicular wall,  
He could not scale, but only leap'd to fall.

A tuft of grass, then with a match they lit.

Here lying twisted, bloody, on the ground,

Just where poor Diver struggled to ascend,  
A broken rope, and torn up turf they found :

Then on the rocky wall, attention bend ;  
Scratchings and scramblings on its face appear'd,  
People had pass'd, by some strange pow'r uprear'd  
'Twas wond'rous, how they found a ladder fit.

Pennant could travel all the rigging thro'

Of England's tallest ships, and had been known  
When yards were mann'd, in his Great Sovereign's view

To stand on the main truck, fearless, alone.  
But here he was at fault, for hand or foot,  
Was nothing here to clutch, nor notch, nor root.

Some thirteen feet above, there was a shelf.

The weary dog, still struggled to ascend.

"This is the pass. We must get up, you see.  
Here Jack, your shoulders unto Billy lend ;

Thus you will make a ladder up, for me."  
No sooner said than done, the stony wall  
Felt next its surface, the two sailors tall,  
Then, little Pennant scrambled up himself.

Once on the shelf, he pulled up Billy stout,  
And by the piece of rope, Jack mounted too ;  
The third man, tied his handkerchief about  
The good dog's body, slipp'd the rope athro',  
And sent him up contented. Then himself,  
By aid of the same rope, stood on the shelf.  
In darkness, the good dog, was off again.

They heard him up above them, running strong,  
Giving tongue, now and then ; 'twas evident  
Some pathway, lay the mountain steep along,  
By which, the dog was following the scent.  
They hardly dared to stir, and were dismay'd  
By the dense darkness, in that mountain's shade.  
They found themselves, in a most dang'rous pen.

They felt along the shelf, it narrower grew ;  
They could not see each other : when oh ! joy,  
The full moon, o'er the mountain came in view,  
And raised the hopes of the desponding boy.  
They work'd their way along, a fissure found  
With stunted bushes, and reach'd higher ground,  
What 's more, they found the bushes bent and broken.

The dog they heard above, still on the beat,  
Now one side, now the other, rushing wide :  
Some grave impediment had stopp'd his feet,  
And back he came to them in humbled pride :  
Then he went on again, on the same track,  
They follow'd him, nor let their courage slack,  
Till a sheer precipice, did a stop betoken.



Again, the dog, hung on one spot, and howl'd,  
That spot went thirty feet or more, sheer down,  
And when they thought to draw him off, low growl'd,  
And could not be persuaded, change his tone.  
All was steep rock, as far as eye could see,  
A little brake of bushes, one palm tree,  
Were the sole objects in the rocky waste.

Over the giddy edge the brave dog sprang  
Into the bushes, and again gave voice,  
They follow'd where his whimp'rings loudly rang,  
And found a long coir rope, coil'd by hands choice.  
"Hurrah!" cried Pennant, "here's the bridge; our guide  
Has a good nose, when rogues their plans would hide;  
But for dear Diver, we were all disgraced."

A bight of the long rope, by Pennant cast  
Under his limbs, they swiftly let him down;  
Then Diver was yoked on, and quickly pass'd  
Over the edge, beneath the rock's dark frown.  
A moment more, the sailors hew'd a stake,  
And fix'd it in a crevice, from the brake,  
Attach'd, and slipp'd down the extended rope.

Diver took up the scent again, and cross'd  
The deep ravine, and up a little path,  
Rugged with stones, and roots, and slippery moss'd,  
Till on the top, he reach'd an open strath,  
Where wild anemones and gentians grew,  
And then, the dog renew'd his howls, anew.  
They reach'd him, found a coat, which gave them hope.

For on its lining, mark'd in stains of blood,  
As tho' traced by ensanguined finger, clear,  
The words "Sierra Negra," plainly show'd;  
The blotted letters "J. G.," too, appear.  
'Twas Grantham's jacket, that the sailors guess'd,  
And forward in the chase, more hotly press'd.  
The dog's intelligence, now leading surely.

None of them knew where this Sierra lay,  
But all believed in Diver, and the coat  
Brought them assurance. Now came beaming day,  
And with its light, they felt hope less remote.  
But still, what could they do, but follow on  
Their canine guide, thro' regions drear, and lone.  
And he, as it resulted, led securely.

They call'd a halt, for human pow'r won't stand  
Perpetual action, and they wish'd for food.  
When in the distance, they beheld a band  
Of Indians, arm'd with ev'ry weapon rude.  
They were too far to hail, they dared not fire,  
They moved at Indian pace, which will not tire,  
Yet haste was in their movements, as they went.

They pass'd from view, and after some slight pause,  
Pennant encouraged Diver, once again.  
He cross'd the valley, then from some unknown cause  
He made a circuit, thro' the stony plain;  
Then 'twixt two rocky ledges, where a stream  
Pick'd its slow way, the boulders great, between,  
He seem'd to gather up a stronger scent.

A long ravine, led up this cliff-form'd hill,  
Following the stream, ending 'midst rocks huge mass'd,  
As if Cyclopean power, work'd its wild will,  
And heap'd them, in confusion, at each cast ;  
This ended in sheer darkness, in a cave,  
Low-brow'd, thro' which the babbling waters raved,  
Partially lost to sight, 'midst mounds of stone.

The dog pursued his way, nor seem'd to doubt,  
Climbing the stones, and sometimes flound'ring thro'  
Lakelets of water, when a sudden shout  
Reachèd their ears, and to their astonish'd view  
A great bright eye before them show'd the day.  
This winding cave was a rock-cover'd way.  
And it was patent, they were not alone.

The dog rush'd on to reach the spot whence came  
The shout, for well he knew that voice's sound.  
Pennant and the sailors, crept upon their game,  
Dropping their shoes, in silence most profound.  
Close to the opening, were four sturdy men,  
On whom the light fell brilliantly—but then,  
Another bound with thongs, lay at their feet.

Diver danced round this form, as tho' o'erjoy'd,  
And lick'd his face and hands, but could not know  
The meaning of the scene, nor how employ'd  
The parties were, who work'd his master woe.  
He could not speak to him, a stick was tied  
Across his open mouth ; if sound he tried,  
One of the ruffians, on his features beat.

Diver growl'd fiercely, One man cock'd his gun.

"No firing," said another. "Choke the brute."

A slip knot round his neck, was swiftly run.

"Kill him some noiseless way, but do not shoot ;

The sound might be our ruin. You can see

Far down the valley, near that single tree,

The sailors of the Foam, returning back.

And on the other side, the Negro force,

The first to strike our track, have wander'd wide,

And made a circuit, quite out of our course,

And now, are passing on the other side.

I don't know who, those other fellows are,

Climbing the opposite hill. The Men of War

Must have sent parties, from the seaward track."

He drew a telescope from out his dress,

And peer'd from out the aperture, awhile.

"Well, friends, I take it, they will never guess

This cunning hiding." Then a sneering smile

Pass'd o'er his features, "We have food in store

For five or six months, and if spared, for more.

And will amuse ourselves, with torturing him."

Thus saying, he discharged a furious blow

On prostrate Grantham, who groan'd with the pain.

"And when we've done, we'll pitch him down below,

To end his sufferings, on the stony plain.

No one, by this gate ever left the cave

Except to meet below a vulture's grave.

We've sent some few to death, over its brim.

Thus saying, with a powerful hand he drew  
The prostrate man to the cave's opening mouth,  
And bade him if he liked, the prospect view,  
A pleasant aspect to the sunny South.  
"On the far bank, you see your friends have come,  
If they molest us, to behold your doom.  
For, I will hurl you down this precipice.

And if they come not, then we 'll keep you still  
Without of food or water, till you 're mad ;  
And with your tortures, our mild natures fill,  
Till death, or loss of sense, would make you glad.  
I'll have my full revenge, and you shall know  
That, Morgan never shrank from any foe ;  
Nor, e'er endured to be offended twice."

Then with his comrades, he took Grantham, bound  
So tight he could not move, and then behind  
Some mighty rocks, they flung him, on the ground  
In the deep darkness. But these men, were blind  
To the fact, that Little Pennant and his crew  
Conceal'd amongst the rocks, had them in view.  
And Grantham was near flung on Pennant's form.

That tiny mariner, scarcely breath'd, altho'  
His heart was beating, as 'twould burst his chest ;  
And were light there, that light would plainly show  
Two little pistols in his hands were press'd,  
Directed fairly at the Pirate's head,  
Who quite unconscious, with his messmates sped  
Back to the aperture, to guard 'gainst harm.

There quite unseen outside, they kept their watch ;  
They saw the various bands collect below,  
Anxious, this serpent of the sea to scotch,  
Yet, where his hiding-place, they could not know.  
Deep in the chasm, right underneath their den  
Were gather'd, Lovett, Armstrong, and their men,  
With all the Africans, and the Endymion's Crew.

The four men talk'd in whispers safely viewing,  
The deep dismay pervading the whole mass ;  
Disposed to think the man they were pursuing,  
Had gain'd security, by some secret pass.  
Then wearied with their rapid march, all night,  
And far into the next day, clear in sight,  
They sat and lay, their strength to gain anew.

Dick Pennant, when he saw the coast was clear,  
Removed the gag from Grantham, cut the thong,  
Which bound his stiffen'd limbs, then drawing near  
The others bore him in their arms strong  
Into a deep recess, and hid him there,  
Wounded and weak, and almost in despair :  
But full of patience, in this trying hour.

The boy next crept to where the dog was bound  
With a long Lasso, to an upright rock ;  
And cut him free ; and tried to pull from round  
His strained body ; but his efforts mock  
The animal's anxiety to be free ;  
Another instant he was off, with glee,  
And found his Master, with instinctive power.

A moment did he lick, the bloody face,  
And the torn hands, and lay down at his side.  
Then rush'd in joy, his course back to retrace,  
And at the opening, bark'd in all his pride.  
Then tore away again, his friends to find.  
Morgan growl'd, "Catch that cursed brute and bind,  
And cut his throat, to stop his infernal noise."

Two men went after him, but could not seize ;  
In wildest glee, the dog rush'd thro' the holes  
And windings 'neath the rocks, and then to please  
His fancy ; for his joy, good sense controls,  
Again he sought the opening, saw his friends,  
Bark'd, all unconscious, that fate o'er him bends,  
As Morgan held his knife, at deadly poise.

Aiming a blow, the dog's heart to transfix.  
But ere the skin was pierced, a shot was fired,  
Three others follow'd quickly. "Ha ! your tricks  
Are settled for the present." As inspired  
A little figure darted round a rock,  
Pointing a pistol, Morgan heard him cock,  
And order'd him "to yield, or else to die."

A moment's keen surprise, and then a rush  
On the small figure, would have laid him low,  
But Diver's lariat tangled him, and crush  
Headlong he fell close to his tiny foe ;  
Else had that pistol slain him ; for the boy  
Right at his forehead, fired the fatal toy,  
And scored his temple, just above his eye.

Now, rushing to the undaunted Middy's aid  
Came his three Gigsmen, stumbling to the light.  
The little hero stood there, not afraid,  
And coolly loaded his small pistols bright.  
"I've given him my two balls," he gently said,  
"But people say, he comes to life when dead.  
'Tis better thus, to be prepared for squalls."

"We've shot down the two others," the men cried ;  
"When you had fired, we knew we had no chance  
But knock them over, and get to your side,  
As quick as darkness let us, to advance.  
One fellow has escaped our hands, I fear ;  
A thousand hiding-places, may be here.  
Unseen, he may see us, where the light now falls."

They all thought Morgan dead, he lay so still  
Upon his face. No motion life betray'd :  
From under him there crept a little rill  
Of bright red color, ev'n in the shade.  
Then they look'd from the op'ning, and surprise,  
Seal'd all their lips, and open'd all their eyes,  
When, they beheld the staring crowd below,

For ev'ry eye was fix'd, where the dog bay'd ;  
More keenly watch'd the spot, when shots were heard ;  
And then a puff of smoke, further betray'd,  
And to excitement, the intensest, spurr'd.  
The cliff before them rose straight as a tow'r,  
At top some beetling crags, projecting low'r.  
'Twas inaccessible, a glance could show.



The distance was too far, for human speech,  
But signals were exchanged. Then down the glen  
To round the rocky barrier, and reach  
The cavern in the mountain, fast sped men.  
Midshipman Pennant, on a slaty stone,  
Scratch'd a despatch, and making signs, cast down.  
Worthy the Telegram of future times.

“Grantham here, wounded. Morgan shot. Two more!  
Send help by the other side. Divey's the Boy!”  
This document was soon the Chiefs before,  
And fill'd their bosoms with a sudden joy;  
Their object was attain'd, Grantham was found.  
So, they reclined them on the barren ground,  
Got needed food, and talk'd of coming times.

Meantime, up in the cave, a strange event  
Occurr'd, to mar the triumph that they felt,  
During the time they at the opening spent,  
Morgan was strapping on, a leathern belt.  
That done, a rope descended from on high,  
Attach'd by hooks to rude machinery,  
And the supposed dead man, shot out of sight.

When they came back, no pirate could be found;  
No trace, but clots of blood, upon the soil.  
They hunted ev'rywhere, on dubious ground,  
But, gain'd no knowledge, from the unwonted toil.  
They went to Grantham, he had something heard  
As if fast trampling feet, above had stirr'd.  
'A pond'rous stone had fallen to his right.

Imbedded in the earth, perhaps 'twas sent  
Down with design, and from no friendly hand,  
To serve for him, as lasting monument  
Of the affection of this pirate band.  
They found him able now to stand erect,  
His cramp'd limbs, cut with thongs, slowly deflect,  
At length, they brought him to the hole, for air.

Diver hung round him, then with fixed eyes  
He seem'd to gaze most strangely at the roof,  
Then standing on his hind legs, snuffling tries  
To catch some scent, and come to further proof.  
Grantham observed his gestures, and then said,  
"By yonder chasm above, has Morgan fled ;  
Whilst I am here, to stay there he won't care !"

And then, he took a pistol from one by,  
Fired, at the chasm : echoes far and wide  
Pierced in reverberation, up on high,  
And seem'd to reach great distance ere they died.  
"Mark that my men ! I've heard much, of this cave,  
And knew some men, who used about it rave.  
'Sierra Negra' 'tis the Indian's dread.

Tis said, great treasures are conceal'd within  
The dark recesses of these hollow rocks ;  
And that fierce deeds of diabolic sin,  
And cruel torture, which all mankind shocks,  
Were perpetrated here, by that dread fiend,  
Whose knowledge of its passages has screen'd  
Him, from the fate, which yet will strike his head.

'Twill take an hour or more, ere our friends reach  
The entrance to the cave's conceal'd mouth :  
They'll have to push their way, near to the beach,  
And then turn round a mountain, looking south.  
Send two men, Mr. Pennant, to discharge  
A shot every ten minutes with strong charge,  
To guide them to this place, so hard to find."

Pennant, one sailor, Grantham now remain'd  
Near the rock window. Diver roam'd about.  
Grantham was fast recov'ring, tho' still pain'd,  
And not the man, at pain to make a rout.  
Diver dash'd in, from some long-scenting splore,  
And in his mouth a seaman's jacket bore ;  
Grantham examined it, with careful mind.

A paper, in one pocket, caught his eye,  
It was a ground plan of this very cave,  
Rudely sketch'd out, but which could well supply  
A clue to all its labyrinths, and would save  
The man who had it, from all pain of search.  
One spot struck him as curious, 'twas 'the church.'  
Concise directions, in some parts were given.

Provision store. Wine cellar. Prison. Wood.  
Grantham's quick finger ran along the line.  
"Messmates, if this be true, a little food  
Would be most grateful, bord'ring on divine !  
'Tis eight-and-forty hours, at least, I ween  
Since aught of sustenance has by us, been seen.  
Let's trace the store-room, by our hunger driven."

Twenty yards from the window, on the right,  
Under a huge rock, lies a passage low.  
A man can creep beneath, then stand upright,  
A chamber lofty here the light will show.  
A trickling stream one side from roof to floor,  
Becomes the guide now, follow and explore  
This narrow, damp recess, for fourteen yards.

Then in the red-vein'd rock, a streak pure white  
Of brilliant quartz, stands near a fissured space,  
Where dampness vegetation may invite,  
And trailing plants, hang down with pensile grace.  
Draw them aside, a few steps thro' the stream  
And lo! Aladdin's cave! you'll think you dream,  
The roof and sides, brilliant with pendant spars.

Two narrow passages lead from this great hall,  
One to the cellar, where are natural baths  
To cool the wines. The other in the wall,  
Some ten feet from the earth: a narrow path  
Leads from this upward, till a ray of light  
Comes thro' some cranny, tinted green to sight,  
For thro' thick foliage, it passes down.

From it an entrance from above is gain'd  
And stores are introduced, and from it goes  
A zig-zag passage, whose side walls are stain'd  
A brownish color; then it seems to close  
And block it altogether; but above  
Just where the hand can reach, a gentle shove  
Displaces a large stone, and you go on

Some ten steps, 'till you reach the roof above  
The rocky window, of the lower cave.  
A pulley and strong rope here lies, to move  
Anything heavy. "Look here, youngster brave ;  
Do you think, that you could climb to yonder crack,  
And drop the rope, our chance to get a snack,  
Depends upon our getting at that rope.

Morgan escaped that way." The boy replied,  
"Without some aid from ladder, or from rope,  
No one could climb up that rock's slippery side ;  
Still less to reach the aperture, could hope.  
Perhaps, we could contrive a hook and line,  
With which the rope above, we might entwine,  
And haul it to us. 'Tis our only hope."

They had no cord, but were not long astray ;  
Pennant slipp'd off his shirt, and cut in strips,  
And Morgan's jacket went the selfsame way.  
They work'd and spliced, no word came from their lips.  
Then with a sigh, the silver ramrods were  
Turn'd into hooks, which Pennant's pistols bare.  
One, two, three flings, the rope is hook'd ; Huzzay !

Drawn down, and strain'd ; it held well. Pennant mounts,  
Describes a narrow passage, sloping, dark ;  
Feels on his way ; ten longest strides he counts,  
Finds his way barr'd. Then wishes for a spark  
Of light to guide him, and returns to tell  
The disappointment, which his hope befell,  
And back to Grantham pick'd his darksome way.

Meantime the Skipper, found in Morgan's jacket,  
Which he had just cut up, a precious treasure,  
A box of brimstone matches, and a packet  
Of small wax candles, which he view'd with pleasure.  
"We'll get our lunch yet. Come and learn geography.  
Now, study closely this cave's queer topography;  
And bring from the store chamber, what you can.

I am too weak to go. Learn your way well;  
If you meet any danger, fire a shot,  
And I will join you, tho' my life I sell;  
What you have done for me, is not forgot."  
Embracing the fine boy, his eyes grew dim,  
And tears flow'd over—a strange thing for him,  
That silent, hard, sternly determined man!

The boy went on his errand, and came back  
Loaded with sun-dried meat, biscuits and wine,  
All tied up, in a naval canvas sack,  
A large ball, too, of finely-twisted twine.  
And when the bag was open'd, or cut up,  
No one would think that trouble fill'd the cup  
Of the partakers of that welcome feast.

Oh! what a sauce is hunger! Gourmands, list;  
If ye would give a zest to any food,  
Your diet, eight-and-forty hours resist,  
And you'll find out a pleasure, new and good.  
You'll come, as this man, boy, and dog did then,  
The luxury of hunger well to ken,  
And finding comfort, pity the starved at least.

Meat hard as leather, and good Spanish wine,  
    Raised heart and spirits. I must tell you here,  
That wild boy, first ask'd blessing, all divine,  
    On the supply of this most welcome cheer.  
And when he met Grantham's enquiring look,  
His brave, small heart, just for a moment shook.  
    His answer was, "My mother did so ever."

Hunger appeased, young Pennant took his twine,  
    Fasten'd it to a stone, and off he darted,  
Leaving the clue behind him ; with some wine  
    And biscuits in his pockets, for those parted  
To keep watch at the entrance : them he found  
Worn with fatigue, lying upon the ground,  
    Silent and hungry. "Come, cheer up, lads, clever !"

Welcome the messenger, and welcome food,  
    And welcome wine, to cheer their weary frame :  
Never felt morsel to their taste so good,  
    It had the sauce we spoke of, "Sauce de Faim."  
Back then to Grantham they were sent, the clue,  
Guiding them straight and quick, the dark cave thro'.  
    They found him much revived, his chart his study.

"What means this, by the prison, near the church,  
    Appear the words, 'Vera Vendetta, vera ?'  
I'll soon be able to make perfect search ;  
    And there alone is indicated era.  
'In Anno Domini sixteen seventy-one,  
Left to expire of hunger, all alone.'  
    To solve this riddle, intellect is muddy."

The little Middy, food-refresh'd, felt strong,  
Fired off the signal, at each minutes ten,  
In solitary loneliness, and did long  
Much for the sight of coming brother-men.  
But guess his great surprise, he saw a troop  
Of men, march up the glen, and 'midst the group,  
Most undeniably, were females two.

He knew that valley trended to the sea,  
And in a moment, he guess'd who they were.  
His little heart bounded in jubilee.  
"Helen and Juanita, I would swear."  
And he was right. The Admiral, thro' a scout,  
Learn'd, by a short cut, they could join the rout,  
And the ladies gain'd permission, to go too.

The Admiral objected first. "You know  
This is no peaceful mission, a stray shot  
Might strike my adorèd from a secret foe,  
And then conceive a wretched Admiral's lot!"  
"Your slippery heart," she answer'd, "might be well  
Transferred to Juanita—*elle est belle*—  
In case I should succumb, to random fire."

So, with some twenty men, they came ashore,  
And had scarce half a mile, pass'd up the glen,  
When a shot reach'd their ears, and then some more.  
The Admiral turn'd, "Are all loaded, men?"  
"Aye, aye, Sir!" "Two men stop here, lest mishap  
Involve our party in some cunning trap.  
Forward one man. If he sees danger, fire!"



“Admiral, you’re our General. But look here,  
Peep thro’ this glass a moment, and you’ll see  
No skirmishers are needed, front or rear,  
Our troops, hold all the valley safe and free.”  
“By Neptune!” cried the Admiral, “that’s Pennant,  
Cock’d on a rock, the valley’s only tenant,  
A bottle of champagne, fast to his lips.

And now he starts up, fires a pistol big,  
Then sits down coolly to resume his dinner.  
Helen, your Cupid is a strange young prig,  
So young, and yet so apt for a beginner.  
Lieutenant, fire a shot to answer him.  
’Tis heard, his pistol answers, quick and trim,  
His bottle flung away, from the rock he slips.”

And well assured, swift speeds he on, to meet  
The approaching party, and his tale reveals  
So much romantic wonders, as were sweet  
To hear from such young lips. Nought he conceals;  
Says, all the credit is to Diver due  
For he alone, show’d what course, to pursue,  
And by his instinct, saved poor Grantham’s life.

They reach’d the cave, and rocks which hid its mouth,  
Then, sat them down, to counsel, and to rest:  
Thinking, to wait the parties coming south;  
When, Pennant to the Admiral made request.  
“Sir Admiral, the cellar here is good,  
A fair supply of right substantial food,  
And many other things, within, are rife.

Lend me four men, and I'll provide your lunch ;  
You've had a longish march, and peckish must be ;  
Instead of naval grog, and vulgar punch,  
Champagne, Bordeaux, rich Spanish wine shall, trust me,  
Hither be brought, presto ; for I've got the key,  
And only I, and I shall make you free,  
Of Captain Morgan's cellar, most capacious."

The Admiral gave the men. "Now, my dear boy,  
Don't take too much, of these good things you've found :  
We've got the appetite, something to enjoy.  
Is your famed cellar far, and underground?"  
"Not very far, but difficult of approach,  
You could not reach it, in a four-horse coach,  
But it shall reach you—thanks for being gracious."

Off like a shot he darted thro' the boulders,  
And disappear'd, and in a short half hour,  
Came back with his four men, whose loaded shoulders  
Were tax'd to carry with their utmost power.  
Pennant himself, bore in a canvas sack  
What he term'd niceties, on his tiny back.  
Also a Spanish ensign, of great size.

On a flat stone he spread the gorgeous flag,  
Laid great sea biscuits down, for plates and dishes ;  
Then took, sedately, from a leathern bag,  
Forks, spoons, and knives of silver. "I've no riches,  
But, gentlemen and ladies, you'll excuse  
My want of preparation, nor refuse  
My simple cold collation, nor despise.

Tinn'd meats, Guava jelly, preserved fruit,  
A ham in canvas cover, 'Limerick labell'd ;'  
Pickles, anchovies, lobster, and the root,  
If root it can be call'd, truffle, nicely cabell'd  
In sausages of wild boar from Ardennes.  
With various other cates, would tire my pen,  
And all my culinary knowledge, good or bad.

Then in the centre, stood a circle fair  
Of bottles, long-neck'd French, short of Moselle.  
With flagons from Old Germany, Hochheim rare  
Curaçoa, Shrub, Noyan, the phalanx swell.  
"Glasses are scarce here, cups must fill their places,  
I only brought two, for our lovely Graces,  
Not worthy of them, but the best I had."

And at the word, the pleasant little fellow  
Laid down two exquisite goblets, gilt, and gemm'd,  
Before the ladies—"Come here, friend Othello,"  
He said to a black, who loiter'd round, and hemm'd,  
And seem'd to wish for duty, near the tables.  
"Attend these ladies, they go in for sables,  
And if you don't be smart, look to your shins."

Then to the sailors and marines, the rest  
Was handed over; and a jollier set  
Seldom put wholesome viands to the test,  
Nor in a pleasanter Pic-Nic e'er met.  
Helen and Juanita had a throne  
Composed of Flags and jackets, based on stone,  
And their small feet, reposed on leopard skins.

Pennant was host, and servant, at this feast,  
And did his part most ably, ev'ry tar  
Was well supplied from biggest to the least,  
And hunger satisfied, the best cigar  
Manilla furnish'd, gave Jack's meal a zest,  
And care was banish'd from his manly breast.  
Repose and action, form'd his curious fate.

Lunch over, and a chat, the Governor rose,  
And in a few most happy words express'd  
The feeling, which he knew none would oppose,  
And which was throbbing thankful, in his breast.  
"A bumper, and our thanks, that lad we owe,  
Who Grantham saved, fed us, and beat the foe ;  
I see in him, an Admiral, soon or late."

Pennant replied, " I 'm not good at a speech,  
And won't take praises, that I don't deserve.  
Three miles from this I 'd been, and out of reach,  
And none had known, where to get lunch and serve,  
If my friend Diver had not shown the way,  
Found the long rope, guided us when astray,  
And lastly, brought the jacket with the Plan.

Morgan had kill'd me, but that Diver tripp'd  
Him up, when rushing at me. I 'm ashamed  
To have miss'd with that nice pistol, when he slipp'd  
And only have, the ruffian slightly main'd.  
Both my balls struck him ; men say, here, he 's proof  
Against all mortal weapons—'tis like truth.  
My first shot, should have kill'd any man."

"This wondrous cave," said Helen, "we must see.

Our youthful Hero's marvellous revelations  
Have fill'd my mind with curiosity :

And now, that I have had sufficient rations,  
I feel myself braced up, the place t' explore,  
And (raising her goblet) view Aladdin's store,  
Where things like this, are common-place as pebbles."

A distant volley, now proclaim'd their friends  
After their toilsome march, making approach.  
They answer'd, for encouragement: this lends  
Speed to the wearied limbs: and no reproach  
To the main body be, if light of limb,  
Three men are seen, before the rest to skim,  
At speed, which all the rest in distance trebles.

Pritchard, stout Armstrong, Lovett came in view,  
Like racers, bounding o'er the stony plain,  
Nearer and nearer, as the trio grew,  
The lookers-on, beheld the trying strain.  
Coming right up, they seem'd to hold one line,  
Then 'mongst huge rocks and boulders, they must twine,  
To reappear again, but not together.

Were it for life or honor, better race  
Was never run, nor run by better men.  
Their places changed, but not their killing pace,  
It was too fast to spurt, like lightning then  
They came upon the party, at their feast,  
Nor saw they who were there, when they had ceased,  
And panting, threw themselves upon the heather.

“You’ve puff’d me Armstrong, but I am not beat,  
Pritchard, I think, was best man in that course,  
But for his fall at starting, in this heat,  
He must have come in first, with his great force.  
I thought, when you slipp’d on the rocky shelf,  
That I should gain the first place, for myself.  
But bless me! Here are ladies, who’d have thought it?”

Ere they could rise, fair Helen had drawn near,  
Holding the silver goblets in her hand.  
“You racing men, I’ve heard, go in for beer,  
But Mr. Pennant, our Host, doth command,  
That we, his guests, abstain from such poor fare,  
And prime Champagne and Cypruss with him share,  
He sends his compliments, and says well you’ve fought it.”

The three fine fellows to their feet have started,  
Fatigue forgotten, nor in all the three  
Could the most critical, and narrow-hearted  
The slightest blemish, in fair manhood see.  
“Othello, one more goblet. Now a toast.  
Richard B. Pennant, the Orion’s boast.  
For thro’ him, the Orion won this foray.”

The thirsty men, beneath that burning sun,  
Enjoy’d both toast and wine, but did not know  
How Pennant did it: but they said, ’twas fun  
That such a mite, should conquer such a foe.  
And Lovett added, “Æsop’s mouse, from toils  
Released the Lordly Lion, and shared spoils.  
Why not in ours, if ’twas so in his day?”

“This little man,” said Helen, “has clear brains  
And well knows how to use them ; self-reliance,  
But not a trace of vanity e’er stains  
His great unselfishness, and quick appliance.  
Few minutes since, he quite this feat disclaim’d,  
And for all credit, his dog Diver named.  
I’m sure, he thinks no more of it, than Diver.

You must be starving. We are well supplied  
From Signor Morgan’s cuisine. Come and try  
Our little Host’s providings. Undenied,  
These pirate gentry, have a knowing eye  
For great indulgence, in high luxury :  
We now will profit, by their rich supply.  
But best of all, we need not pay a stiver.”

Pennant had disappear’d, but new supplies  
He sent down from his store-house, to regale  
The thirst and hunger, of his old allies,  
Who fell upon the dainties, without fail.  
Then the two ladies, and the gentlemen  
Enter’d the Cave, and left the lonely glen,  
Determined all its hidden depths t’ explore.

A store of wax lights had been found, and were  
Carefully placed, where they could mark the way,  
Making the devious cavern, by their glare  
More weird and dismal, nor did they betray  
The depths of shadow, nor the num’rous ways  
Which branch’d amongst the boulders, in a maze :  
But made the passage certain, and no more.

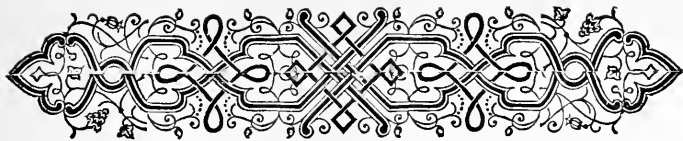
“Pennant again,” said Helen, “he has lit  
Our pathway to somewhere, right thro’ the mountain  
He calls the window ; place where he thought fit  
To match himself with Morgan, never counting  
The great disparity ’twixt his tiny frame,  
And this great ruffian’s strength, which none could tame.  
But Morgan was just murd’ring, his good Diver.

Grantham will give his version of the story,  
For he saw all, tho’ helpless, strongly bound,  
Adding a chaplet, to our hero’s glory,  
Who cut his bonds, and raised him from the ground,  
Saved life and liberty, from torturing death,  
And from the grave’s edge, gave him back life’s breath,  
Where none could think, that he should be survivor.”

At length they reach’d the window. Grantham sat  
Where the light fell, and studied deep his chart,  
He seem’d to have taken in the bearings pat,  
And to be meditating some deep part.  
The word “Vendetta” ever would recur,  
And work within him some unusual stir,  
He could not banish, from his mental eye.

He rose, when Helen touch’d him, tho’ with pain ;  
Said he was better : he had lost much blood,  
And for the present, forced was to refrain  
From strong exertion ; he had much withstood,  
To rise again, like Phoenix from the fire,  
And he hoped now, to strength he might aspire,  
That, he again, Black Morgan might defy.





## Canfo VIII.

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“ A traitor on land, and a pirate at sea,  
But I saved him to wreck further havoc for me.”

MANFRED.

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**T**HE suff’ring Grantham, wounded, stiff, and weak,  
Lay near the window, of the darksome cave.  
O’er him hung Helen, kindly words to speak :  
Instinctively, she knew, when passions rave,  
That finest reason, slips from reason’s seat  
And tramples God’s commands, beneath its feet,  
With devilish agency, unless repress’d.

She knew, the man was first-rate, in his sphere,  
Secretly felt, his life had some sad tale  
Which made him cold—unsocial to appear,  
For which, no consolation could avail ;  
Yet, the o’erburden’d mind oft finds relief,  
If some kind friend participates in grief,  
And solace comes, with the deep woe confess’d.

“ Grantham, you ’re weak, from injuries received,  
Or, I would scarcely listen to your threats :  
Love not to find you have yourself deceived ;  
Harbour no passion, which may cause regrets.  
Were all you wish accomplish’d, you might find  
That rancour, unto justice made you blind.  
Revenge, unchristian feeling is, at best.

You knew this Morgan ? It is very plain  
To me, that ’twixt you was a standing feud,  
By which, you both might lose, but neither gain,  
Whose thorny spines, would on your lives intrude,  
And ruffle ev’ry feeling, till you grew  
Satanic in your hatred, and you knew  
To slay, would be a pleasure—unconfess’d.

I well conceive you are an injured man :  
I ’ve always thought that something, deep conceal’d,  
Dwelt in your mind, unwholesomely, and began  
To colour all you did—better reveal’d—  
A hidden sorrow, or a foster’d passion,  
Makes one irrational, and comes ever clashing  
With the best feelings of the purest soul.

Vengeance on Morgan, on this pirate wretch,  
Tho’, he may well deserve stern chastisement,  
Should not pervade your thoughts, nor put on stretch  
Passions, which should have nobler sentiment.  
Tell me your wrongs from him, for well I know  
You would not reck them, in an honest foe,  
But, with the fight’s end, would your wrath control.

‘Vengeance is mine,’ saith God, ‘I will repay.’

Leave your revenge in better hands, and thank

The Great Life-Giver, that you see the day,

And have not ’neath this cruel bandit sank.

His crimes will find him out, and awful death

Without your agency, will take his breath.

Who saved you? A weak child! ’Twas God’s right hand.”

“Lady, you’re right; for, in my suff’ring late,

A life of thought, traversed my busy brain :

The least of all, was my unhappy fate,

But other thoughts, of former days, again

Came vividly, I could not shut them out,

They put all present misery, to the rout.—

Once, I was leader of a guerilla band ;

And fought in the old wars. This Morgan, then

Join’d with my force. I thought him brave and true.

He brought a band, too, of undaunted men.

I found advantage in him, that I knew.

He was adventurous, crafty, wise, but daring :

And oft I check’d him, for his never sparing

Prisoners, he thought a burden, so he slew them.

The war we were engaged in ceased, and we

Were thrown on our resources. Life began

With me upon the ocean, and the sea

Was like a mother to me, when a man.

He in a man-of-war, commenced his life,

But was disrated, for his love of strife ;

He join’d some mutineers, his officers knew them.

Home from the Baltic, he and they were shipp'd  
In a small craft, to meet their punishment.  
They, in mid-voyage, from their irons slipp'd,  
Won over some bad sailors, and then sent  
The rest to quick destruction, in their watch,  
Pitching the helmsman over: ev'ry hatch  
They batten'd down securely, and changed course.

At once, the arms-chest they secured, and loaded  
Muskets and pistols, got some large grenades,  
Dropp'd them down thro the skylights; they exploded  
Killing or wounding all the men, afraid  
And helpless, at their mercy. Then they fired  
Gun after gun, till ev'ry man expired;  
The Captain and his officers slain by force.

Two of the mutineers assumed the clothes  
Of the ship's officers; then they ran to sea  
Under the Royal Pennant, we suppose,  
Deceiving all they met, and making free  
With craft of all kinds. Last, a brig brought to,  
They press'd the able men, and sent a crew,  
That is, themselves, on board their intended prize.

In the king's ship, the press'd men were secured,  
Iron'd, gagg'd, tied, without a chance to rise,  
And that their future silence be ensured,  
A fuse to the magazine, short shrift supplies,  
Likely to burn an hour. Then they told  
The Captain, contraband was in his hold,  
And placed him in arrest, to his surprise.

The cruiser, and her wretched, helpless crew,  
Their helm lash'd down, drifted at will of weather.  
The Pirates in the brig, kept her in view,  
Till the whole ship appear'd to lift together.  
A great flash lit the heav'ns, dense smoke arose,  
A mighty wave ran circling—down she goes,  
Plunging head foremost, fire and water meeting.

The Brigantine set ev'ry sail, and cross'd  
The wide Pacific. How the captain fared,  
None told, at their first port, reported lost,  
But to say how, not one of that crew dared.  
At Valparaiso, one suspected man,  
Utter'd vague words—Morgan's sword thro' him ran :  
And all the others, did not like that greeting.

They arm'd their vessel, came along this coast,  
Join'd other Rovers, and were sometime tost  
By fortune variable, with nought to boast,  
And nought to make them brave, but honor lost.  
A desp'rate horde of men, a murd'rous gang,  
Who knew, if taken, they would surely hang,  
And only ruled by force of savage nature.

This man, obtain'd by desperate success,  
Almost the sole command, amongst these crews :  
He gave them largely, and he did not press  
Labour upon them, which they might refuse :  
But if they did, his pistol, rapier, knife,  
Taught others to obey, by taking life.  
This was in his commando, mildest feature.

Meanwhile, my navigating skill had made  
Me, in a merchant's service, Skipper trusted,  
And several ventures, had my prescience paid.  
I made some money ; energy ne'er rusted,  
And I grew anxious, to increase my means  
To dwell in peace, among these lovely scenes.  
I loved my master's daughter, Isadora !

And she, warm-hearted, fervid as the sun  
Of her warm latitude, return'd my love.  
Her father, when he knew his daughter won,  
Said we were young, that time our love should prove.  
A few more voyages, and more success,  
And he, our constancy would willing bless,  
We both were happy : what could we ask more ?

I sail'd and sail'd, and fortune proved most kind ;  
My lovely Isadora, on me smiled ;  
That urged me on : to danger I was blind.  
I studied the whole coast ; nothing beguiled  
Me, from my settled purpose : ev'ry shoal  
Quicksand, reef, current under my control  
Seem'd, for I learn'd the quickest ways, and best.

Just at this time, sitting in a Bazaar,  
'Mongst merchants, bargaining, I saw my friend,  
My soldiering companion of the war, ;  
Not knowing aught of him, since the war's end.  
He look'd in prime of manhood, was well dress'd,  
A showy man he was, must be confess'd,  
And as an old companion, me address'd.

An interchange of histories arose,  
Both seem'd most candid, yet they differ'd wide.  
I in my joy, did faithfully disclose  
My past life, and my hope of a fair bride.  
He talk'd of trade success, with riches rife,  
But said, he'd no idea of a wife,  
Then ask'd, to make him known, to my fiancée.

Fool that I was, I yielded. He declared  
Me, a most happy man, whose blissful days  
Could find a Paradise, by true love prepared.  
My Isadora's charms, he could not praise  
Sufficiently; in fact, words were not found  
To tell her attributes, in mazy round.  
This flattering my belovèd, pleased my fancy.

With me he often came, saw Isadora,  
Became most welcome, as he was my friend :  
Bought cargoes of her father, and what's more, a  
Number of merchants caused on him attend.  
Presented splendid jewels, to my bride,  
And show'd attention great, on ev'ry side.  
First for my sake, then for his own, a favourite.

My time for sailing had arrived, I placed  
In my Patron's finest barque, my whole estate.  
On my return, my nuptials should be graced,  
By honest earn'd wealth. Instead came fate,  
Which hurl'd me down, from all my fond desires,  
Robb'd me of fortune, crush'd my intellect's fires,  
And left a moody man, with the world to fight.

I sail'd, met adverse winds, and was delay'd ;  
Worse, 'mongst my crew, some treacherous men had crept,  
And planted discontent. I was betray'd  
And knew it not ; it grew, when good men slept.  
Then, when some pirate vessels hove in sight,  
And I was ready, to protect my right,  
I found but few, to back me in the strife.

My ship and wealth were taken, brought in here :  
I was blind-folded, chain'd, cast in the hold ;  
Deprived of all in life, which I held dear,  
Treated with cruelty, which can't be told.  
Then I escaped inland, and roughly charted  
Each place I saw, ere from the scene I parted,  
Tho' doing so, risk'd ev'ry moment, life.

Whilst yet a prisoner, I learn'd there  
The dreadful fact, my captor had intent  
Me from my Isadore, by fraud to tear ;  
Our separation was the object meant.  
That Morgan, was the Leader of the gang,  
And had sent word, quickly myself to hang.  
So, not too soon, I got away from thence.

Hunger, and hasty travel, Indian foes,  
An unknown country, and a burning heart,  
My progress back to freedom, all oppose.  
Yet, for some weeks, I bravely bore my part ;  
Then fever seized me, and I could not stand,  
Some Indians found, and brought me to their band,  
And their squaws nursed me, 'till I could go thence.



Back came I, to Alvarez, sick and poor,  
Knowing his trusting nature, and the love  
His daughter bore me, I felt quite secure  
Of kind reception—pity at least to move,  
But when he saw me, lightning fill'd his eye,  
And heard, fierce thunder was his dread reply.  
'Where is my Daughter, Wretch? Where is my child?'

'Is Isadora gone?' 'Villain! thou know'st  
Too well, since treachery of thine has caused  
This dread misfortune! Hypocrite, thou shew'st  
Thy vileness scarcely mask'd.' And then he paused,  
For I fell fainting. When revived, I found  
Myself in a dark dungeon, on the ground,  
I hardly cared—On death I could have smiled.

My name had hitherto, unsullied stood,  
My honour unimpeach'd. My former friends  
Who knew me, and believed me true and good,  
Heard my whole story to its fearful end,  
And then, forced on Alvarez the true tale.  
When he thought coolly, truth 'gan to prevail.  
Again he saw me, and we wept together.

Passion appeased, and fully now believing  
I had no part in this affair, but loss;  
My genuine misery, could not be deceiving,  
Nor be assumed, to cover any gloss.  
His kindness all revived, he plann'd with me  
All ways to find where his dear child might be;  
To do so, we put both our heads together.

At last, when at our wits' end, came a letter  
Of very curious import, signèd "Morgan,"  
Which broke away from me, suspicion's fetter,  
But froze our blood, as tho' we look'd on Gorgon :  
Stating, that he would marry Isadora,  
And safely bring back, the beloved Signora,  
If he, Alvarez, sent ten thousand reals ;

Otherwise, they never should behold  
The beauty, whose attractions were her woes,  
Seeing they thought less of her, than their gold,  
And were, substantially, the Lady's foes.  
Honour and wealth, should be her lot, if willing,  
If not, her chances were not worth a shilling.  
She was beyond the reach, of vain appeals.

Alvarez, willingly, had paid the ransom,  
But could not, with the addendum Morgan laid.  
That villain had added, that he acted handsome,  
By the proposal, that he then had made.  
He begg'd ' that all apology be given,  
To Mr. Grantham, to whom under Heaven  
He owed the bliss, he hasted to enjoy.'

What could we do ? Despair's wild agony  
Palsied our hearts. To threaten were a mock.  
No exit from our trouble, could we see,  
Action was paralysed by this stunning shock.  
This Country's Government, were at odds and ends,  
Those who bribed highest, were their best of friends,  
'Twas worse than useless, their weak power t' employ.

Yet, when we could find no secure device,  
We ask'd them for a force, to storm this place.  
With much delay, and much red taped advice,  
Enough an honest Nation, to disgrace,  
They sent a small fleet, to explore the coast ;  
Morgan rough-handled half, the rest were lost.  
That ended all the Government would do.

Our thoughts were fearful. I was almost mad ;  
But from that day to this, I never learn'd  
What was my Isidora's fate. I had been glad  
To know that she were dead. My spirit burn'd  
Keenly for dire revenge, within my breast,  
And, I had any chance serenely bless'd,  
Which gave my treach'rous enemy, to my view.

I thought of a device in my despair,  
To get up a disguise none would suspect,  
And make my way, into the Pirate's lair,  
And thus, the Donna's hiding-place detect.  
I shaved off beard and whiskers, dyed my skin,  
Left of my clust'ring curls, a few locks thin,  
Patch'd up one eye, and blacken'd my front teeth.

Fasten'd a ringbolt, with a link or two,  
Upon one ankle ; muffled that with rags ;  
Went out 'mongst my acquaintance, found none knew,  
Tho' some who knew me well, 'mongst merry wags,  
Made sport of me—threw pesas, bade me go,  
Unless I wish'd their rattan canes to know.  
I joy'd to find this, with suppress'd breath.

In this way, 'midst the Pirates, all unknown  
I came, but scarce had gain'd a welcome there  
But for my shackled leg. That passport shown  
Proclaim'd an escaped villain. Who would dare  
Question my loyalty, to crime and wrong,  
When I was arm'd with such credential strong?  
I was admitted, with the fullest trust.

I ask'd about their Leader; he was gone,  
With a strong force of his most daring men,  
Up north and inland, most intent upon  
A raid on Panama, unprotected then:  
But, where uncounted riches, tempted greed.  
He was a daring fellow, to succeed.  
But absolute, when he said, 'please,' they must.

Not long ago, he came from some shore-going,  
And amongst other plunder, brought a girl  
Of splendid beauty, her long hair was flowing  
Over the gunwale: had you heard her skirl,  
And shriek, and pray, and struggle, as he bore  
Her writhing, half-clad form up the shore;  
You would have marvell'd, how his nature bore it.

For she tore out his beard, and scratch'd his face;  
Calmly he grinn'd. 'Our Honey-Moon, my Love,  
Must not be mark'd by conduct, would disgrace  
A fisher maid; you should be far above  
Such petty feelings. You are nervous now,  
Rest and take food. Tomorrow, hear my vow.  
You shall be mine for ever—or deplore it.'

He left her then with women in his tent :  
Toll'd the great bell ; call'd all the men together ;  
Said, he was on an expedition bent,  
Which to their fortunes, would bring sunny weather.  
A thousand pillars, ev'ry man shall gain,  
Pillar Piastres, from the mint of Spain,  
And double that, if we can take the town.

' Three days for preparation are allow'd ;  
Gonsalvo choose the men. I must not fail.  
Three hundred strong will do. I want no crowd.  
Rifles and rapiers be the arms t' assail.  
Carefully shoe them, for the march is long,  
Active the men must be, as well as strong.  
It will be death, for any to break down.

Let not a breath escape, of this design.  
For those remaining, we will load a ship,  
Which must come round the Continent, weather fine  
Three weeks will bring her here. Let one word slip  
Of what I tell you now, and death shall be  
The erring tongue's reward ; this I decree.  
Men know my words and deeds are counterparts !'

That ev'ning Morgan left the Camp, and four  
Stout negroes at a run, a litter carried,  
They went a thro' the wood, not by the shore.  
Men wink'd and said, 'Morgan will soon be married.'  
We saw no more of him, till three days gone :  
Then he return'd in rage, and all alone.  
And vented passion fierce, in fits and starts.

He call'd for wine, and drank it, cup on cup ;  
Ask'd if the marching men, were in array ?  
Order'd them all before him, look'd them up.  
' Be ready, men, at earliest break of day.'  
Gonsalvo had his orders to remain,  
And rule the place, till he came back again.  
' Obedience, or the trigger, be your law.'

Then he drank more, and finally stretch'd out  
His sinewy limbs in slumber. I stood guard  
At his tent's opening. Dreaming, he would shout,  
' Conquer'd by woman ! Ah ! my fate is hard !  
Man, woman, or devil never conquer'd me,  
Or if they did, they never lived to see  
Their victory, whilst I could weapon draw,'

Then he slept off again ; then softly said,  
' O, Isadora, hear my ardent prayer.  
Yield to my wishes ; O, Earth's loveliest maid !  
Thou art my only Love ; my Life, declare  
Thou wilt be mine, by ev'ry sacred claim.  
I give thee all I have, Rank, Riches, Name,  
My Wife—my loved one—do you dare refuse me ?'

And then he shudder'd strong, until the couch  
Whereon he lay, seem'd as tho' ague-stricken.  
Then slept quite calmly, that I can avouch.  
After a while, his temple veins would thicken  
And swell almost to bursting, whilst his hands  
Gripp'd and strain'd at the pistols, link'd by bands  
To either wrist, ' Now you 'll cry, loose me, loose me.'

Thus was that night spent. In the morn he rose  
Buckled his rapier ; that I know meant mischief,  
Nothing the worse, for his disturb'd repose,  
And ev'ry man felt proud, that he was chief.  
They knew if danger came, he'd take his share,  
If plunder were procured, he would not spare,  
And this, a savage, selfish love engender'd.

The troop was ready, reckless where the track ;  
Arm'd to his orders, rifle and rapier long ;  
Five days' provisions in a little sack  
Ev'ry man carried, as they stepp'd along.  
They march'd not, but slid off at Indian run,  
Continuous moving, when 'twas once begun.  
The pace harmonious working, easier render'd.

A half-caste Spaniard, was the first to lead,  
He knew the country, every pass and dell,  
And they knew his endurance, and his speed.  
A word from Morgan, and to work he fell.  
Just then, Gonsalvo to the Chief drew near,  
I held his rifle, so I thus could hear.  
'What of Sierra Negra?' faint, he said.

'Let none go near it. If another ghost  
Makes it more terrible to the Indian's dread,  
A lovely one shall haunt it: it can boast  
Of soft fair limbs, within its rocky bed,  
Which have transgress'd so far, I've chain'd them up,  
That to the utmost, they may sorrow sup,  
Till sheer starvation, rank them with the dead.'

Gonsalvo made another short appeal ;  
A stern look, caused me shrink quite out of hearing ;  
I felt a horror, I could not conceal,  
And when he call'd me up, I trembled, fearing.  
He took his gun. ' If you too much have heard,  
Beware you don't let slip a single word.  
Gonsalvo, if that fellow prates, just stop him.'

' And here now, stranger, you have heard the tale,  
' The Sierra Negra,' a forbidden word  
I've mention'd, also Morgan would not fail  
If that were whisper'd by a little bird,  
To save me all apology, by a shot,  
Death, if Gonsalvo knew it, were my lot.  
The laws are very summary—guilty—drop him.

And the quick bullet, or stiletto keen,  
The cleaving axe, or plaited Lasso's fold,  
Without a thought's delay, will intervene  
And teach the lieges, on how slight a hold  
They deem their lives their own. To be suspect  
Is death ; for Morgan holds, if men reflect,  
His men, instead of Pirates, lawyers would be.'

Enough, I had heard to shock me ; then I ask'd  
' How long since Morgan parted ? ' ' Full six weeks.'  
Unknown the horror, which my soul then task'd.  
Like fumes from Acheron, the mem'ry reeks !  
I stole away, join'd with an Indian tribe  
But could not gain them o'er, by any bribe,  
To penetrate ' The Negra,' where I would be.



I tried it by myself, got lights and found  
Full many passages, and groped my way  
Thro' cavities, which seem'd form'd to confound,  
And often lost myself; then came back to-day.  
The mountain was half hollow'd, as it seem'd,  
By burrowing waters, which abundant stream'd.  
I left the place, in deepest dull despair.

And now, I find myself dragg'd here to die;  
Saved by a miracle, thro' that dear boy's hand:  
Whilst my fell captor, wounded, had to fly,  
And our late combat, scatter'd all his band.  
I tell you, ladies, great men, messmates, all,  
I, superstitious, fear what may befall.  
I'd like to search the whole place—but don't dare."

He ceased, and pity well'd in many an eye,  
No mocking sarcasm, tried the brave man's grief.  
Helen said but little, but she heaved a sigh;  
And Grantham sigh'd too, and it gave relief.  
Lovett look'd at him, and fast grasp'd his hand,  
His words of comfort, he could not command,  
But utter'd, "Grantham, now at last I know you."

The Governor and Admiral declared  
To search the whole place, now should be their task,  
If they spent weeks upon it; thus they shared  
Their sympathy with the sufferer. "May we ask  
What is that chart you study?" "'Tis the clue  
To all the labyrinths, you intend to view,  
I little doubt, 'twill all intricacies show you."

But Grantham's consolation came the best  
From Diver and from Pennant: first said nought  
But laid his loving head, upon his breast:  
The latter at his thoughts, impulsive caught.  
"We'll fight for you, dear Grantham, Dive and I,  
Would at that Morgan we'd another try;  
I think I did wrong, at his head to fire.

But Divey, you did right, to fetch his jacket,  
Thereby safe bringing us the key to find  
The kernel of this nut, and then to crack it;  
Without that, to its wonders we were blind.  
I've made a small excursion, since we parted,  
And found the Church and Prison—be brave-hearted,  
We'll make the whole place out, if you desire.

Before the ladies venture on the search,  
A dozen sailors with a lever could  
Upset the rock, which lies within two perch,  
And open up an easy way, tho' rude.  
There is a shop, and tool-house, in the den,  
I'll get the implements, you provide the men.  
Lieutenant Armstrong, your strength could assist."

"With all my heart, let's see the work proposed."  
And Armstrong went with his young guide, who climb'd  
Over the barrier. Armstrong's light disclosed  
A semicircle plain enough, tho' grimed,  
At the rock's foot. What's this he inly thought?  
Can this huge mass revolve? The idea caught,  
He grasp'd the rock, it moved with easy twist.

So nicely balanced, it seem'd work of art,  
Turning upon its centre. Waiting now  
Till Pennant had return'd. "Stupid thou art  
To climb, where thou could'st freely walk. See how  
My 'Open, Sesame' will pave the way  
From your dark vault, to reach the blessèd day."  
And as he said the words, he turn'd the stone.

"Who could have thought it? But 'tis well found out,  
A little stone, would jam the whole concern,  
And make it take resistance very stout."  
"Well, boy, you see, you've got to live and learn."  
"Ay! ay! Sir; but my living or my learning,  
Is nothing to the plan, you found of turning  
This rock, which in climbing ached my ev'ry bone.

Lieutenant, there are places, they must travel  
Where dear Miss Helen would be ankle deep;  
If I had time, I'd fill them up with gravel,  
Nor let her garments, or her dear feet dreep:  
Planks lie, arrangèd, in the tool-house here,  
We'll make a bonny causeway, dry and clear.  
Tho' we're not pirates, she shall walk the plank."

Thus, will and strength united, laboured well,  
And 'fore an hour was past, the way was clear.  
And then, as if their loving care to tell,  
They roll'd rich carpeting, the great hall, near.  
Then an idea, seized the little wight,  
How to illume that hall, and make it bright.  
They found abundant rock oil, in a tank.

They brought a bucket full, and pour'd it out  
Into a hollow, of the centre floor,  
Turn'd the light on it, started with a shout  
When it blazed up; for, standing right before,  
A dreadful Demon black, rose, in the light,  
Illuming the whole scene, with flashes bright,  
With fearful eyes, extending black arms, long.

They thought they were alone; a moment's terror  
Half paralysed their senses, then they woke  
With a loud laugh, from superstitious error,  
As with a welcome voice big Ackbar spoke.  
He, outside, had been ordering the Blacks,  
But now, had follow'd on his master's tracks,  
And Lovett sent him, to look after Armstrong.

They were made up now; with stout Ackbar's aid,  
Another pool of the rock oil was form'd,  
Rife for a moment's lighting. He display'd  
His genius now, for where a rivulet worm'd  
Its tiny course across the rocky floor,  
He placed a barrel of the rock oil, more,  
Judging the stream would serpentine with fire.

Then they agreed that Ackbar should remain;  
When the whole party came, should light the fires;  
And he, his part the better to sustain,  
Met ev'ry view, to please their weird desires.  
They dress'd him up in garments from the store,  
Brilliant with red and gold; his head, too, bore  
A tissued turban, with three spikes of gold.

“Ackbar, my Boy, you make a Pluto splendid ;  
All Pandemonium could not yield a finer ;  
Your natural and artificial graces blended,  
Make you, of all the De’ils I know, the shiner.  
When we’re all in, set the small stream afire,  
Then to the far side of the pool retire ;  
Stand as you did, when you disturb’d our nerves.”

These dispositions made, the two went back  
To find the impatient party, on their way :  
But having pass’d the door, they lost the track,  
And ’twixt two passages, were coustrain’d to stay.  
Grantham had come to help them, with his chart,  
But in their crowd, he but ill play’d his part,  
And glad were they, to see light’s distant curves.

Pennant now took the guidance, all went well.  
In rapid motion, they now ventured on ;  
The light scarce glimmering, on the rock walls fell,  
Or in the ousing waters, flashing shone.  
Sometimes, they had to stoop—then, ’twas so high,  
They thought they saw above, the open sky,  
Till, they got very near, the mighty Hall.

Armstrong by pre-arrangement, as each pass’d,  
Extinguish’d his small taper ; darkness fell,  
Which might with the Cimmerian, have been class’d,  
And awful silence too, as by a spell.  
A little whistle caught the strained ear,  
Then, a bright fiery serpent, twines quite near,  
Winding along the floor, from out the wall.

Whilst their eyes watch'd it, glimmering along,  
It reach'd the centre pool. O what a sight  
Revealed was, by that fierce blaze, so strong  
As to confuse, and dazzle with delight.  
Roof, pillars, walls, like brilliant diamonds shone,  
The gloomy terrors, of the place were gone ;  
Aladdin's cave, was more than realized.

Stalactite and Stalagmite, kiss'd each other,  
Of purest crystal, one descending low,  
The other tending upwards, as a brother,  
Flashing prismatic radiance, from below.  
Puzzled delight smiled upon ev'ry face,  
From the rough sailors, to the Maid of grace.  
A wonder, seen so seldom, should be prized.

But 'midst their wonder, and extreme delight,  
The boldest felt, just not a little started ;  
For, where the flames sprung to their greatest height,  
Then sunk a moment, in the centre parted,  
They saw a fearful Demon, giant high,  
Rise thro' the flames, as tho' he 'd scale the sky ;  
A marvellous apparition, thro' the blaze !

To say the sailors started, and fell back,  
Were but to state the fact, the brave men shook,  
And would have bolted, did they know the track.  
Men had no terror for them, but the look  
Of that dread, monstrous Fire-king, did alarm  
Their souls with superstition's lying charm,  
And many thought, they saw their last of days. !

But, when a bellowing roar, came from the fire,  
And then a voice shriek'd out, "What do ye here  
In my dominions? Dread ye not my ire?  
Mortal intruders, do ye not know fear?  
Is not the Earth enough, that thus ye must  
Your prying curiosity, hither thrust,  
Invading, at your peril, my domains?"

Fetch yonder sailor : he shall crisply burn,  
Till I can scatter his foul ashes wide ;  
Come here, young Midshipman, you the spit shall turn ;  
I'll take that ransom, for my injured pride.  
I'd burn ye all to ashes—but I see  
Earth's loveliest maidens 'midst your chivalrie ;  
That saves you undergoing death's dread pains.

For their sakes I will welcome, and will spare :  
Nay more, I give permission to explore  
This country-house of mine, and ye may share  
The wealth that it contains, in ample store.  
We Fire-born Demons, have our wealth at will ;  
If what is here, don't satisfy, ask still.  
To my fair Guests, I'll give with liberal hand.

Now I go hence, down, down, I scarcely dare  
Trust my enchanted senses, nor my eyes,  
To look upon such loveliness, so fair,  
For 'neath my embraces, any mortal dies.  
Live happy. Make ye rich, and when ye sing,  
Tune to your harps, the mem'ry of the King,  
The Fiery-king, who would not touch, to brand."

Screen'd by the fire, into the flames he push'd  
An open keg of spirits. Blue flames rose  
Up to the very roof, and all round gush'd  
The lambent flames, concealing from all eyes  
The Demon king—then suddenly his form,  
Seen indistinctly thro' the fiery storm,  
Plunged in the flaming cauldron, and sunk down.

Ackbar, behind the flames, threw off his dress,  
And when the fiery screen, the highest rose,  
Caused the bright garments thro' the flames to press,  
Then let them sink, his masquerade to close.  
Then, when all eyes were fix'd upon the fire,  
Unseen, he slipp'd round to his messmate choir,  
A rated seaman, but without a crown.

This scene enacted, they had time to view  
The cave magnificent, by the flaming light,  
To see the coruscations, which there grew  
In darkness: wondrous things, to be so bright;  
And as the flame died down, like opaline  
A lovely curious coloring, might be seen,  
Shifting, like mystic shades in pearly shell.

Now, to investigate the other grots,  
Pennant first show'd them, his discoveries;  
And wonder fill'd their eyes, at many spots,  
If costly garments, weapons, gold, could please.  
Chests full of doubloons, ducats, and piastres,  
The guilty fruit, of many foul disasters,  
With jewell'd chalices, and gems as well.



Here, ev'ry eye saw was abundant loot ;  
It was too tempting, so they sped along  
Till Pennant knew no more. Grantham, 'twill suit  
Now to take up the burden of our song.  
With chart and compass, he prepared to trace,  
The other wonders, of this wondrous place.  
Did he succeed, or not, the tale records.

One hundred paces from the southern door  
Of the Great Hall, along a passage wide,  
Stands a high rock, of forty feet, or more :  
Pass in behind it, mark upon its side  
A white vein passing, downwards ; where it ends  
Conceal'd in sand, a ring assistance lends ;  
Pull, and you raise a trap-door of rough boards.

A stair is seen, and twenty feet below,  
The Powder Magazine. " Halt, friends, 'tis best  
Not to bring candles there, or we might blow  
Up the Sierra, to the mountain's crest.  
Let us pass on ; now for the Church, 'twere odd  
If any creature here, e'er worshipp'd God !  
Let's see : 'tis but a step of fifty paces."

The chart directions gave, and it was found.  
The rocks assumed almost a Gothic shape ;  
Great sheets of crystal, wall'd it all around,  
And wind driven stalactites, appear'd to drape.  
A chancel, and an altar, form'd in stone,  
With brilliant incrustations overgrown.  
A mighty pulpit, too, the structure graces.

“The Prison now : close by the Church is laid :  
It seems, by this, to lie beneath the floor.  
Directions are, ‘thro’ Church, to where display’d  
Three rocks like tombstones, the last is a door ;  
Its side falls like a leaf, and gives good space.  
Thence to the Dungeon, is a simple trace.’  
Bring all the light, it seems a gruesome place.”

They all descended an inclined plain, steep,  
There the path widen’d, to a good-sized hall,  
Shelving and sloping, until far down, deep,  
It met a subterranean torrent’s fall,  
Too wide for man to leap ; the slippery rock  
Would ev’ry effort of the boldest mock :  
And to fall in, would end life without trace.

A cave’s mouth yawn’d, beyond the roaring fall,  
And this side of the torrent, lay a plank ;  
Here, all was gloomy, as a funeral pall,  
Slimy with moisture, greasy, dim and dank.  
A few blind lizards crawl’d about the stones,  
And here and there, were scatter’d rotting bones.  
The whole place, had a nauseous, charnel smell.

’Twas curiosity, not pleasure, or  
The lust for new excitement, that now spurr’d  
The searchers on. Most wish’d to go back, for  
To many, place-inspir’d, dark thoughts occur’d ;  
They might not find their way out ; rocks might fall,  
And in a night of death, entomb them all.  
Men are not brave, when hearts ring such a knell.

One man was there, a man whose whole career  
Had been a life of risk, and danger ever ;  
A man, whom none could e'er suspect of fear,  
A brave man in the world's esteem, and clever.  
Why does he tremble, as with ague shock ?  
Why does he stand, irresolute, on that rock ?  
He dreads a secret, now to be reveal'd.

At length he speaks, " Men, shove the plank across."  
A dozen sailors instant bridged the space.  
Diver rush'd over ; Grantham, without loss  
Of moment's time or thought, with upturn'd face,  
As tho' he charged an armèd Citadel,  
To seek for death, but fight until he fell.  
His fierce emotion, could not be conceal'd !

The sailors look'd in wonder. That still man !  
What in the world can ail him ? Is he crazed ?  
A howling yell from Diver, now began,  
Mix'd with a cry, as tho' by maniac raised.  
Helen sprung to Ackbar, " Help me o'er," she cried,  
And fearless, with the Black, over she hied.  
She guess'd, before she saw, what Grantham found.

Fast as the plank permitted, pour'd the rest,  
And then, a strange sight met their curious view.  
Grantham lay in a fit, choking, oppress'd ;  
The Dog sat howling o'er him, ever new.  
Helen and the Black, tried Grantham to prevent  
From dashing out his brains, so fiercely bent,  
Striking his head, with fury, on the ground.

When Grantham rush'd across, the place was dark,  
He follow'd Diver's footsteps, 'till he howl'd.  
Then with his match-box, struck the promethian spark,  
His taper lit, whilst wild his senses roll'd ;  
Then held it up—what horror met his eye ?  
He dropp'd to earth as shot, in agony,  
And utter'd what we heard, that dreadful cry.

What saw he ? Ringbolts four, were in the wall ;  
Chains hanging from them, and in their embrace  
A female skeleton, of a woman tall ;  
The long hair hanging down, with drooping grace,  
Nothing but bones remaining ; all flesh gone ;  
Some rags, still clothed the ghastly skeleton.  
And the white teeth look'd grinning, to the eye.

Above, inscribed, in letters once pure white,  
" Vera-Vendetta, vera," then " I. G."  
A date like 16-something, to the sight,  
And a large M beneath, was plain to see.  
Helen, with the Gentlemen, who heard Grantham's tale,  
Read clear the whole romance, without a fail,  
And raised poor Grantham's head, upon her knee.

" Cover that Horror," then she gently said,  
" Ere he revives, and draw the dog away ;  
I've seen him several times jump at the dead,  
And strive to snatch some shining thing away."  
Some one removed the object. Set in gold,  
'Twas Grantham's miniature, in a ragged fold  
Of mould'ring, mildew'd muslin, sad to see !

“Bear him away, friends, ere he can revive,  
Out of this cruel place. Poor fellow! How  
My heart bleeds for him. If he can survive  
And keep his reason, 'neath this cruel blow,  
He must have powers, few men, can e'er attain.  
Quick, men; in this vault, he must not remain.  
Tenderly, bear him, far away from this.”

Strong arms, not the less gentle, they were strong,  
Took up the senseless Grantham, and away  
Bore him in silence, cleverly, along,  
Thro' the dark vaults, till they reach'd open day.  
Pennant the guide, with Morgan's plan in hand,  
Was now, the only leader of the band,  
And Pennant was too sharp, his way to miss.

They laid him down, and shortly Grantham woke.  
“What is it? What has happen'd? Where are we?  
Where is the Foam? Have I received sun-stroke?  
I surely have been dreaming. Did I see  
Some horrid thing?” And then, he laugh'd outright.  
And then lost sense again, and all was night.  
“Bring Mr. Lenox to him, with all speed.”

A man of dark complexion, olive brown,  
Stepp'd forth. “No horse shall beat me, I shall go.”  
“Yes, and if still, you hold your old renown,  
Ducats, your barratero shall o'erflow.”  
The man from out his pouch, some dried leaves took,  
Chew'd them some moments, then his garments shook,  
And legs and feet, from his moccassins freed.

Helen wisely said, "Doctors can little do  
In such a case as that: the mental shock  
After such long expectance, falls on few  
Without bringing reason to a deadly lock.  
Would it not better be, to bear him far  
From this sad scene, which gave his mind the jar,  
Lest recollection come too soon, and crush."

"Lenox will not delay. Let's wait his fiat.  
Meantime, fair ladies, the sun has gone down;  
And tho' we have wonders seen, none can deny it,  
Still sacks of doubloons, are not beds of down.  
Few minutes more, darkness the earth will shroud,  
And cast o'er all the heav'ns, a pall-like cloud:  
You could not reach the ships, till morning's blush."

Thus Lovett; but Imp Pennant now rush'd in.

"Oh! Donicella, you must stop this night.  
To think of travelling back, were almost sin.  
I have discovered chambers, clean and bright.  
See here, (he held his map,) dry as a bone.  
You, ladies, can have one, the Governor one;  
The Admiral, too, shall be provided well.

We've naval flags, and colours in great plenty,  
Enough of bunting, to rig out a fleet;  
We'll make you beds, you will acknowledge dainty,  
And where your slumbers, shall be safe and sweet.  
You shall be guarded, by a trusty band,  
Who will respect your privacy, tho' at hand,  
The fellows here, for you their lives would sell."

"'Twill be rare fun," the girls both declared.  
The Admiral added, "Quartermaster Pennant,  
Have you had all those various buntings, air'd,  
So that no cold, strike on each precious tenant?"  
"Come, Admiral, and see, we've a wood fire  
Blazing and crackling, like an Indian pyre,  
Roasting the bed things; so that's safe enough.

I found the wood-house, piled up log on log,  
Of sweet pimento, cedar wood, and sandal;  
With bundles of the myrtle of the bog,  
And tied in fascies, many a pike-handle.  
So, near the camera, we found a cave,  
And lit a fire, would make a Parsee rave.  
I think the fragrance, even here, I snuff."

All cheerfully agreed to, in the cave  
With the sweet fire, Ackbar had all prepared  
For a good supper. Character to save,  
Varying the meal, from what at dinner fared.  
He added monkey, and a lizard roast  
Of that iguana species, which can boast  
To be a dish, of wondrous savoury flavour.

Then some of them, had caught a young gazelle,  
And its twin haunches, figured there in state;  
With armadillo roasted in its shell,  
And some rock pigeons, served on golden plate.  
Tables and chairs they could not find, in store,  
The guests reclined, as Romans did of yore,  
And appetite, was tickled by rich savour.

Whilst thus at ease they feasted, they heard trampling,  
For sounds went thro' these passages, like thunder.  
Like those from vocal tubes, closely exampling,  
And each one listen'd, with a curious wonder.  
The sounds came nearer, Lenox and his guide,  
Stood flush'd before them, from their speedy ride,  
The native nearly equalling the horse.

He had seen Grantham, ere the cave he enter'd,  
Sleeping uneasily, as tho' he dream'd ;  
To wake him then, he wisely had not ventured,  
For, perspiration from his forehead stream'd.  
Inform'd in few words, of what had occur'd :  
" Body and mind must rest, he can't be stirr'd,  
A strong narcotic, will aid Nature's force.

The night is sultry, careful hands have laid  
An awning o'er him, scarcely to protect,  
But from the influence of the moon, to shade,  
Baleful, when sleeping eyes her rays reflect.  
I've left the watchers, what will keep him still  
For many hours more ; that may fulfil  
My intention, to appease his fearful shock."

Our party now is perfect, Helen thought,  
Is it not very strange, we all must meet  
As tho' by some unknown attraction caught,  
Which jumps o'er probabilities, as fleet  
As the electric current, in its course,  
Unseen, but certain in its furtive force,  
Seeming our resolutions strong, to mock.



First (*place aux Dames*,) myself from bonny Scotland,  
My knightly father, Armstrong, Henry Lovett,  
My fair Companion, I know not of what land,  
And the rough Admiral, trying to be-dove it;  
Lieutenant Pritchard, Lenox, and Black Ackbar,  
And last my Cupid Pennant, brave young tar.  
And surely, lodgings strange, we've got to meet in.

Whilst Helen thought—the rest of her, were thinking,  
But none gave words to thoughts but Sir J—— R——.  
His years, and kindly nature, caused no shrinking,  
And he and Helen, had many a loving spar.  
“Let's have some music—no pianos here!  
That's marvellous 'midst such strange collected gear.  
'Twould give the Ghouls and Afrits, a sweet greeting.”

“Lead off, good Admiral, and we'll follow suit:  
We know your roaring powers; we've yet to learn  
If you can modulate to harp or lute,  
The dove-like feelings, which within you burn.”  
“Agreed,” sung out Sir J——. “Within me pent  
Are feelings, which sore want accompaniment.  
What say you, fairest maiden, to a duet?”

“No, Admiral; my petty powers of song,  
Were like the lark's flight, to the soaring eagle,  
If match'd against your vocal talents strong;  
'Tis but to eclipse, that you would me inveigle.  
Sing by yourself—Comets shine not in pairs;  
An Admiral of the Blue, with no one shares  
Ev'n his thrilling tones, tho' sweet and fluid.”

## THE ADMIRAL'S SONG.

Oh ! would I were, again a boy,  
To taste of simple pleasure,  
Reposing in a boundless joy,  
Diffused, in endless measure.

Oh ! then, I thought the whole world good,  
Responsive beat my heart then ;  
To think all true, my mental food ;  
Delusion sweet, to cheat men.

The boy grew up, to be a man,  
His thoughts were somewhat alter'd ;  
His high opinion, now began  
To be a thing, which falter'd.

He found the trusted ones, untrue ;  
Friends that he loved, deceiving ;  
Friendship with man, he won't renew,  
It only led to grieving.

And then, he took to woman fair,  
Woman proves always gracious :  
But when he ask'd his lot to share,  
Woman proved contumacious.

So casting Trust, and Love away,  
Made a Man-of-War his treasure ;  
Ruled all his men, with sov'reign sway,  
But —— woman could not measure.

"Now I've a call. At a drum-head court martial,  
The youngest, always gives opinion first.  
For the same rule in melody, I'm partial,  
So you'll excuse the old man's leading burst.  
Now, Mr. Pennant, please to favour us,  
Without a hem or haw, or any fuss,  
With a sweet lilt, from out your little pitch-pipe."

## WEE PENNANT'S SONG.

Far on the deep—on the wide deep,  
Up in the tops, fell a Middy asleep;  
Rock'd by the blast—unheeding the roar  
Of the billows, whose spray dash the mighty ship o'er,  
Of the billows which dash the mighty ship o'er;  
For he dream'd of his childhood, and heard what could smother  
The storm of the ocean—the voice of his mother.

Up on the mast—on the tall mast,  
With eyes half open, but vision o'ercast,  
The Middy lay in the deepest sleep,  
Whilst his own friendly topmen, a steady watch keep.  
Whilst his own jolly topmen a steady watch keep.  
Yet at call of stern duty, he's up like another  
From calmest repose, where he dreamt of his mother.

"Well done, little man! 'Tis your call for the next.  
What is that you have got in your hand, big Ackbar?  
A bag-pipe, mandoline, a tom-tom—I'm perplex.  
Oh! I see you have also, procured a guitar.  
These knaves are the strangest, I ever did know;  
'Tis both pleasure, and profit, to beat such a foe.  
Who comes next, Mr. Pennant, our senses to please?"

"The ladies, the ladies. Donicellé Bellissimé  
 The Miss, and the Donna, both play the guitar,  
 So now we 'll have music, most exquisitissime,  
 With tom-tom accompaniment, from Signor Ackbar.  
 So ladies, your servant, humilissime, craveth  
 A song, about which, all the Focastle raveth.  
 'Tis a Peruvian ditty, which swells by degrees."

## HELEN AND ISADORA SING.

Where? oh, where is Beauty's dwelling?  
 Where the natal place of Love?  
 Where is Grace, there 's no repelling,  
 Sweetness, would a hermit move?

In Peru, }  
 Dear Peru, } Peru is the Land of Love!

There, the Muses, and the Graces  
 All conspired at Beauty's fane:  
 Each, to leave the fairest traces  
 Of their art, which could remain.

In Peru, }  
 Dear Peru. } Peru is the Land of Grace!

Where is rider, like that Centaur  
 Gaucho, Poncho'd, lasso-arm'd.  
 Ready for soft love, or fierce war;  
 Like Apollo, doubly arm'd.

In Peru, }  
 Dear Peru. } Peru is Land of the Brave.

Where? oh, where are mountains snow-capp'd,  
Like the mighty Andes chain :  
Peaks in thunder, lightning, cloud-wrapp'd,  
Seeming, heaven to sustain ?

In Peru, } Cordillera's }  
Dear Peru. } Peru's, Peru's } glorious chain !

Where does Cypress twine with myrtle,  
Death and life, in one fair wreath ;  
Soaring eagle, cooing turtle,  
Kisses mix'd with mortal breath.

In Peru, }  
Dear Peru. } Peru's love, is passion's strain.

Crescendo and crescendo, voices mingling,  
Both exquisite, tho' differing, in their tone,  
Harmoniously uniting, and then singling ;  
Both now together, either now alone.  
Both adepts in the Science, call'd "Joyeuse,"  
In tones more dulcet, than in notes profuse.  
Applause on ev'ry hand, hail'd the conclusion.

The Admiral applauded last, and said,  
"You've brought the house down, Ladies, but be careful  
Of tumbling rocks, from our roof overhead,  
For their descent, would be tremendous fearful!  
Your call is next." The Governor. "Well done!  
The Governor, I wiss, has tune and tone.  
But we've no Bagpipe to—produce confusion.

## SIR ALLEN SINGS.

Far awa from my Ain Land, its hills, and its mountains,  
In these lovely regions, my heart sighs apace ;  
I can look with delight, on their forests and fountains,  
But nought like my Hame, in their beauties, I trace.

Far awa from the links, which in childhood united  
In Clanship, and friendship, and britherly love.  
Where men were all true, and affection ne'er blighted,  
Responsive, gave answer, where faith must approve.

Far awa from the Fortals, where rested my forebeers,  
Strong men, of stout courage, who boucled the brand :  
Whom nothing could daunt, when they carried their Lorbeers,  
And fought for their Chieftain, with Claymore in hand.

Far awa from Dear Scotia, tho' rugged its features,  
My heart feels a-widow'd ; this soft land seems tame,  
My spirit, too, pants for those kind, gentle natures  
Who dwell in the Land, of my Own Leal Hame !

“ Now, Gentlemen, I see you have been plotting  
Something tremendous, to wind up the night.  
See, Admiral, they have all their guns been shotting,  
To riddle all our lilts, of mere delight.  
Up then ! We're ready to receive your fire.  
The Ladies, too, have join'd your tuneful Choir,  
And even Ackbar has his Doodle-sac.”

[Messrs. Lovett, Armstrong, Pritchard, Lenox, with Mademoiselles Helen and Isadore sing. Assisted by Ackbar occasionally on the Doodle-sac. The Ladies occasionally touching guitar and mandoline. A sometimes chorus of all the rest, aided by a Baboon peeping thro' the rocks in the roof.]

- 
- Lovett.* Tell us what is life ?  
*Armstrong.* Life's a mystery !  
*Pritchard.* Health, strength, mind, a wife.  
*Lenox.* Feeling ever free !
- Helen.* Life 's a bubble bursting.  
*Isadora.* Trouble, till it ends.
- Helen and* 'Tis twice life, when trusting  
*Isadora.* Faithful, faithful friends.
- Ackbar.* Vitalo, ghingani, tahribo singani  
 Thalabo oribi, cosmiko liberi.
- All.* Tell us what is life ?  
 Life 's a mystery,  
 Health, strength, mind, a wife.  
 Feeling ever free.
- Helen and* Life 's a bubble bursting.  
*Isadora.* Trouble till it ends,  
 'Tis twice life, when trusting  
 Faithful, faithful friends.
- Ackbar.* Vital, Tahribo,  
 Thalib, singani  
 Oribi cosmiko  
 Ghingani liberi.
- Baboon in the* }  
*roof.* } Yaw whisch, waiche—waich !

“ Bravo, Bravissimo, and now to bed ;  
We must be stirring early, with the sun.  
Doubtless, sweet dreams will wreath each weary head,  
The work must here be finish’d, once begun.  
Good-night, good-night, again a sweet good-night,  
With peaceful slumbers, and with visions bright.”  
Ere she retired, Helen to Lenox spoke.

“ Friend, could you manage, for poor Grantham’s sake,  
To visit with a guide, that horrid place  
Where he was overcome, and from thence take  
Lost Isadora’s bones. ’Twill part efface  
His wounded feelings, when he knows, that they  
Sleep as they ought, in consecrated clay.  
Perhaps his better feelings, ’twill evoke.”

Lenox assented. “ Pennant, will you guide  
Me to this place of vengeance. I came late,  
And only heard report, that Grantham’s bride  
Had been discover’d, in a horrid state.”  
They went, and tenderly removed the bones,  
Amidst the execrations, and the groans  
Of the assisting sailors, who gave aid.

Lenox then visited his patient, found  
The strong narcotic, well had done its work ;  
He lay in slumber deep, the most profound,  
Around his eyes, a dark and gloomy cirque.  
He left him. Sleep he knew was his best friend ;  
Pitying the thoughts, his waking would attend.  
The agony which threaten’d life, betray’d.



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Next morning stir and bustle, ruled the place.

Long trains of men, carried vast treasures out :  
Even the Blacks, a superstitious race,  
Join'd in the loot, and added to the rout.

Then Captain Bluart, with three hundred men,  
Came, fearing mishap, marching up the glen ;  
Welcome addition, to the plund'ring force.

The treasures all removed, piled in a heap  
Some little distance from the Sierra cave,  
The Leaders' counsel was, that such a keep  
Should be destroyèd : that the murderous knave  
If ever he return'd to seek his prey,  
Might find all desolation ; swept away  
The darksome scene, of his life's wicked course.

The Magazine within the rock, contain'd  
Powder enough to arm a mighty fleet,  
Cask upon cask. Here fuses long were train'd,  
And thro' the passages, where'er was meet  
Powder was scatter'd. Barrels of rock oil  
Their heads stöve in soak'd all the thirsty soil,  
Ready to burst in flame, when touch'd with fire.

The bands march'd off to distance. Gunners then  
Saw all complete. A gallant volunteer  
Ready to fire the train, jump'd from the men,  
And with a porte-fire, saunter'd without fear,  
To where the main train enter'd. Quick, it blazed,  
The man, a moment, as it ran on, gazed,  
Seeing his work complete, swiftly retired.

Some moments of suspense—a rumbling shake,  
The mountain seem'd to heave : fire and thick smoke  
Burst from the shatter'd rocks, in fierce earthquake.  
Then such a thund'ring crash, all Nature woke.  
Ev'n at great distance, to excite a fear  
That any distance was a whit too near :  
The rocking hill collapsed with rolling crash.

There goes the Pirate's nest, and pity 'tis  
The Pirate is not in it. 'Twere a fate  
Only too mild, for hellish deeds like his,  
Which on the roughest mind, must rudely grate.  
Lives there a man, who saw that fearful sight,  
A lovely woman starved, in chains, for spite,  
That would not on the foul offender dash.

After this deed of justice, quite outside  
The practice of the British Naval force,  
Each man engaged, bore off in honest pride,  
Some token, to put boasting out of course.  
Some tars chose jewels of the richest fire,  
Some, splendid arms and garments. Heart's desire  
Had more than room, to exercise its taste.

The Blacks, were soon array'd in cloth of gold,  
With gauzey turbans, of the brightest hues,  
And richest tissues, in their varied fold.  
With inlaid arms, Toledo blades of use.  
And ev'ry man had rigg'd a little sack  
Chuck full of pillar dollars, on his back,  
And tied a golden sausage, round his waist.

When all had taken what they could convey,  
Heap upon heap lay over. A strong guard  
Was left, till aid should come from Morgan's bay,  
Lying in strange confusion, on the sward.  
Grantham had been sent on, carefully borne,  
Shatter'd in mind and body, all forlorn.  
Nor yet, awaken'd, from his fearful dream.

Lenox had placed poor Isadora's bones  
Within a coffer, tenderly and sad,  
Amidst the watery eyes, and threat'ning groans  
Of stout Blue Jackets, and the Little Lad,  
Who, really, had been the acting power  
From the first start, to the last fearful hour.  
God oft makes weak things, the most potent seem.

In regular order when prepared to march,  
The Ladies took their place, among the rest.  
The sun pour'd down his rays, with burning parch,  
Strong men in that rock valley felt oppress'd.  
Lenox had ridden up, to Grantham's need,  
A strong Mustang, of the true Prairie breed,  
A broad Peruvian cushion, on its back.

Girth'd with a Lasso tough, it could not slip,  
"Ladies, too hot to walk! This horse will bear  
You safely, till you reach the distant ship;  
The cushion will be large enough to share.  
Pennant has been galloping the nag about,  
And cool'd his over-spirits I've no doubt.  
He says, the beast sails forward, but won't tack."

Helen thank'd the Doctor, for his thoughtful care,  
Mounted at once, and Juanita too,  
Each facing different ways, the cushion share.  
'Twas Pennant's plan, to keep their balance true.  
The Indian owner of the Mustang, walk'd  
Beside the animal, and kindly talk'd;  
'Twas evident, they well each other knew.

We close this scene now, safe the ships were gain'd.  
Lovett borrow'd Pennant, to get shortly back,  
By which, so readily, he his end attain'd,  
And by it, came upon the Outlaw's track.  
'Twas easy now, to pass that dangerous way,  
By the appliances, which concealed lay.  
Pennant said, "'Twas Diver did it, all, so true."

Again the word, Good-bye, has to be said,  
Helen saw the wistful looks, and eyes of sorrow,  
Which her friends' feelings, tho' suppress'd, betray'd.  
With joy to-day, grieve not at blank to-morrow.  
No formal partings, split the happy knot;  
Meetings like these could never be forgot,  
And to dwell on them, we fear all were prone.

Poor fellows, Helen thought, as snug she lay  
In her state cabin, on the Orion's poop,  
After well-earned slumber. I could pray  
That all these noble fellows, would not dupe  
Themselves, by doing what I know they do,  
Keeping my unworthy self, in mind's-eye view.  
No doubt, I like them all—but I love none!



## Canto IX.

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“ He left a corsair’s name to other times  
Link’d with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.”

BYRON.

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ANOTHER week, the ships are gone ; and friends  
Again are parted. To his Government  
M’Kenzie goes, contented, that the ends  
Of justice, and humanity, were spent  
In rooting out, this secret murd’rous nest  
Of pirates, who these southern seas infest.  
Cutting the gordian knot, which held together.

Juanita wish’d to stay with her new friend ;  
Her old connections, had been rudely sever’d ;  
But Grantham promised, that he would attend  
Her interests in her old home, and endeavour’d  
To rouse himself from paralysing shock,  
Which, nearly, clasp’d his life’s strings in death’s lock,  
Where life or madness, balanced with a feather.

The manumitted Blacks, at their desire,  
Were left the tenants of the pirate lake;  
With stores, and arms, and what they might require:  
And they all promised, that for Helen's sake,  
They would not let a pirate, near the place,  
Nor leave of piracy, a single trace,  
But, be the truest, of all British men.

They built them huts, and when the ladies came  
To take a last farewell, o'er ev'ry roof  
The "Cuillionn,"\* the M'Kenzie badge of fame  
Surrounded each, to show of love the proof.  
Helen, saw Ackbar's agency, in that act,  
The river took its name from it, a fact  
Corrupted, after long years, to Coylan.

Diverse the creeds, amongst those former slaves;  
Children in their devotions; their gods, stone,  
And ugly things, which superstition craves,  
Which, spirit will not satisfy alone.  
Helen perceived this; to the chosen Chief  
She gave a folio Bible, told them brief,  
" 'Twas the Great Spirit's word, to bind in one."

She knew they could not read it, so she said,  
"A faithful friend should visit them, to expound  
Its sacred pages. She hoped they'd be led  
By the wise, loving things, there to be found.  
Father, here's Mission work, with best of hope."  
"Daughter, your wishes shall have fullest scope.  
In this good deed, we all, will willing join."

\* The Cuillionn is the Holly, the badge of the M'Kenzies.

The Blacks huzza'd, and took the Sacred Book,

Hence to be deem'd an oracle, and vow'd

None should regard it, with an unkind look.

"It shall be Fetish," one man cried aloud.

"Oh! I am helpless, these poor men to teach,

Some one must do it, who has learn'd their speech.

They give a pagan turn, to best intentions."

She parted, 'midst their blessings; great surprise

Woke in her father's heart, and her's, to hear

The whole black people, with the loudest cries,

Shout "Tuluch Ard," M'Kenzie's war-cry, dear,

Ne'er heard before, save on the Scottish hills.

Her throbbing heart, her swelling eyelid fills.

"These people can be taught, by love's inventions!"

The ships all left that station, but the Foam.

The naval carpenters had all conspired

To fit her out, in this her foreign home,

By mutual gratitude, and good-will inspired.

The big Felucca, too, to Grantham giv'n,

Cast her lateens, and rigg'd spars seeking heav'n,

And look'd a rival craft, with Jack at peak.

Grantham shook off his fever, and his grief.

Helen's monitions weigh'd but little now.

His life had object. First he sought his chief.

A firm resolve, lit up his res'lute brow.

"The fearful doubts, which whole years torture gave,

I've buried, Mr. Lovett, in her grave!

My wish is now, justice on him to wreak.

I will not call it vengeance—but I must  
Meet that man once more. Heaven shall then decide  
By skill or force, pistol or sabre thrust,  
If life, befits the murd'rer of my bride.  
An oath he has sworn, he 's pledged to murder me :  
I 'll give him ev'ry chance, and fight him free,  
When, Providence presents him to my sight.

Till he is taken, piracy will reign  
All down these coasts, and islands : his bold name  
Draws all the desperadoes of Old Spain,  
And other renegades, to seek ill fame,  
Under his blood-red flag. Now, all I ask,  
Is, that you finish, your commencèd task,  
And with our two fine Cruisers, do a right."

Lovett replied : " A better feeling must  
Actuate our minds. The yards-arm, and a rope  
Were fitter for this hell-hound, and I trust  
His fearful villainy, will find that scope.  
Think not of him—the riches he amass'd  
By blood and treachery, have from him pass'd.  
Let 's smile, and thank him for the wealth collected.

You 're richer now than most men ! Be content  
To enjoy life's blessings : do not mar your lot,  
By indulging in your soul, a vicious bent.  
Leave all to Providence. Revenge is not  
A wholesome inmate in a brave man's mind ;  
Let not the Demon shackle, and make blind.  
'Tis bad defence for man, to be Devil-protected."



Grantham replied : " Strange ! Miss M'Kenzie said

Almost the same words. Yielding, I will fight  
Against myself ; be not of me afraid.

I have my thoughts, at last, all will come right ;  
And vengeance, cannot bring the dead to life.  
Happiness cannot be, with mind at strife.

But give me action ; rest would be my bane."

" There 's work enough to do here still : the cove

Where you surprisèd Morgan, we must seek.

I doubt me much, if half that treasure-trove

Was found out, and the force we left, was weak

To save it, or themselves. There, first, we sail,

To easy victory, on to-morrow's gale,

And I expect, a mighty prize to gain."

Provision'd, arm'd, and mann'd, the two ships start.

Lovett had learn'd each winding of the coast,

Grantham laid down all dangers, in a chart,

With accurate knowledge, few men there could boast.

The rendezvous arranged, they raced away.

Trying respective speeds, in yachtsmen's play ;

And just at sundown, reach'd the appointed spot.

A fresh breeze came down with the sinking sun,

Behind the promontory, which o'erlapp'd

The little bay ; they to its shelter run,

And dropp'd their anchors in good ground, as happ'd.

The cautious Grantham, wish'd the place t' explore,

Ere entering in the bay's uncertain shore,

And as it proved, it was a happy thought.

All snug on board, no noise, no evening gun,  
Lovett and Grantham pull'd with muffled oars  
In for the shore, where since the set of sun,  
Darkness intense prevail'd. Grantham explores  
The cliffs, for minutes few, then round a rock  
Paddles the skiff, avoiding noisy shock.  
Then gliding silently, the boat recedes.

A whisper low, tells Lovett, "Boats and men  
Are lying there conceal'd." They slip away,  
And quickly reach the cruisers, and again  
All hands prepare them, for a coming fray.  
When all is ready, and strong watches set,  
Grantham, whose mind seems in perpetual fret,  
To spy the bay, again, with Lovett pleads.

Ackbar goes with him. Silently they land;  
Conceal their skiff, then mount the hill's steep side,  
Escaping notice of the outlying band,  
Their footsteps drown'd by plashing of the tide.  
Then, down the rocky slope, the cave, above,  
Careful to stir a stone, the two men move;  
When, thro' a crevice in the rock, they hear

Voices in loud debate, and angry tone,  
Coming from below. Down on the earth they sink.  
The listening Grantham, scarce conceals a groan,  
And his excitement reaches danger's brink.  
One word he whispers Ackbar, "Morgan," and  
Points downward, with an indicating hand.  
"Little he thinks, his deadly foe is here."

They heard the angry words, oaths, blasphemies,  
Bandied about, amidst that pirate crew,  
Almost to make the reflux blood, to freeze.  
They heard, but sight gave not the gang to view.  
Morgan cursed all for cowards, who gave in  
At the lake fight, where he felt sure to win.  
“ And now, ye want reward, for cowardice.”

“ We want the treasure, here remaining, shared.  
What we, at Panama, risk'd life for, gone.  
And to a man, we now are all prepared  
To leave you here, deserted, and alone,  
To be pick'd up, by some advent'rous blade,  
Who 'll find your whereabouts, to him betray'd,  
And send you to the yard-arm, in a trice.”

Then Morgan growl'd in thunder: “ Is it so?  
Lives there one man, to back you, in this plot?  
Let him stand forth. I 'd like the wretch to know,”  
Instant, there came a startling pistol-shot,  
Another follow'd. “ Now, men! Claimants more?  
Stand forth, I 'll share with you my bullets' store;  
Or, if you all combine, I 'll fire the mine.

Let no man stir! If ye dispute my will,  
With one more trigger drawn, your fate shall be  
More rapid, than this pair, ye saw me kill.  
All, shall be blown into eternity.  
I stand upon a cask of powder fine,  
I raise the lid, I leave you to divine,  
The death, you 'll certain get, to compass mine.”

The listening sailors, felt an awkward fear.  
Should the fierce villain put his threat in force,  
They must be struck, by the explosion near,  
They could do nothing, to arrest its course.  
Another moment, they heard Morgan roar,  
“Dogs! ye give in then : dare to tempt me more!  
I care as little for my life, as yours.

I sicken, at your baseness to your chief.  
I led you without fail. I stored your wealth  
For equable division. To be brief,  
You knew of all my gains. Nothing by stealth  
Was hid from you, and must be yours, at last.  
But ev’ry man was sworn, before the mast,  
To questionless obedience, death secures.

Therefore, these caitiffs well deserved their fate;  
False to their oath, and chief—drag them away.  
Your oaths, my word, admit of no debate;  
We must be true, or we become the prey  
Of all opponents. See yon English boy,  
With Grantham, one of us, in his employ,  
How he has wreck’d our fortunes. He must die!

Thro’ his design, and daring, all our ships  
Save four, of any import, are destroy’d;  
And still they wait, like greyhounds in the slips,  
Grudging the moment, they are not employ’d  
In ferreting our treasures out. But see,  
If we are firm and true, and all agree,  
We shall regain the most. At least, we ’ll try.

The plunder they have got, in these two boats,  
Is simply marvellous. If we lived nine lives,  
And harried all the mercantile that floats,  
'Twould not buy all the honey in these hives.  
All I now ask, is your sworn aid, to take  
Those little English yachts; then we will make  
Equal division, to each man engaged.

I ask no part in this great spoil; suffice  
For me, to avenge our cause—his broken oath  
On perjured Grantham. It will look so nice,  
To see the traitor, and his master, both  
Walk o'er the balanced plank, food for the shark,  
Amidst our jeers, whilst we their tremors mark.  
That done, the prize is yours—my wrath assuaged."

Then, he proceeded to unfold his plan;  
Gave ev'ry man his part; each gang a duty:  
Described a place, to ev'ry sworn man,  
Where buried dollars, form'd enormous booty.  
This, they should have too, this one deed well done.  
Enrich'd, 'twere best then, from this coast to run,  
And have a joyous life, where none were known."

Thus, Morgan touch'd their avaricious greed,  
And by strong hand, ruled the blood-thirsty crew,  
Till all the Buccaneers, truly agreed,  
To hold his counsel, steadily in view.  
"To-morrow's dawn, if the wind holds thus fair,  
Our four remaining Cruisers, here repair.  
Then, skill and courage, must past loss atone."

Grantham had heard enough. Ackbar and he,  
Like silent ghosts, climb'd the steep hill, between  
The pirate cavern, and the further sea :  
The night was dark, and not a star was seen.  
They gain'd their little pirogue, stole away,  
Reach'd the two vessels, anchor'd in the bay,  
And told to Lovett, all that they had heard.

'Twas clear, they could not where they were, remain.  
First streak of morning, would their presence tell.  
Quick they decided : if they would attain,  
Their object, Morgan's capture, 'twere as well  
To slip their anchors, hoise no sail, but glide  
On the strong current, till they reach'd the tide.  
All was accomplish'd—not a sound was heard.

Then a good offing gain'd, all sails were hoisted,  
And bounding o'er the long swells, these fine boats  
Their owners' hearts, internally, rejoiced,  
For a good seaman, on his vessel doats.  
The night glass was kept busy, far and wide,  
Thro' darkness, peering o'er the surging tide.  
Then, to watch wider space, they separate.

Arranged, in three days, to approach the coast,  
Except they met the Rovers, and conceal  
Their presence, till all thought of them, was lost ;  
Expectant, what the future might reveal.  
Their wish was to catch Morgan, well afloat,  
Where he must fight, or yield, or lose his boat,  
Take them, or give up to his certain fate.

Each now pursued his course : the second day,  
From the Foam's mast-head, stealing up the shore,  
A sail was sighted : shortly, a bright ray  
Glinting reflective, show'd them three sails more.  
Lovett felt sure, this was the pirate fleet,  
And set all sail, to intercept, and meet ;  
Slanting down on them, with a steady breeze.

When near enough, for bunting to be seen ;  
By signal, name and nation was enquired,  
The Flag of Chili answer'd, Aique Epine,  
Coaster for Florida. Then, in turn, desired  
To know the Schooner's name and nation too ?  
Up ran the Jack, and Sea Foam was spell'd true,  
Letter of Marque ! " Are pirates in these seas ? "

" We met no ships ! " " Please, haul your wind. We 'll board."

" You 're not a Man-of-War. We can't come to."

" Then I 'll fire on you ; let your boat be lower'd,  
(We hold commission, from Britain and Peru)  
And send your papers here. We want no fight,  
But we must see, that you are in the right :  
Or, take the peril, you seem to invite."

The other vessels now, were coming up,  
Amongst them, signalling was going on,  
All making sail, as if to win a cup,  
When from the foremost ship, a bright streak shone,  
A puff of smoke, then with ricochet strong,  
A ball plough'd up the waters, right along  
The schooner's course, then sunk within their sight.

“We have our answer now : ready away

The long gun ; strike the hull. ’Twill tell the knave  
How long our arm is. Fire when the sea gives play,

Well done ! That’s an awakener : he ’ll be brave  
If he stands two or three such hullers keen.

Aim the next shot, for the mast of the Lateen ;

That ball went thro’ the sails, small mischief done.

The other vessels, now, are trying range.

The shot falls short of us. Give each a dose.

They are getting up to windward, which is strange.

We must not let the rascals come too close.

Keep steady fire, and cut their rigging up.

Steady. Good aim. We ’ll make them sorrow sup.

Bear up into the wind. Now the after gun.

They want to get all round us : that they shan’t.

Ready ! ’Bout ship. Run right astern the first.

We ’ll rake her if we can, with this fair slant.

Give her with canister and grape, a burst

From the four carronades. If near enough,

Treat number two, with nearly similar stuff.

We may disable both, in passing thro’.”

This bold manœuvre kept the pirate craft

Still all on one side—spoil’d their little game.

As on she rush’d, leaving them all abaft,

And, if they knew it, striking them, with shame.

She met some damage, from their nearer fire,

But she plough’d up their decks, then to retire

Right down the wind, till out of range, she knew.



Then the long gun, again was brought in play,  
Damaging masts and rigging, safe from harm,  
She seem'd the chased one ; peppering away  
Quite at her ease, and free from all alarm,  
'Till three of the four vessels, their masts gone,  
Lay on the waters, helpless and alone.  
Then, Ackbar to his Master sidled up.

“ Mass Lovett, if you cripple that last ship,  
Morgan will have no means, to try escape ;  
And on the land, he 'll certainly give slip,  
And get away, the fox, in some queer shape.  
Pretend your rudder's shot away—drop' stern.  
Where he was going, we have not to learn,  
And shortly Captain Grantham, will come up.”

“ Thanks, Ackbar, for I think you counsel right ;  
We 'll scandalize our mainsail, halyards slack,  
And drop the peak. She 'll think we 've done with fight.  
Wabble her about a bit ! Slap all aback !  
A dozen to the pumps ! Heave water in  
On starboard side. We 'll make the villains grin.  
They 'll think us, more disabled, than themselves.”

The ruse seen in the distance, quite succeeds.  
The unharm'd Feluc, sees the Yacht's distress ;  
And all sails, drawing, o'er the waters speeds,  
Tho' some on board, their grumbling thoughts confess,  
Say “ they should board, and take her ”—but a ball  
From the long gun, clips thro' them ; they recall  
Discretion, and put valour on the shelves.

Soon, in the shore haze, the Felucca lost—  
The Foam restored to beauty, slips along  
By the three shatter'd vessels. As she cross'd  
She saw, in numbers they were very strong,  
But helpless on the Ocean, there they lay.  
Lovett saw at once, they were an easy prey :  
But, murder form'd no part of his delight !

He hail'd the first, and bade them send all hands  
On board the second, and the third likewise.  
When they hung fire ; he did not : the cow'd bands  
Were all collected in the single prize.  
He scuttled the two others ; they went down ;  
The water, far and wide, with wreck was strewn.  
He scorn'd to take life, save in earnest fight !

No terms were ask'd. None offer'd. "Anchors drop  
To chain and cables length, no ground they'll find,  
But, they will serve, your tidal way to stop,  
And give delay, should darkness make us blind.  
Any attempt to move, or work a sweep,  
Or weigh an anchor, from the briny deep,  
Shall draw our fire, and cut you, thro' and thro'."

By morning, Grantham would be close at hand,  
Till then, 'twas Lovett's purpose to restrain  
These desp'rate relics of his foeman's band.  
So, off and on, the Foam must here remain,  
To keep these men, from joining with their chief,  
Before his Consort, came to his relief.  
Then, must they up, to see what they could do.

A watch, unwinking, thro' that night was kept :  
Fear held the Pirates from attempting aught ;  
'Twas but in snatches, that the seamen slept,  
And eyes half open, ev'ry bubble caught.  
Night pass'd ; with morning both the vessels lay,  
Still, on the waters, in the eye of day.

Then, on the horizon, they discern a speck.

As she came nearer, they, their Consort knew.

Grantham came up ; his cruise had been in vain :  
Nothing, had met his keenly searching view,

But one small Corvette, with the Flag of Spain :  
She was in search of Rovers—best not met.  
She 'd cruise, and they would sail—and neither fret,  
Then Lovett gave his news, without a break.

“ One vessel only, gone to Morgan's aid,  
His men disorganised, by bad success ;  
Trust me, the edge has left the Pirate's blade.”

“ I ask a favour, Captain ; do not press  
With your victorious men, upon this Schelm,  
Leave him to me, alone, to overwhelm.

This time, I will not fail, I feel so calm.

These ruffians must not join him, we could sink

Their crippled vessel, with the greatest ease,  
And save them from the gallows—but you shrink

From such deliberate slaughter. I must please  
My Brave Commander, and my gen'rous friend.  
This fellow's capture, could no glory lend

To his bright laurels, and his death, no balm.”

“ One of the boats must here, perforce, remain,  
The other, must cut off, Morgan’s retreat,  
Grantham, to change ships, for the nonce, I’d fain,  
The Foam is better arm’d, this man to meet.  
Take her, and welcome, she ’s a lucky boat,  
She ’ll do the work, better than aught afloat ;  
And in your prize, I ’ll sentinel these ruffs.”

“ A thousand thanks ; there must be no delay ;  
Morgan wont dally. He must meet his fate.  
He can’t conceal him in that open bay :  
He can’t recall his vengeful words of late.  
The very Devil, whom he serves, will drive  
Him, with his stinging swarm, from out that hive.  
The Foam will hold fair way, when his boat luffs.”

When volunteers were call’d, the Foam’s whole crew,  
Answer’d the summons, save the wounded men ;  
They were replaced by chosen tars, a few.  
The whole crew trusted Grantham, tho’ grieved when  
They saw young Lovett o’er the taffrail slip  
Into his boat, to gain the other ship.  
They loved the gallant lad, with all their hearts.

Grantham replaced him, bearing in his hand  
Some fav’rite arms, and in a silken shawl  
A rattling chain and padlock, with a band  
Of jetty hair, wound round it, in a coil.  
He laid it on the capstan. “ Hoise away ;  
Main halyards, jib, and foresail ! Slack main stay !  
Up with the Gaff,” and so the Foam departs.

Just like a racer, bounding from the goal,  
She started into motion, like a bird,  
Or something, which possess'd a living soul,  
Obedient, to her Captain's ev'ry word.  
"East, East by South! Steady that, down the wind;  
Give her more sheet. The Armourer must grind  
The cutlasses afresh, they must have edge.

Load the long gun with ball, and careful prime:  
Set the charge tubs. Load Twelves with greasèd grape.  
Two men to ev'ry post, not to lose time.  
Be quick, but steady. Everything ship-shape!  
Trice a few hammocks, opposite the masts.  
See that the boats hang clear, and all right fast;  
And in a slip knot, hang astern a kedge.

Ackbar stand by me, as my Aide-de-Camp.  
Fetch me five pounds of powder, from fresh cask.  
This Spanish brass gun, with the muzzle long,  
(A better weapon I would never ask)  
I'll load myself; it carries far, and true;  
Its care, Ackbar, shall be consign'd to you,  
Make a strong, open cartridge, of the powder.

In with it. Ram it home. Now, some greased tow."  
"The ball, Sir?" "No! That packet, with the chain.  
Smoothly, within the muzzle let it go.  
More wadding; loosely ram, that all remain.  
Let no man touch that piece, till I require  
To send my messenger, in deadly fire.  
My Compliments, shall then, be spoken louder."

Lenox was standing near, and saw this act.

He thought: "How marvellous is life's romance.  
This former silent man—grumpy in fact,  
Seems now, like one awaken'd from a trance,  
All fire and energy: strangest of all,  
Sending Love Tokens, as a cannon ball.

I'd laugh—but the small man's a noble sailor."

Cracking along, the coast soon came in view,

Right straight for it they made, no pilot needed.  
Grantham each hill and promontory knew,  
And steadily, unwaveringly, speeded.  
The little bay was open'd; up one side  
He, thro' his glass saw a Lateener glide.

"Ha! all the winds in heav'n, shall not avail him."

The Foam's-men knew the craft, their former foe.

"All hands to quarters. 'Bout ship. Out at sea  
More certainly, we'll strike a steady blow.

Haul in main sheets. Helm starboard, keep her free.  
She lies well to the breeze. Hand over hand,  
The other boat comes down. On her deck stand  
Masses of men, in ev'ry garb array'd."

The Blood-Red flag was flying at her main.

When Grantham saw that, 'twas a joyous sight:  
He need not ask, her quality to explain,

The Rover was confess'd; to rob, his right:  
His hand against all men. All men return'd  
The compliment. But now came one, who burn'd,  
And personal hostility, stern betray'd!

The Foam appear'd to fly the dang'rous fight.  
The pirate Cruiser crowded ev'ry sail,  
Still gaining on her, till beyond the sight  
Of land, where no escape could well avail.  
Then she reversed her tactics, and wore round ;  
By that manœuvre, less'ning half the ground,  
And crossing slowly, that ship's foaming bows.

True, she received the fire of her bow guns ;  
Answer'd by grape, from her large carronades,  
Which swept her decks, till red the scupper runs,  
And stopp'd the fierce career, of many blades ;  
Cutting the rigging sadly. Then, before  
She got her guns to bear, the swift Foam wore,  
Tacking across her stern. Again she plows

With iron hail, thro' the dense human mass :  
Twice thus by seamanship, the enemy raking.  
One man meanwhile, in either ship, with glass,  
(Despite death-bearing missiles) cool, was making  
Close observation, seeking each to see  
The man he deem'd his deadly enemy.  
One sprang up on the boom, for better view.

Scarce half a minute there, a whizzing ball  
Tore his left ear, his broad sombrero scored.  
He look'd from whence it came ; guess'd, that was all ;  
Turn'd his glass on the place, whilst bullets pour'd  
Around him, and about him. " Good," he cried,  
" That was well aim'd, it cannot be denied ;  
Red cap and sash, shirt sleeves, and vest light-blue ! "

“Grantham, come down,” cried Lenox, “you’re a mark  
For ev’ry rifle. You are bleeding too.”

“Yes, yes! I am no longer in the dark.

My turn comes next. My aim shall be more true.  
Ackbar, shove out the brass gun; grease the swivel,  
Stand by the lever. Now, watch that man-devil,  
In the blue vest, white shirt sleeves, and red cap.”

“All right,” says Ackbar, “If I now let go,  
I’ll knock Red Cap to shivers. Shall I fire?”

“No,” Grantham roar’d “He only is my foe;

Let no one touch him, unless I desire.  
Haul up the mainsail tack. Steady; close in;  
Ready all Boarders! I go in to win.”  
And Grantham gave his gun, a petting slap.

The vessels kept up fire: an hundred yards  
Scarce lay between them. Foam to windward, dropp’d  
Down on the other. Ackbar’s fix’d regard  
Follows the Red-capp’d sailor. He has stopp’d  
Just by the Bower anchor, and has run  
By pow’rful force, half round, the swivel gun,  
Its muzzle sunk, to reach the water line.

The Rover kept away, much as she could.

The Foam took the wind from her, and bore down.  
“Steady her there.” Fast as they went, they stood  
Like moving fix’d stars, in sidereal crown.  
Two minutes’ pause. No gun by either fired.  
No orders given. Silence the twain inspired.  
The Rover’s long gun bellow’d o’er the brine.



The shot, the foremast took, above the deck,  
Striking of its calibre, half away.  
“Down with the foresail! Fish that ticklish wreck  
With a strong spar. Haul on the weather stay.  
Foresail and jib let go! Now haul all tight.  
Luff in the wind a little: now all ’s right;”  
And Grantham’s eye, sighted the Spanish gun.

“Ackbar, the moment that I raise my hand,  
Quick pull the lanyard.” Soon as said, ’twas done.  
Instant confusion in the pirate band,  
Follow’d the firing, of that fatal gun.  
Lenox stood ready, from most garments freed,  
Cutlass in hand, the boarders on to lead.  
Grantham said quietly, “This battle ’s won.”

“Keep her away! We’ll give a little time,  
For our friends yonder, to digest that shot.  
They’ll fight now for precedence; reason, rhyme  
Will not prevail, amongst that murd’rous lot.  
Morgan’s last battle ’s o’er. Their leader dead,  
Resolve is gone, and their false union fled.  
Crowd sail, goose-wing it, right before the wind.”

The Foam starts like a race-horse, puts a mile  
Between the Rover and herself, where she  
Was safe, and could on her artillery smile,  
Whilst her own guns, could bring her to her knee.  
Grantham now sought his cabin; Lenox smiled  
When he heard sobs, as from a wayward child,  
But Lenox read the man, and was not blind.

Then, he relieved the man who held the wheel,  
Because, he knew the skylight gave to view,  
What Grantham from all eyes, would fain conceal.

What saw he? On the floor, himself he threw,  
Gazed on a miniature; wept—the strong man wept!  
Tears gush'd relieving! Then a weird smile crept.

“Lost Isadora; now I'm worthy thee.”

Then springing to his feet, he mounts the deck:

Looks toward the Rover. “Is she out of reach?”  
Lenox thought not. “She seems a perfect speck.”

“Signal that she surrender—dumb of speech!  
Ha! there's a flag! What's that she has run up?  
The Black Flag! That's the last drop in her cup.  
She's brave, but not discreet. Now let us see.

Run up a little closer, she'll come down  
Upon us like a whirlwind, if she likes.

A Britisher, may well on that flag frown,

For all humanity, to death it strikes.  
'Tis murder's emblem, wheresoe'er it flies,  
The detestation of all honest eyes.

Safe from their guns, I'll fire, till it descends.”

So saying, with the Foam, in full command,

He found the long guns' range, and gave full play  
To each aspiring gunner of his band,

Till half the pirate's gear was shot away.  
No ball of theirs, could reach him, all fell short,  
“I know, friend Lenox, this is cruel sport,  
But that Black Rag, most seriously offends.”

Thus fared the unequal duel, but no chance  
Was for the Rover : oft she tried to close  
Upon the Foam, but Grantham led the dance  
Just where he liked, and tired out his foes.  
Then he proposed, with Lenox to compete,  
To strike the rudder, in a practice neat.  
Each took the Brass, and Long Tom for his rifle.

Not many shots were fired, when the stern post  
Groaning, gave way, and jamm'd the moveless helm.  
All now on board, knew ev'ry chance was lost ;  
The foeman, or the sea, must now o'erwhelm.  
Confusion reign'd amongst them ; counsel none,  
A number seized the boats, and tried to run :  
The jealous rest, thought drowning them a trifle.

The Foams saw this, but did not interfere ;  
Their vengeful comrades fired upon the boats.  
"The fewer that are there, when we draw near,  
Better for us. There 's fear some one devotes  
His forfeit life, fighting beneath that flag,  
His comrades, and himself to death to drag,  
By sudden firing of the magazine.

"We 'll let them go. Three boats, I see, are gone  
Crowded with men. Few, can remain on board.  
Make them a signal, 'We 'll not capture one,  
Provided, Peru's flag is safe restored,  
The Black Flag haul'd down, which forbids all grace,  
Send up an honest ensign, in its place.  
I 'll go on board myself, when this is seen."

Under coercion, the piratic crew  
Were forced to yield. The flag obnoxious sank.  
Up flew the yellow Color of Peru,  
And Grantham stepp'd upon the pirate's plank.  
The Foam had drawn near; ev'ry shotted gun  
Mann'd by stout men, was ready out to run,  
Nought minded Grantham, but strode to the bows.

There the great bower anchor, raised its fluke  
Above the taffrail, and against its blade,  
Bound with a chain, a mangled carcase shook  
With ev'ry motion, which the vessel made.  
The chain had half the neck, and waist cut thro',  
White shirt-sleeves clothed the arms, the vest light-blue,  
A scarlet scarf, secured the sailor-trews.

Strangest of all, steep'd in red gouts of blood,  
A long, dark tress of hair, part singed, entwined  
The corse's neck about, and the chain rude,  
The padlock, and the key. Thro' Grantham's mind  
At that dark moment, what a history ran  
With scarce a parallel, in the tale of man.  
He saw not, the fierce men, that round him stood,

But mused. "Ha! Juanita's girdle has  
Revenged the foul wrongs Isadora bore;  
Love's token, as I promised, brought to pass  
'Vendetta vera' as it crush'd the core  
Of that bold Desperado, who possess'd  
One virtue—Courage—wanting all the rest.  
Let all now be forgotten, in the flood.

I meant to gibbet his foul carcase, where  
Some of his bloody deeds, were vainly done,  
To serve as feast for vultures of the air ;  
And never man, more justly, gibbet won !  
That now were poor spite. Men take axe in hand,  
Cut through the anchor's fixings, ev'ry strand,  
And let him sink, in ocean, where he ruled."

One sullen plunge, and Morgan, Hero, Pirate,  
Lover, Abductor, Murd'rer, firmly yoked  
To the great anchor, by the chain which, irate  
Bound the sweet girl he loved ; himself had choked.  
Sunk to the depths, unfathom'd, of the Ocean,  
Smaller and smaller, with a whirling motion,  
Till a last vanishing speck, the senses fool'd.

Meanwhile the Foam had closed. Grantham address'd  
The Rovers, now reduced to five-and-twenty.  
" Men, I have promised liberty. It were best  
That ye should scatter, o'er this land of plenty,  
Not group in bands, for villany and woe,  
Reaping the miseries, ye so thickly sow ;  
Ending, like Morgan, in a wretched fate.

Your lives, and liberties, which ye jeopardized,  
By hoising that black rag, I give you safe.  
But be by one, you have injured, well advised,  
Change to an honest life, this side the grave.  
Repent, for all the suff'ring, ye have caused :  
Thank Heav'n, your mad career, has somehow paused.  
Repentance, whilst life lasts, comes ne'er too late."

He spake in Spanish, and the Buccaneers  
Well knowing, that they owed their lives to him,  
Now, in their cooler moments (freed from fear,  
From death to life, with very narrow brim)  
Were grateful, and submitted to his will,  
Disarm'd, permitted half the deck to fill :  
Whilst sailors, well arm'd, keep guard from the Foam.

The carpenters soon fit up jury masts.  
Wounded were cared for, and the dead consign'd  
To the sea caves, till doomsday. Grantham cast  
An eye o'er Morgan's treasures, a great find !  
Sees that no lurking traitor hides below ;  
Mounts guards, upon the powder, and then slow  
Sculls himself back, to his own naval home.

Both vessels made sail, and in two days more,  
Found Lovett, floating idly on the sea,  
Growing impatient, to his inmost core,  
And longing from his watch, to get him free.  
"Oh ! Jubilee," he cried, when the Foam's sails  
Distant appearing, bid him loose his brails,  
And start his men up, to go meet his friends.

'Twas a most joyous meeting ; all secure,  
But little loss, and very mighty gain.  
Grantham said little. Lenox had to pour  
On Lovett's pleasèd ear, the tale of pain.  
Then Grantham sought his cot, slept a whole day,  
And when he woke, smiles on his features play.  
Sorrow and gloom, no more the small man bends.

Four ships they now had ; quite a little fleet :  
Had got enormous booty, and knew where  
To find much more, in secret cache'd retreat,  
Waiting their seeking. Nothing now to dare.  
Then as they sail'd, in twos and threes they dropp'd  
The pirates, in all places, where they stopp'd  
Giving them means, to start in a new life.

This expedition over ; thought again  
Of sweet old times, when active service fail'd,  
Crept over Lovett's ever busy brain,  
And, in impetuous storm, his sense assail'd.  
He shared his riches, with his faithful Crew ;  
Made safe investments, with a future view ;  
And for the kill'd, took care of Mother, Wife.

Wild, daring life, had had a wond'rous fling :  
Civilization, now acquired new charms,  
And Helen's sweet voice, in his ears would ring  
In silver bell-like tones, sudden alarms.  
Once more, he long'd to see her pleasant smile.  
Resist he could not—To the Aleutian Isle,  
Where rules her father, he directs his course.

Why this determination ? Who can tell ?  
Lovett could not : he was refused—rejected.  
After some thought, he said, " It is a spell."  
And judged as wisely, as if he 'd reflected.  
The wisest man that ever lived, must yield,  
When qualities like Helen's take the field.  
None will deny it, who have felt love's force !







## Canto X.

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The torch may be turn'd toward earth, but the flame  
Rises ever to heaven, for from heaven it came.

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**L**OVELIEST of Islands, ring'd with coral round,  
Protecting barriers 'gainst a rolling sea :  
Where softest civilization may be found,  
Where palm and olive twine with upas tree.  
Where Spanish slavery long held the Black,  
Imprinting with free hands upon his back,  
The gross anomaly, which then prevail'd.

Yet, was no Wilberforce, stern to maintain  
The rights of mankind, from oppressive man.  
By England's counsels, and strong ships, the chain  
Was shaken first, then riven—no more to span  
The limbs which it degraded, and the mind  
Reduced to helplessness, and almost blind ;  
Scarce looking for God's blessing, which had fail'd.

The snake was not destroy'd, 'twas only scotch'd :  
That was for future time. The white man still  
Held his, a race superior, and would watch  
Jealously, if a black man show'd a will.  
Then came an hybrid race, 'twixt black and white,  
Taking some shading, in the way of right,  
Travelling, thro' creoles, quadroons, to maroon.

These were, but for their climate's burning sun,  
Whiter than whites, more like clear alabaster :  
For no complexion thro' their features run,  
But blue veins coursed beneath the skin, the faster.  
Form'd in a strange perfection the maroon,  
At least the girls, tho' budding all too soon,  
Luxuriant Venuses, art could never prune.

M'Kenzie's Government, was one large isle,  
With many smaller round it : the extent  
Was great, in distance, and full many a mile  
Must be pass'd over water, for one bent  
To trace the whole of it, amidst coral reefs  
And little governments, of petty chiefs.  
Islands and reefs, with cocoa palms all feather'd.

Men of all colours, dwelt within its bounds :  
Of all religions, and of none, a few ;  
But when Sir Alan made his monthly rounds,  
In shades and creeds, he no distinction knew.  
Helen and Juanita oft forsook  
Government House, and in these trips partook,  
And joy'd to meet the natives, when they gather'd.

Very few safe ports, for large vessels, here,  
In the larger island, was one harbour good,  
Where men-of-war could ride, without a fear,  
Where shelt'ring headlands, had a gale withstood.  
This harbour seldom lack'd the flowing vane,  
Which told of England's queenship, o'er the main.  
The Endymion, Captain Bluart, lay there now.

'Twas quite a natural thing, his First Lieutenant  
Should oft, at Government House, pay his respects :  
And Mr. Pritchard was a welcome tenant,  
The old acquaintance, carried its effects.  
Free was he always, or to go or come,  
And doubly welcome, if he brought a chum.  
Thus the Endymions came, Helen to know.

Right pleasant evenings, were often spent  
In the Palazzo Gardens, when were met  
Hidalgos, Signorinas, Merchants, brent  
Almost to look un-English ; a strange set,  
All murdering English.—Not so our fair Helen,  
Her Spanish now, was something more than spelling,  
And Juanita teaching, English learn'd.

Music, and geniality, were there the rule :  
Sir Alan liked to see his friends around him :  
His manly courtesy, became the school  
For his various subjects, as they always found him  
Ready to listen, willing to advise,  
Reading their difficulties, with unprejudiced eyes.  
He never, any minor matter spurn'd.

His rule, truly paternal, gave offence

At first to certain shades, who deem'd them white,  
Because, a deeper shadow took pretence,

And claim'd precedence, as a point of right.

"Merit," he would say, "can live 'neath any skin.

They might as well claim rank, for thick or thin."

In act, he pass'd this by, as non-existent.

"We meet for pleasure, not for pride, my friends.

I like to see all cheerful, happy, blithe :

My chess-board there, the idea to me lends

Of equal black and white, on even square.

Ev'ry square has its value, ev'ry pawn

May give checkmate, or stop a Bishop's lawn."

Thus, making Rank, with Merit's deeds consistent.

Then, too, the Dons and Dutchmen, were opposed,

One graceful, lithe, and artful, fond of self ;

The other, bulky, shrewd, blue-eyed, thick-nosèd,

Full of good-nature—both men loving pelf,

Meeting full welcome, welcomed each the other,

And fraternised, as brother ought, with brother :

Evoking harmony, from their great unlike !

There were no soldiers ; if necessity came,

A draft of sailors, or marines, was deem'd,

From any king's ship, quite enough to tame

Unruly spirits, if they treason dream'd.

All the ships on the station liked to call,

And share festivity, in M'Kenzie's hall.

Their unanimity, any one would strike.

As yet, no message, by electric wire,  
Spann'd the broad earth, distance and time as nought ;  
But ships, and messengers, it did require,  
To compass mighty space : the elements fought  
Oft with the messenger, and delay'd his tale ;  
Or, hostile navies, made it fully fail.  
Small intercourse was kept, with these far parts.

Thro' the West Indies, came reports of change  
In the Executive, at home ; none knew  
In speculation's wild and busy range,  
How much was falsehood, and how much was true.  
But, change of Ministry in Britain, vibrates  
Thro' all her distant Colonies, and States ;  
And like electric shock, tremour imparts.

The British Fleet, and cruisers down the coast,  
Caught these reports, and anxious to obtain  
Better information, than they yet could boast,  
Found it at ports, still 'neath the rule of Spain.  
The Admiral thought it best, to rendezvous  
The entire Squadron, till he further knew,  
And signalized the meet, ' M'Kenzie bay.'

The name was not the true one, but it suits  
Because it tells, how once again, our friends,  
Who seem'd, somehow, to have tangled all their roots,  
Were brought again in contact : and it lends  
A reason for an union, and a break-up,  
Critics might call a tempest in a tea-cup ;  
We'll tell it as it happen'd, come what may.

The Orion with the Admiral, appear'd,  
Saluted by the Endymion, which lay there.  
Then many more, well conn'd, as each one near'd,  
By many a naval eye, and native pair.  
Three or four days, the Fleet in strength collected;  
State visits paid; each ship in turn inspected,  
And all the Admiral said was, "No news yet."

Adjourn we, to the Giardino Govermento:  
There in a shady bower, by tamarisks made,  
And great snake-like lianas, and pimento,  
In Queen-like beauty, sits fair Scotia's Maid.  
Around her, many a manly form, is seen,  
Bronzed faces, and broad shoulders, that have been  
In danger oft, but now, a greater met.

Helen with Juanita by her side,  
Some English, Dutch, Spanish, Columbian ladies,  
Sat in the Bower of Audience, and felt pride,  
Sharing preserves, from sugary Barbadoes,  
Seeing, so many friends around collected,  
From death, in those precarious climes protected,  
Ready to play their manly parts, afresh.

Sir J. R., her devoted lover, there  
Laid down his K.C.B., his Admiral's glass,  
Which serves for Naval Trunchion, in despair.  
Declaring, if defeated, he would pass  
Into the shadow, of his former self,  
And claim his fitting place, on nautic shelf,  
And make in Chelsea's net, another mesh.

“No business, Sir, with Chelsea! You have not  
The recommendation of a wooden leg,  
Or arm with iron hook, by which are caught  
Widows, whose weeds hang too long, on the peg :  
Or Desdemonas, who love deeds of war,  
Better than manhood, if it bears no scar,  
And gain your love, because you pity them.

Now, if I yielded to your pitying story,  
Do you not see, how selfish I should be,  
Cutting you off, from all your future glory,  
Your hopes of smash'd arm, amputated knee,  
And all those qualifications, which to share  
With these fair Desdemonas, I'd not dare.  
I'd fear to involve you, in a sad dilem.”

“Well,” said the Admiral, “I've got off, this time  
On easy terms, from our Queen Dominante ;  
I fear'd, she'd use that ever ready rhyme,  
Of sweet May and December, to supplant  
My ardent hopes. But, now she tells me, go  
Shatter my legs and arms against the foe.  
Chelsea and Widow !!! Broken, my heart's already.

Hear! Lady Fair, I cannot bear the blow.  
My spirit goes. I sink beneath thy sentence.  
A Widow, and Chelsea! Am I sunk so low?  
I hope you'll find no time, for sweet repentance,  
But that some Paragon, of a Crichton mould,  
May melt the ice, which freezes your heart cold,  
Carrying by storm, what you maintain so steady.”

And the Good Admiral, in dudgeon feign'd,  
Strode from the tent, and all the ladies laugh'd.  
Sir J. was a general fav'rite, who oft deign'd  
Thus to amuse his friends, altho' they chaff'd.  
Sir Alan offer'd him a willow green,  
To tie around his hat. "My heart I ween,  
With smother'd flame, your willow would consume."

A servant pass'd, sherbets and ices carrying.  
"Here, Sir," the Admiral cried, "give me that tray:  
Service, best suits a bachelor, bent on marrying."  
Arm'd with the salver, back he took his way.  
Pritchard and Armstrong, with Old Captain Bluart,  
Look'd on amused, and wonder'd much, what new part.  
"Ladies, most humbly craving pardon, I presume

To ask your mercy, for those suff'ring fellows,  
Burning with ardour, feelings overflowing,  
Their hearts bursting in flame, from Cupid's bellows,  
Don't know the woes, that I am undergoing.  
I'd save them thro' compassion; ice them up:  
Acidulate them well, from sherbet cup.  
They'll sure be cast off, by that Frozen Circè."

Then, to the men, the cool refreshments offer'd,  
They laugh'd, and took them, and the pleantry,  
We fear, was not quench'd by the coolers proffer'd,  
But witty raillery, moved twice as free.  
Helen enjoy'd the fooling, but her eye  
Caught ev'ry change upon the sea or sky.  
"Admiral, the Orion's signalling. In mercy



What's that upon the topmast? Sure no man  
Would dare stand there? I think it is good luck  
If he don't slip, upon that narrow span.  
The fellow's standing on the very truck!"  
A telescope was pointed. "'Tis an ape,  
Tho' very like a human, in his shape.  
And a young monkey's near him, I declare."

Helen took the glass, and then she laugh'd outright;  
The ladies all had peeps, and laughter seized them.  
No wonder! for they saw a funny sight,  
Which tickled their internals, and much pleased them.  
The Admiral as yet, was in the dark,  
Not so fair Helen, she had caught the spark.  
"Admiral, you break the Navy Laws; not fair!"

"How so, Cruellissima?" "Well, I'll tell you why.  
Upon that mast, two pennants are display'd,  
Sporting themselves, against the azure sky;  
But vanity Sir J—— should not degrade  
The Royal streamer, by surmounting it  
With your crest, I suppose, and counting it  
A symbol worthy of a lover's gaze."

"The glass—so please you I am mystified.  
My crest is a Baboon, and Ireland's Duke  
Carries the same, in Ducal scutcheon's pride.  
And then the Admiral took a steady look,  
Then turn'd the telescope reversed, to see  
If on the object-glass, some waggery  
Had not been practised, his eyes to amaze.

Another look. "Well, well, that monkey, Pennant,  
Has got his big Baboon, on the main top.  
Of all my ship, that boy is the queerest tenant :  
Nothing on earth will his vagaries stop.  
This morn, when leaving, the boy almost cried,  
As we descended from the vessel's side ;  
And he was order'd to look to the messes."

"That child ! the bravest boy, I ever knew,  
Ready and willing : soft as any lass ;  
'Tis known, in the late skirmish, boldly drew  
Trigger on Morgan. How it came to pass  
That he escaped that ruffian, only proves  
That providence protects the brave, it loves.  
The poor child, yet still warm, from home's caresses.

Admiral. That Boy was Hero, in that strife ;  
He struck the trail aright, the caves found out :  
Saved by his gallant daring, Grantham's life,  
And fought the Brigand, in unequal strife.  
If ever Hero were, that boy is one.  
His baby course, has chivalrous begun.  
Why is he not here, our praise to receive ?"

"He shall be summon'd, Lady : he'll not need  
A second call. Your word's a talisman,  
Would spur him into more than wonted speed.  
A gun out in the offing. Can you scan  
Who the new comer is, flagship saluting.  
I hope she's got some men, our force recruiting,  
The Englishman's schooner yacht, I do believe."

"It is the Ocean Foam," Helen said, "I'd know  
Her midst a thousand: with what speed she flies.  
With scarce a breeze at all, she seems to go,  
Cleaving the round swells, as she onward flies.  
She dips her flag to Orion; now lies to:  
Some from the ship have join'd her, and anew  
She sweeps along, as if she'd walk ashore."

There was a little quay, ending the lawn,  
Before the Government House: thither the Foam  
Dash'd onward, as by force magnetic drawn;  
Or, as if seeking her familiar home,  
Avoiding banks and rocks which might o'erwhelm.  
Her safety this—Grantham was at the helm:  
His knowledge, gave him boldness, on this shore.

All eyes were on the landing; for first came  
A tall, black man, array'd in naval fashion,  
Up on his head and shoulders, seeming tame,  
Were splendid Peregrine Hawks, little bells clashing;  
By a silk cord, he led a great Baboon,  
And strongly muzzled, a big grey Raccoon.  
Some other properties, he carried too.

Behind him walk'd, Middy of smallest size,  
Dress'd in full fig, and looking consequential;  
Yet, with fun dancing in his laughing eyes,  
Creating fun around, with power potential,  
He seem'd on chatt'ring terms, with beast and bird,  
Used various language, as the thought occur'd;  
But Portuguese, or Spanish, with Baboo.

Then Lovett, Lenox, Grantham, simply tired ;  
Unarm'd, necks bare, but thoroughly embrown'd ;  
Devoid of any ornament, uninspired  
With any wish for show, stepp'd o'er the ground.  
Spectators asking in amaze, can those  
Be the brave fellows, who have slain our foes ;  
That curly, fair-hair'd youth, be Signor Lovett ?

Helen, as she saw them coming, left her seat,  
Took the desponding Admiral, by the arm,  
And gracefully advanced, her friends to meet,  
And greeted them with words of welcome, warm.  
"All my old friends, are now together met,  
I look for wondrous yarns, in such a set.  
They 've made you an Hidalgo, Signor Lovett."

"Peru has acted kindly," he replied,  
"Done me more honour, than I have deserved ;  
Given decorations on our breasts, to bide,  
Simply, because, we have not been unnerved ;  
We are honoured too, the Admiral to present  
With Peru and with Chili's great content,  
With his brave conduct, and to decorate.

Some other English officers, they name,  
Deserving of their records, and ask leave  
To signify their pleasure, by the same.  
From our good Governor, they shall them receive.  
Ackbar, the Casket." Given, he hands it o'er,  
Sir Alan joyful takes the honoured store.  
"This must be done, as an affair of State."

"I hope the Dons, Juanita have forgotten ;  
She is my sister now, we cannot part."

"Pardon me, Ladies, we have justice gotten ;  
Grantham did all that work, and shall impart  
How graciously the States, will now restore  
All that the injured Lady had before :  
She is an heiress now, of some pretence."

"You're wondrous men, but veil your heads just now,  
For see who's coming, with a marv'llous tail,  
To make before Vice-Royalty, his bow ;  
My Little Friend, who never knows to fail !"

"Come Diver, now's our turn. Bow Sir—that's good ;  
Lie down now, and be careful not to intrude,  
Or, I shall deem it, a severe offence."

Pennant, with Diver for his Aide-de-Camp,  
Both made their bows. But, Helen took the child,  
And kiss'd his forehead, and she was not wrong,  
Whilst all around, ev'n the Admiral smiled.

"Miss Helen, I have brought you a few presents,  
Three Peregrine Hawks (your crest you know) like pheasants,  
All young and teachable, quite tame already.

Then I will give you Baboo, my Baboon,  
Who is a famous scholar. Here, Baboo,  
Fetch up to Miss M'Kenzie that Racoon.  
He'll open oysters for you—eat them too,  
If you don't stop him : he serves all our Mess,  
But, we must muzzle him, that I confess,  
To keep the queer old fellow, strictly steady.

I have some shells, that shine like real pearl,  
Tinted with opal, like my Mother's ring :  
And some, that twine in lovely spiral curl,  
Cork-screwing to the top, like anything.  
Two little Love Birds, red and green and blue,  
The dearest darlings that you ever knew.  
They'll make you think of me, when I'm away."

The Governor now to Helen something gave :  
She glanced at it a moment, then conceal'd ;  
A something, to be worn by the brave,  
Who have distinction earn'd, in flood or field.  
Helen took the presents with a ready grace,  
The small boy thank'd her with a beaming face.  
"Now, My Dear Boy, I've something yet to say.

You've brought me presents, a Queen might receive.  
I who no claim have, for your kind intentions :  
That I forgot you not, you may believe,  
That little casket, without speaking, mentions."  
She gave—he oped, "Hurray ! My Miniature !  
Beauteously rigg'd up, and now quite secure !  
And Oh ! Dear me ! Another little Mother !"

Helen had got the Miniature reset,  
And from it made a copy, very small,  
A finger ring could carry. "Now, don't fret,  
For, if you lose one, you have not lost all.  
And still another gift, but not from me.  
Peru bestows Order of High Degree,  
On the Brave Lad, who Piracy help'd to smother."

And as she spake, she pinn'd upon his breast  
The Ribbon, with its golden Decoration,  
An honor, struggled for, by Peru's best,  
The Emblem of good service, to the Nation.  
On the two Miniatures, his loving eye  
Dwelt with affection. "Doubly dear," his cry.  
"But Peru's honors, must be given to Diver."

"Diver's the Man, that gain'd us all this glory!  
Here Divey, Doggie dear, hold up your head;  
Your fame, shall now be known, renown'd in story,  
When you, and I, and Peru, all are dead."  
And as he spoke, round the dog's neck he tied  
The rich Insignia, of Peru's pride.  
"We owe that Victory, to Foam's Noble Diver."

Then turning suddenly. "Miss Helen, see,  
When in the woods you wander, you command  
My friend Baboo, he'll climb the highest tree,  
And fetch down any fruit, in his claw hand.  
Would you like a cocoa-nut, from yon tall stem?  
"Here, Baboo, Up, and fetch me one of them."  
The ape claw'd up the tall tree, like a ladder.

"Come down, Sir! To your Mistress bring the nut;  
No chattering now, but lay it at her feet."  
The whole assembly laugh'd, and Helen put  
Into the Monster's hands, bonbons to eat;  
He seem'd quite happy, in the haunts of men,  
For sugar plums don't grow, in mangrove fen;  
And Baboo, thus regaled, seem'd all the gladder.

That ev'ning pass'd right pleasantly for all,  
The song and dance prevail'd ; the Spanish grace  
Stood forth pre-eminent, in the ensuing ball.  
Fandango, tortorella, took the place  
Of England's livelier dances ; cavaliers  
Twined in the graceful waltz, in circling spheres,  
With forms, which might defy the moulder's skill.

Ere midnight, all departed ; active crews  
Swept thro' the darkness, to the men-of-war.  
Lenox and Lovett need no boat to use,  
The Foam lay at the pier, without a jar.  
Grantham return'd on board ; to quiet thought  
His mind inclined, when mirth on others wrought.  
Diver came back, and caused a sudden thrill.

Rightly, he knew the symbol Diver wore,  
The badge he conn'd well, seeking under, over.  
He could not quite divine, his feelings sore,  
Nor could he with oblivion, mem'ry cover,  
Thousands had fought, and died, to gain this glory ;  
Thousands been disappointed, in life's story ;  
And here, the ship's dog, wore the decoration.

"It is some pleasantry ; all wish me well ;  
My story has got wind. They wish to cheer me.  
They knew my life was harass'd by a spell ;  
Perhaps they pitied, but they dare not jeer me.  
'Twill come to light, for whom the prize is meant.  
Diver deserves much more, and I'm content,  
That Don Hidalgo Lovett, pleased the nation."



Lovett and Lenox to the yacht return'd,  
Saw, that the Skipper's lamp was still alight;  
They tapp'd and enter'd. Grantham quickly turn'd:  
No grief was there, but ev'ry feature bright.  
The dog lay on a locker, at his side,  
The decoration to his neck, still tied.  
"How comes that there, Don Henry?" He replied:

"The State, bestow'd on Pennant, this memento.  
He said, that Diver earn'd all the praise,  
And for himself, that he was right content, to  
Give him the honour, to last all his days.  
To-morrow, holds the Governor, a Grand Levee,  
We must appear in full puff, in a bevy,  
To be told, that we are heroes, there, beside.

You must come, too; you've borne no sleeping part  
In these adventures, which amuse the folk;  
Without you, Tragedy would lack a part,  
And our War Comedy, would seem a joke.  
For Interlude and Farce, Pennant and Dog  
Will prime sufficiently, to-morrow's Log.  
Reports of change, at home, are rife at Court."

Sunrise next morning, ere the echoes fail  
Reverberant from th' Orion's morning gun,  
The drums were heard, rattatting the reveille,  
And signals to the main, were seen to run.  
Five guns, answer'd by five, far out at sea,  
The signal-men, proclaim'd "Antiope,"  
The fastest frigate, ever left a port.

Within an hour, her anchor dropp'd, astern  
Of the Orion, and a boat convey'd  
Dispatches, for the Admiral. He in turn,  
Pull'd for the pier, with sword and swabs array'd,  
To wait upon the Governor. He had guess'd,  
From foreign papers, what was not express'd :  
The Tory Ministry, had ceased to reign.

Well, this broke up our party, once again.  
The Governor and Admiral were recall'd.  
The first said, " I must seek my Scottish Pen !"  
The second, " My Old Flag must be down-haul'd."  
Genial association in these Indies form'd,  
By some St. Stephen's talk, some lost vote storm'd,  
Had thus been wisely framed, but all in vain.

The Levee, (not now full dress) must be held  
Only, to say good-bye, to many a friend ;  
And all that winning kindness, which excell'd  
In teaching pride of race, humbly to bend  
Before the truth, and look on fellow-man,  
As worthy of regard, and not to ban  
The beings, God has tinted diff'rent colour.

The Levee was a crowded one. All came  
Who had a fair pretension. Ladies, too,  
Press'd to the Salons. Many a portly dame  
Felt deepest sorrow, thus to bid adieu  
To the good angel, who had bless'd their clime,  
And made them happy, for a space of time.  
Young and old, parting, felt their hearts throb fuller.

When all the gentlemen had paid their court,  
Sir Alan call'd an aid-de-camp, and placed  
In his hands, an emboss'd and crown'd Report  
From Peru and from Chili : it embraced  
Numerous Whereases, and full many topics,  
(Attorneys, somehow, must have reach'd the Tropics)  
And then the meaning, names so many came.

We will not quote the document ; its effect  
Was, that these States, by piracy infested,  
Wish'd to present with gratitude, and respect,  
Their thanks, to those who for their rights contested.  
The Governor, Station Admiral, Captain Bluart,  
Lieutenants Pritchard, Armstrong, and Stuart,  
To be "Decoraté," as of worthy fame.

Insignia of two Orders, they had sent  
Specially for these gentlemen : and one  
Of highest dignity, was solely meant  
For the brave Midshipman, who all alone,  
In single combat, smote the Pirate Chief,  
Thus leading to his overthrow ; then brief  
For Grantham, who had slain him, a gold medal.

These tokens, sent by gallant Captain Lovett, |  
Created an Hidalgo—Don Enrico,  
With right to wear the Crusador, all men covet.  
We offer him Command at Porto Rico.  
His name, and gallant cruiser, down the coast,  
Is dreaded : in itself, it is an host,  
Telling bad men, with honest not to meddle.

This, and much more the document display'd.

The orders were presented, and men bow'd,  
Most Englishmen care little for parade,

And these men here, were not a vulgar crowd.  
Politely they received, what honour gave,  
Twas a credential, that they acted brave,  
And show'd, the nation of their deeds approved.

All but the little Middy, had received

Their orders, and when call'd, no answer came.

"You must keep it for him, Admiral—I'm grieved—

But that strange boy, would almost think it shame

That honours fit for men, were to him given :

He is the strangest-minded child, 'neath heav'n.

He'd give his life, for any one he loved.

I think the truant can be found : we'll see.

Come, Admiral, you know we owe respects

Unto the ladies. You must act for me,

And introduce the Don—Don of no College  
Except, that man-slaying college, given to slaughter,  
Which holds its Terms in ships, upon salt water.

Mark me, we'll find this queer young puppy, there."

They enter'd the Salon ; the ladies crowded

Where something seem'd to interest, and amuse ;

They all were talking, laughing ; it was shrouded

By their long robes, and fans, much to confuse

The gentlemen advancing ; but their height

Over the thronging females, gave to sight,

What quick convulsed them, into laughter rare.

A lady in rich dress was seated there,  
Veil'd, on a cushion; and in full costume  
Of Spanish noble, mask'd, with long black hair,  
Was a small Lover, swearing that the tomb  
Should be the terminus of his misery,  
Unless she 'd favour him, on bended knee,  
And save him from dread fate, by sweet assent.

“I am a Don, Hidalgo of Peru,  
You are a Queen of Beauty, all declare.  
My ardent vows, are offer'd now to you,  
Because I know you, sensible, as fair.  
Reject those Admirals—those Lieutenants, all.  
Accept me, tho' you see, that I am small,  
And above all, distance that young scamp, Pennant.

Another youth there is, ev'n I might fear  
That Nouveau Riche, Enrico di Lovetto.  
Remember, he 's a sort of Buccaneer,  
A desp'rate character, we 'll leave in petto.  
Listen, Beloved! He lives on the sea,  
Robs Pirates, who rob others; of the three,  
He is the Robber, in the third degree.”

The Admiral poked Lovett—“Hear you that?  
Friend Buccaneer, the Attic salt hath savour.  
He 'll be a fool, that calls that boy, a flat,  
For ev'rything he says, has funny flavour.”  
Again, when laughter had subsided, he  
Went on—“Altho' Peruvian Don, I be,  
There is an Admiral, of high degree,

Who lords it in these waters : he would throw  
His sword, like Brennus, in the scale, to dash  
Our hopes to earth, and work us direful woe.  
Beware of him ; Masthead, Rope's-end, and Lash,  
The Grating, Cat-o'-nine tails, Drumhead court,  
Are the most loving terms, of his resort.  
Loveliest of women, accept me, and him, slight.

And now that matter 's settled, Donna, dear,  
Let's have a waltz, to sooth our outraged feeling."  
He jump'd the lady up, and it was clear  
The Baboon play'd the part, there was no concealing.  
Convulsive laughter, shook the entire party,  
The Admiral and Lovett, join'd most hearty.  
But Pennant heard them, and his soul took fright.

Up to the occasion, on the Baboon's breast  
He jump'd, pull'd out a snuff-box, and away  
Darted the beast, by petticoats oppress'd,  
Chatt'ring and screeching, in a hideous way.  
The laughing reach'd its acme, then subsided.  
In the soft waltz, the ancient Admiral glided,  
And Henry Lovett, found a Donna too.

The parting salute fired, the Fleet has gone,  
And in the harbour, lies the Foam at rest.  
Not so her Captain ; he feels very lone,  
And not a little, in his mind distress'd.  
His nautic sport, is over ; he has gain'd  
Honours above all ; yet one wish, unattain'd,  
Shuts honour, glory, all else from his view.

Helen, was all that kindness could dictate,  
But not one word of loving favour show'd  
To him, before all others, and his state  
Of cruel indecision, sometimes glow'd  
And sometimes froze, till ev'ry crystal thought  
Reflected on his soul, and inly wrought,  
Till harmony was disturb'd, and mischief fraught.

She never distanced him, her speech was free,  
He was respectful, as in honour bound,  
But, he was writhing, most uneasily,  
And could not fathom, her content profound.  
She sail'd amongst the islands, in the Foam,  
Said, that she felt when there, always at home ;  
But, the Foam's owner, felt that he was nought.

Ackbar, she always treated as a friend ;  
Lenox was a special favourite ; oft she caused  
Him to employ his talent, and skill lend  
'Mongst her retainers, and she often paused  
To see how kindly, he would downwards stoop,  
Ev'n in the middle of a negro group,  
And cheer, and give relief, to some poor man.

He never was unwilling. She approved  
His solid, pleasant ways, and frequently  
The pair, to do some good, together moved  
Amongst the wigwams, and together gently  
Found mutual objects, to try kindness on.  
This oft brought flashes in their eyes, which shone,  
And which was, only, for themselves to scan.

You could not be with Helen, and not gaze  
    Into the fathomless depths, of her blue eyes ;  
Somehow, their gentleness produced amaze,  
    And to the forward, they gave some surprise ;  
For, they were always steady in their look,  
Never cast down—men were to them, a book,  
    On which, their mild beams, fell inquiringly.

Women could not bear them, till they knew her well ;  
    Then on their souls, they acted with strange power :  
They felt them, working like a magic spell,  
    Which won them over, from that very hour.  
With men, 'twas diff'rent, they produced respect ;  
Nought trifling, or coquettish, they reflect,  
    They acted upon others, most inspiringly.

Sweet Helen did not know it, but she lived  
    For good of others, and she often thought,  
For thoughtless ones, who had themselves deceived,  
    And by some gentle instinct, on them wrought.  
Lovett felt some jealousy, scarce well-temper'd bore,  
The anecdotes Lenox told, in ample store,  
    Of all her winning kindness, to the sick.

He grew a little peevish, for no cause.  
    Wayward he was by nature ; small things vex  
The mind disposed to grumble. He would pause  
    Middle of a sentence, and himself perplex ;  
He was not the same Lovett, as before,  
Full of high spirits, and a boundless store  
    Of ready flowing knowledge, crowding thick.



Helen and Sir Alan, had to wait the ship  
Sent out from England, to convey them, back  
To their own native land. The courteous dip  
Of passing vessels, on opposing tack  
Of England's Ensign, all that should occur,  
Between the outgoing, and coming Governor.  
Usage, did not permit the twain, to meet.

The coming vessel was at length proclaim'd.  
Sir Alan, Juanita, and his suite  
Boarded the Frigate, a ship widely famed,  
Altho' her Figure Head, was Golden Wheat.  
Sir Alan order'd, "No salute be fired."  
Unwilling, they obey'd what he desired,  
And, silent, with dipp'd flag, they pass'd the fleet.

The Foam sail'd out in company ; and three more  
Under command of Grantham, left the shore  
To convoy parting friends ; a parting sore ;  
And ev'ry sail set, thro' the waters tore.  
When, clear of land, the Ceres back'd her sails,  
Signals were made, to close—no need details.  
Boats quickly dropp'd, the Captains came on board.

One hour, they floated on the rolling sea,  
As fix'd, as if at anchor. In that hour  
Who with the swiftest pen, and thought most free,  
Could tell the bitter pangs, whose darksome lower,  
Pervaded all their minds : the laugh and jest  
Shed little sunshine, in each aching breast :  
Moonbeams of Greenland, seem'd upon them pcur'd.

One moment Lovett found himself alone  
With our Fair Heroine. He was pledged t' abstain  
From aught, which savour'd of the lover's tone.  
He would not break his promise, but in vain  
He struggled with his feelings, to restrain  
His gushing words : he saw, it gave her pain.  
At last he said, " Shall I to England go ?"

" Dear Henry, you can go, where'er you will.  
You've proved yourself, amongst the first of men.  
You took all Trinity's Honours, by your skill,  
Have proved your manhood, in that pirate's den,  
Have always acted gen'rously, and now,  
No need remind you, of your former vow.  
My friendship you shall have—and that you know."

" Then, my sun's set. Henceforth, thy sex shall be  
The thing of my avoidance. I shall roam  
A little longer here, and changes see  
In all men but myself, then sail for home.  
Time, distance, absence, do much, worldlings say,  
To tear despair's, dark, burning marks away.  
I must be silent. My tongue would betray."

" Better be silent, than say what would grieve.  
I am not worthy of you, Henry Lovett !  
One, who can what he likes, with ease achieve,  
Should be superior to such thoughts—above it.  
What would a rustic girl to you be, when  
You lord it proudly, o'er your brother-men ?  
I dare not say you, Yes ? No more I pray."

I have no right, to hunt her down, he thought,  
His vanity somewhat soothed, by her appeal.  
Well, be it so ; time it must tell, or nought.  
She's not ambitious, that I see and feel.  
I know not how to win her. I threw life,  
Honour, and dignity, on this desp'rate strife,  
And gain'd immense wealth—and she scorns to share it.

Lenox bade farewell ; few words had he to say.

Sir Alan's and his daughter's kindness were  
A grateful memory, to his latest day.

“ Whilst he stay'd here, her poor should be his care.”  
“ Thanks, my kind friend, and if to Loch na Gaie,  
Some future time, you ever wend your way,  
Your welcome, even now, is well prepared.”

Grantham, to Juanita all this time,  
Had been conversing, in his best of Spanish,  
A language, like Italian for love, prime,  
And from which, warm expressions you can't banish.  
A soupçon, thro' Helena's visions ran,  
That Grantham, surely, is a proper man,  
He's half Peruvian in ideas, already.

“ Why does he wear that hideous uniform ?”  
“ Columbian Admiral, he was lately made.  
When it was offer'd me, I turn'd the storm,  
And to the Council, in few words, I said,  
“ He was the man, by whose skill, carried out,  
We were enabled, Morgan's host to rout,  
He'd fill the Post, they offer'd, far more steady.

Then to their amazement, ere a doubt prevail'd,  
I told them, all I knew, I learn'd from him.  
That, when he join'd their Navy, with him sail'd  
Three ships, well-arm'd, and mann'd, in perfect trim.  
He came, no poor adventurer, to their aid,  
But strong, to help with ships, a purse and blade.  
Such arguments, were resistless, so, I lose him."

Time up: and all prepared to cross the side.  
Helen and her father, look'd down on the crew  
Of their old friend, the Foam, and there espied  
'Mongst the stout sailors, each of whom, she knew,  
The negro, Ackbar, leaning on his oar,  
Weeping, as if his heart thro' eyes would pour.  
His rough companions, trying to confuse him.

"Ackbar, come here," she said, dropping her purse  
Amongst his messmates. "Ackbar, faithful ever,  
You grieve too much, and make the parting worse.  
You have the best of masters: leave him never.  
You've always shown for me, a great regard;  
You saved my father's life, when press'd hard;  
And I feel poor, to show my gratitude.

But, I bethought me, that when far away,  
If mem'ry play'd you false, you'd like revive  
The shadow, of full many a pleasant day,  
Among the chance, and change, which may arrive.  
So, I endeavour'd, here, to reproduce  
Specially, for Prince Ackbar's only use,  
The features which, tho' white, he thinks not rude."

And in the Black's hand, which she firmly press'd,  
She placed a miniature, set in shining gold.  
He clasp'd the little picture, to his breast,  
Then placed it safely, in his kerchief's fold.  
O'ercome, he scarce could speak, he feebly cried,  
"Dear Missy, shall be ever, at my side,  
E'en tho' she be ten thousand miles away."

The boats pull'd off. The frigate took departure,  
For her far distant port. Lovett reclined  
In the stern sheets. For him, the Little Archer  
Seem'd always firing, crookedly refined.  
He was repell'd—Lenox got invitation—  
Ackbar her miniature—the situation  
Was not inviting: 'twas a check-mate play.

Armstrong and Pritchard, back to England gone,  
What brought him out here? Did he care a straw  
If all the pirates, and if ev'ry Don  
Were swallow'd in the greedy shark's wide maw?  
He came for her; he fought for her, excell'd  
For what? To be thus, smilingly, repell'd!  
Lenox saw it all, and pitied his Commander.

They got on board. "Whereto?" the Skipper ask'd.  
"Puerto Rico," was the answer giv'n.  
"Not our old harbour?" "No; I should be task'd  
To harbour there, ev'n tho' tempest driv'n.  
To meet the Whiggish Governor, and be  
Your humble servant, to His Excellency.  
I'd hold, civility to him, were slander.

No doubt, the young man's temperament was ruffled ;  
His moral eye, was not exactly clear ;  
His moral sense was cloudy, somewhat muffled,  
His own good genius, did not now appear :  
He felt inclined to sulk ; a silence morbid  
Dwelt on his tongue ; his thought was all absorbèd  
In one short question, " Have I play'd the fool ?"

He slept upon it ; with the morning came  
A change of sentiment : he might be wrong :  
And then he felt, a little tinge of shame,  
That, he had shown his feeling was so strong.  
Candidly, to young Lenox he confess'd  
The weight of disappointment, on his breast.  
And he advised to wait, and feeling school.

The Admiral, Don Ricardo di Giantano,  
Kept them in company, till past Cuba's Isle ;  
They separated then, one for Bahama,  
The other to Puerta's mountain smile  
On waters blue, as is the firmament,  
Heav'n's arch cerulean, with the ocean blent,  
Whence, sight cannot divorce the sister shade.

There, we must leave them, and speed over ocean,  
To where, the Ceres ploughs her homeward way.  
Here we find Helen, waked from her emotion,  
Cheering her father, with no vain essay ;  
Conversing with the officers, and men,  
And picking up odd wrinkles, now and then,  
Which on her fair young brow, no wrinkles laid.

The Log amused her much ; a staid Lieutenant  
Wrote down events as they occur'd, each hour :  
The chronicle brought to mind, her little Pennant,  
Who used his Nor'-Nor'-Easts, and Wests, to shower  
On all around, even when he danced a jig,  
And ladies appear'd ships, of diff'rent rig.  
She turn'd the pages, to their own departure.

“ Took Governor M'Kenzie, and his daughter,  
With a young Spanish lady, and their suite  
From the Lucayas, (said to have seen the slaughter,  
Of the fierce pirates). Running out, we meet  
The Cerberus, bringing the new Governor in.  
Salute, and take departure, and begin  
Nor'-East, half East by East. Breeze coming after.

The Columbian Station Admiral, di Giantano,  
With three ships of his squadron, saw us out,  
Till we lost sight of the tall Peak, Morano.  
There we lay to an hour, to con our route.  
The Admiral came on board us, while we stay'd ;  
Two gentlemen, a visit also paid,  
From a fine Schooner Yacht, call'd Ocean Foam.

The Columbian vessels, were the Juanita,  
The Isadora, and Helena Bella  
(If the State has enough of such a fleet,  
She need not care for any pirate fellow),  
At two bells left us. We hoised ev'ry sail,  
Winds being light, and no chance of a gale,  
And took a course, directly for our home.”

“ Well, that ’s polite of Mr. Grantham ; see,  
Dear Juanita, how this Morgan-slayer,  
With our fair names, has ventured to make free,  
Without requesting, by an humble prayer,  
That we should thus preside, o’er murd’rous war,  
And deal destruction, when we are afar !  
Shall we forgive him, for this perpetration ? ”

“ Ah ! Mia Cara, I could pardon aught  
Dear Grantham did, when I to mem’ry call  
How bravely for my life, the Signor fought.  
Had he not saved me, I were none at all.  
Then he recover’d, much, my fortune lost,  
And never told me, what the action cost.  
Most gen’rous men, are those, who own your nation.”

“ Then we’ll forgive him, tho’ our names, in blood  
Shall be imprinted on thy shores, Peru ;  
And Chili’s veterans, by land or flood,  
In mentioning daring deeds, name me, or you.”  
Thus Helen, bantering Juanita, grateful  
For the good service render’d, thinks it fateful  
That, she again, may cross the Atlantic Ocean.

Ireland was sighted—giv’n a wide berth.  
Then by the Cornish coast they rock’d awhile :  
Pass’d by the Solent, charming spot of earth,  
Where Wight’s soft landscape, ever wears a smile.  
Ran on to Portsmouth. Landed—London next ;  
Where Juanita look’d with eyes perplex’d,  
To see, that human hive’s perpetual motion.





## Canto XI.

---

Peace hath her victories  
No less renowned than war.

---

ONCE more in Scotland, beside Loch-na-Gaie,  
The Chieftain joy'd him, in his native home ;  
His mind, no longer to State cares a prey,  
And firm resolving, not again to roam.  
The sultry climate, did no harm at all  
To those, who did not in absurdity fall.  
And stout M'Kenzie, was as stout as ever.

Helen, was a lovely maiden, when she went,  
Lovelier when she return'd ; blooming in health ;  
Her roses, by the torrid sun just brent,  
And her blue eyes, full of good-humour'd wealth.  
The Clansmen hail'd her advent, and the Maids  
Twined their long hair, in more elaborate braids,  
Hoping, no more, from her so long, to sever.

Kinsmen and neighbours, came from ev'ry side,  
Anxious to see, and welcome the old time  
Of hospitable cheer, in all its pride,  
Revived, and the Old Piper's florid rhyme,  
Now chanted various things, Sea Kings, Onslaught,  
And combats, such as ne'er before were fought,  
In which, M'Kenzie was the prominent figure.

And then, his Muse aspiring, Helen made  
Queen of the Indias, with a mighty sway ;  
All which great glories, she for them betray'd,  
And thought, compared with Scotland, idle play.  
Their Own Dear Maiden, was their own, again,  
And ev'ry Clansman hoped, would there remain ;  
Her absence, was to loving hearts, a rigour.

A year pass'd by, in homely, dear, delight :  
Suitors were never wanting—ne'er ill-used.  
'Twas hard, to look on such an object, bright,  
And not try to acquire. She ne'er refused,  
Nor ever show'd hauteur, to proper men,  
But gently laid them by : the how or when,  
None could discover, for, they still, were friends.

Some, thought she waited for a Coronet,  
But they thought wrong ; her brows were far too fair  
To gain by such adornment : her mind set  
Itself to play her part, in this world's share,  
And act the best, and kindest part she could.  
Acting and thinking thus, nothing withstood,  
But ev'ry day, and hour, new beauty lends.

'Twixt Magisterial function, literature,  
True hospitality, 'midst his native race,  
Sir Alan lived, belovèd and secure ;  
His only dissipation was the chase.  
There he grew young, and on a pow'rful steed  
Could, when he will'd, the boldest huntsmen lead.  
And none were jealous, of the fine old Chief.

Yet, Mem'ry oft reminded him of those  
Far friends, whom mutual dangers render'd dear ;  
Whose lives were barter'd with his deadly foes,  
Men, who had never known reproach or fear.  
Letters from the Admiral, sometimes came to tell  
Some piece of fortune, which the lads befall.  
And all these letters, gave his heart relief.

Helen shared this confidence, and they often talk'd  
Of the bright qualities, of their friends of yore.  
Both liked the subject, and they never balk'd  
Their fancies, when surmise reach'd India's shore.  
They heard the Ocean Foam, cruised now in vain,  
The Pirates all, had fled the Spanish main.  
Safety soar'd higher, as the Black flag sank.

Armstrong had been promoted : his next stride  
Would give him Post-rank, likely bring him home.  
His modesty, could not his merits hide,  
And applied intellect, to worth must come.  
Stout Captain Bluart fell, 'neath fever's grasp ;  
And Pritchard, was made Captain of the Wasp.  
Grantham the silent, was now bold and frank.

His service, no more needed midst the Isles,  
He changed Columbia's banner, for Peru,  
And follow'd in the wake of Fortune's smiles,  
Doing good service, with his gallant crew.  
His captions, and his prizes, it was said,  
Had Grantham, to a very Cræsus made,  
Enrich'd, and honour'd with three nations' thanks.

Helen glanced at Juanita. She might well,  
For, florid blood, beneath the brunette skin,  
Like a bright apple's bloom, appear'd to swell,  
And o'er her neck and breast, its way to win.  
That momentary glance, gave Helen thought,  
Her heart assented, but her tongue said not.  
She was not versed, in Cupid's funny pranks.

Lenox was with Lovett. "Is there not a word,  
About my little Lover, my true Swain,  
Pennant the gallant? Has it not occur'd  
To the old Baronet, that I must remain  
In sad perplexity, if ought should hap  
To that provoking, dear, most winning chap?  
Nor, is my dark friend, Ackbar, ev'n mention'd."

"Here's a PS., Fair ladies, which declares  
That Grantham, and the lawyers, had a tussle,  
About the Signorina's mix'd affairs,  
In which, they tried the Admiral to puzzle.  
But land sharks, as he call'd them, could not stand  
Before the man, who beat the pirate band,  
And he beat all before him, when contention'd.

That Postscript, is the pith of the whole letter.  
Signora Juanita, wish you joy :  
Your lawyer of the sea, has provèd better  
Than any landsman, you could e'er employ,  
His fees he will be seeking, by-and-by.  
Gold for this Cræsus, will be no reply.  
He'll ask for more than gold, if I 'm a prophet.

Two heiresses to manage! Can I do it?  
The task is onerous! Youth from ev'ry land  
Come to the rescue, or I must eschew it.  
Beauty and Wealth! Penelope's fabled band,  
When tired of watching that old lady knitting,  
Should forthwith come here, and find places fitting,  
For most assuredly, I shall soon tire of it."

"Tire of us, darling Dad! Oh! not a bit!  
You'll only try to shield us, from all danger;  
And when we yield, to give us Trousseaus, fit  
To charm, and frighten ev'ry nervous stranger.  
Our dang'rous charms, will never leave us hags,  
Or if they do—behold our money-bags!  
Cræsa can find a Cræsus, with slight trouble.

As for myself, Penelope may weave  
Her web, until Calypso lets her lord  
Pass on, Phenician Dido to deceive,  
And wool his ears, against the Syren's word.  
And if he never reaches Ithic's Isle,  
The old Deceiver, others to beguile,  
He'll find my bow, stronger than his, by double."

The two girls talk'd in private, and they laugh'd  
When Lairds of Cockpen, offer'd them devotion.  
Or kindly, they their rustic wooers chaff'd  
Till broken-hearted, they all sought remotion.  
Thus, they enjoy'd their life, and often thought  
Of bygone days, in fragrant mem'ry wrought.  
Common-place present, on the past's bright cushion.

They had their own sweet love, true, without passion ;  
Affection's golden rivets, held it firm :  
Friendship, which would not yield to time or fashion,  
Springing from purest feeling's diamond germ.  
It was enough for them, and each remain'd  
Happy in the other, with no feeling strain'd,  
Their all unselfish thoughts, at times, forth gushing.

Helen's visions proved quite true. After a space  
When Juanita's property was arranged,  
A foreign posted letter, found a place  
In the M'Kenzie postbag. It exchanged  
Greetings in Spanish, Portuguese, and English,  
But quite intelligent, thro' all its minglish,  
For ev'ry hybrid sentence, breathed of love.

The letter was from Grantham, and it spoke  
Of feelings deep and genuine, and declared  
How happy he should feel, could he evoke  
In Juanita, wish for destiny shared.  
Her country now was his ; her home should be  
Where e'er she will'd ; where her youth passèd free,  
Where now, ennobled, she could proudly move.

No meaning mask'd lay hid in Grantham's letter ;  
But o'er it the two girls ponder'd wise.  
Juanita gently said, " Can I do better ? "  
Whilst Helen, thoughtful, gazed into her eyes.  
" I think not. Our good Grantham, brave as lion,  
Is one whose pledgèd faith you may rely on.  
My sole regret is, that we friends must sever."

Sir Alan, sighing, said in quiet fashion,  
" Can you desert cold hearts, and mountain snow,  
Grim lochs, dark dells, existence without passion,  
And to your torrid, fiery regions go ?  
One comfort is, it is an Irish heart  
Tempts Juanita from her friends to part,  
Which holds out hope, we do not part for ever.

Invite him over, Juanita, tell  
Him, for his best man, to bring Henry Lovett.  
Young Lenox, too, must come here, for a spell.  
Post-Captain Armstrong, Pritchard, too, I covet ;  
The Admiral, and fine fellows of the Orion,  
In Plymouth's lovely harbour, are now lying.  
We 'll have them, too, with Pennant, funny fellow.

'Twill be a gathering, of brightest tone ;  
Those who have fought, loved, feasted, starved together,  
Collected in our Scottish desert, lone,  
Shewing the tendency, of birds of feather.  
'Twill bring meridian splendour, to Na-Gaie.  
The bridal shall be here ; don't say me nay.  
The tropics mix'd with North, will make weather mellow."

Bright Juanita, made no great demur,  
But, thank'd her genuine friend, with much emotion!  
He wrote his letters on the moment's spur,  
But, had to wait his answers, o'er the ocean.  
A few months pass'd, when one bright summer day,  
Three vessels glided up, dark Loch-na-Gaie,  
And raced on for the Tower, with all sails set.

Helen was the first to see the approaching fleet,  
And with her father, and her much-loved friend,  
Mounted the tower, with intent to greet  
With welcome signals, those who hither tend.  
"The dear old Ocean Foam," Helen joyous cried,  
"Bowling along, in all her saucy pride;  
I hope, she still holds the same friendly set—

Shewing her teeth now, in a grim display;  
And her teeth bit hard, that is right well known,  
And few could match her, in the dang'rous play,  
When tampons drawn, those deadly teeth were shown.  
I love that little Foam. And Henry Lovett  
Has gain'd both name, and fame, heroes might covet.  
A very scourge, but in a righteous cause."

On her turn'd Juanita's liquid eyes,  
She gently whisper'd, "Helen, can't you love him?"  
"Yes; with a sister's love. Does that surprise?  
I must have something, that is even above him.  
Not in world's rank, or riches, or great worth,  
Nor, ev'n the happy, accident of birth,  
And pow'r to win, unseeking, man's applause.



But if I ever wed, the man must be  
A kindred spirit, with whom to exchange  
My simplest thoughts, and feelings, fancy free.  
With whom my mind, discursively, could range  
O'er common things; whose sympathetic soul  
Would catch my meaning, without words' control.  
Two rippling streams, forming one river smooth.

Talent, amply educated mental pow'r  
Of the first order, are that young man's rights.  
Born to hold sway o'er men, from his first hour,  
Success has made him scornful of all slights.  
When he determines, he will not give in,  
He takes the field, but, always starts to win.  
He does not know what failure is, forsooth.

I must say that I like him; I admire  
His mental gifts, his brave and gen'rous life,  
His great success, his gallantry and fire;  
But, all would not persuade, to be his wife.  
Some high ambitious dame, his wife should be,  
Where he, his greatness might reflected see,  
Who 'd glory in his deeds, and match his mind."

The three swift vessels, now approach'd the pier,  
Bounding before the breeze, the Foam ahead,  
As tho', she 'd charge the mountain, till quite near,  
Then wore, and rounded, fired five guns, and fled  
Fast on the other tack. The other two,  
The Helena Bella and Juanita, drew  
Close to the pier, and ran up in the wind.

On ev'ry rope a hand, down came the sails,  
    Splash goes the anchor, plunging to its rest ;  
Within three minutes, all secured with brails,  
    The vessels lie upon the water's breast.  
Then with another tack, the gallant Foam  
Outside the others, seeks her Hieland home.  
    Lovett, to his Skipper, thus, gave post of honour.

Helen and Sir Alan, haste to meet their guests  
    With ready welcome. Juanita stay'd  
Up in the Maiden's Bower, somewhat distress'd,  
    As was most natural, to a youthful maid.  
Pallid, and flush'd, she look'd down on her lover,  
Knowing, her presence, he could not discover.  
    And a strange trembling awe, descended on her.

No word of love, had ever pass'd between  
    Grantham and Juanita. On each side  
Knowledge of each other, solely moved the screen,  
    Which, might have proved a barrier, to their pride.  
She knew that he was gentle, bold and brave,  
She could not wash from mind, the pirate's cave.  
    And I 'm afraid, she prized his killing Morgan.

He, saw how bravely, she her trouble bore,  
    How great the fortitude, which sustain'd her spirit.  
The wealth acquired, he felt as drawback sore,  
    He dreaded its deduction from his merit.  
He was a manly fellow, and she drew  
Him from his shatter'd self, almost, anew,  
    And turn'd his heart, stone-changed, to a vital organ.

She had one love-link claim, no living woman  
Save Helen, could pretend to : she knew all  
His previous history, and the dark cloud, looming  
O'er his crush'd feelings, and she could recal  
Most that he suffer'd, in his gloomy woe,  
Whilst his beloved's fate, he could not know,  
But hideous doubt, obscured his sun of life.

Grantham has paid his compliments, below,  
To his kind hosts—and then, Sir Alan, said,  
“ Old times the Castle's height, you used to know,  
Where once a maiden, was by love betray'd ;  
Redeem that error, and may happy fate  
Link you in bonds of joy, with your sweet mate,  
Won, without wooing, in a dang'rous strife.

No further hint was needed ; Grantham hied  
Up the steep bank, and up the steeper stair,  
Till gain'd the Maiden's Bower, and there he spied  
His Juanita, of the raven hair.  
No earthly eye beheld that sacred meeting,  
No human tongue, could tell the mode of greeting,  
But, it would seem, they felt not lonely there ;

For, till the dinner-gong announced the feast  
They stay'd on high, with very natural feeling,  
And then unwilling came, with sense increased  
Of a great happiness, they were fain concealing.  
Then, Juanita, by a private stair,  
To Helen's chamber, softly enter'd there.  
“ Dear Helen, Grantham is the best of men.”

Helen her friend embraced, and wish'd her joy,  
And Juanita wept, for very pleasure,  
Feeling her choice, was not of base alloy,  
But metal of the purest, without measure.  
Why Juanita wept, there was no telling ;  
But Helen's sympathetic eyes, were welling.  
Excess of happiness, oft makes show of grief.

In the Great Hall, the highland feast was spread :  
Where, on the oaken panels, all around,  
Cuirasses, spears, and many a horn'd head,  
With skins of great dimensions, might be found.  
And here and there, the limner's art display'd  
Ancestral portraits, of the darkest shade,  
The grim Forefathers of the Hieland Chief.

Sir Alan, led Juanita to the head  
Of the long table ; plac'd her at his right,  
Whilst Grantham, Peru's Admiral, Helen led,  
And the rest follow'd just as best they might.  
The chairs were quickly fill'd at the high table ;  
Below the dais, clansmen stout and able,  
'Neath the stout oak, conceal'd their sinewy limbs.

Joyous the feast, for, happy minds were sharing  
In the full flow, of mild hilarity.  
The travellers, without doubt, events comparing,  
And thoughts, as well as claret, flowing free.  
They all had much to tell, and much to hear,  
Whilst, they partook of Old Sir Alan's cheer,  
And each, his past career, sketchily skims.

At times, the Pipers woke the echoes loud,  
And strutted round the tables, ribbands flying,  
Looking like peacocks, of their music proud,  
And without doubt, the strains were very telling.  
For when they paused, the calm so sweetly came,  
Like halcyon weather, in a stormy dream,  
Or oil pour'd o'er the waters, in a Simoom.

Dinner over, on the lawn, one might suppose  
They were no more in Scotland ; for, the men  
From the three ships, in ev'ry varied garb,  
Peruvian, Chilian, Gaucho, were to ken ;  
Dancing with Hieland lassies, and the plaid  
Look'd well, amongst the foreign garbs array'd,  
And ev'ry bonnet, had a heron plume.

Ackbar, and some few Negroes, and a Red man  
Made up the scene, 'twas like a fancy ball ;  
Some fine Mulattoes, with a Lascar Headman,  
Forcibly to their minds, past scenes recall ;  
A bit of Tropic life, imported there,  
To serve as foil, for all that was so fair ;  
A rare and brilliant sight, midst Hieland hills.

Not many days, in rural pleasures pass'd,  
When from the hilltops, signals reach'd the Keep,  
That a King's ship, was off the Loch, at last.  
Swiftly, the Foam's men to their Schooner leap,  
And bending to the breeze, away, she goes  
To greet old friends, as oft she did, old foes ;  
Whilst joyful feeling, ev'ry bosom fills.

Our friend, the Admiral, in Old Orion,  
Welcomed them on his Quarter-deck, declaring  
“That he, and all his Officers, were sighing  
In a grand chorus, each one sly preparing  
To make himself the most divinest swain,  
The lovely Helen’s favour, to obtain.  
The mere thought made him younger, twenty years.”

Armstrong was with him ; Pritchard, too, on leave :  
And Pennant, the wee Middy, somewhat pull’d out ;  
Taller and stronger, but we almost grieve  
To think that winning child, should ever grow stout,  
And have to be a man, and give up tricks,  
And his discursive mind, ’twixt barriers fix,  
Clipping his fancy’s shoots, with age’s shears.

The party now was perfect. Loch-na-Gaie  
Flaunted its brightest banners to the sun.  
Never, did its mountains, show such bright array,  
Nor Celtic people, to such riot run.  
Ten days were given to wassail, and enjoyment,  
The Clansmen camp’d around, without employment,  
Save the wild chase, the banquet, and the fling.

Then, the day came, when Juanita should  
Resign her maiden name, and Grantham’s pride  
In all his bold exploits, ne’er higher stood,  
Than at that altar, with her at his side.  
Helen was the only Bridesmaid she desired,  
Helen, sad at parting, did the deed required.  
Four Best Men, Grantham had around in ring.

Lovett and Lenox, his own shipmates, certain,  
Pritchard, too, claim'd a right to ship him off;  
The Admiral said, he'd peep behind the curtain:  
And when that was arranged, a little cough  
From a small Middy, with deploring look,  
The whole quartette with ready laughter shook.  
"Yes! My dear boy. I should not have forgot you.

For without doubt, to you, I owed my life,  
Then, to me, worthless—now I prize it much.  
Dread, hell-born torture, might have ended strife,  
Ere death released me, from Fiend Morgan's clutch.  
You gave me one life; Now I gain another;  
My Boy! Whilst I draw breath, you are my brother.  
'Twas Providence decreed, I ever met you."

"A la bonne heure," rejoiced, the Reefer shouts.  
"They told me, you'd not have me, and they jeer'd me.  
About my size; I certainly had doubts.  
They twitted me so hard, that much I fear'd me,  
You would decline the favour. I said then,  
'Diver, Dear Brute; I'm tortured with these men.'  
'Bow, Wow,' says Diver, and he brought me here.

I'll go now, and get ribbands from Miss Helen,  
To knot round Diver's neck, all white and blue;  
There's no shop here, where such things may be selling,  
For Diver has been your, and my friend, true.  
A trousseau, too, no doubt, I must prepare  
For Admiral Don Giantano, and his Fair.  
Lombard Street, can't be found here, anywhere.

They don't expect much from me, so no fear  
That I their expectations, disappoint.  
I have it. I know just the thing, to cheer,  
And jog their memory, to the stirring-point,  
When all too happy, in their southern home,  
They may forget the Orion, and the Foam,  
And all the fun, that we have had together."

The wedding went off famously: the Clan  
In gala tartans came from ev'ry side:  
Ale flow'd in casks-full, and Glenlivet ran  
In rivers, when they toasted Grantham's Bride.  
Bonfires on all the hills, put out the stars;  
Blue lights, and Chinese lanterns rigg'd the spars.  
And best of all, 'twas lovely highland weather.

Gifts of all kinds, were shower'd on the Bride;  
Remembrances, to keep alive for ever  
The friends who gave, who fail'd not, when sore tried,  
And from whom, difficult she found to sever.  
Last came young Pennant, with two packets seal'd,  
Who begg'd that the contents, be not reveal'd,  
Till, far away, from dear old Loch-na-Gaie.

And now, the parting moment had arrived:  
Fondest embraces, flowing tears, show'd how  
Dear were the pair that left them. Men contrived  
To hide their sorrow 'neath a serene brow.  
But, Helen fairly broke down, when she parted  
With Juanita, almost broken-hearted.  
"Love her well, Grantham." All that she could say.



The Foam became the wedding chariot, and  
When they had reach'd the little boathouse pier,  
Helen's splendid galley, Pennant in command,  
With Ackbar, and twelve sailors, waited near.  
Handed within the silken awning, then  
Rose the wild shout of many hundred men ;  
And the Foam's guns made rock and mountain shake.

Then rounding to the wind, with shiv'ring sails,  
The Foam stood like a picture in the sun,  
Her foresail thrown aback : the polish'd rails  
Gleaming like gold, across her graceful run.  
" In oars, Men ! " Swoop'd the Galley to the side,  
And Grantham handed to the deck his bride.  
His game play'd well, and for a noble stake.

Small Pennant, by the chains, caught at a shroud,  
And as the Foam fell off, and got the breeze,  
Emerg'd from out the active sailor crowd,  
And bow'd, till his curls touch'd Juanita's knees.  
" Last Orders for the shore," the Reefer cried,  
" That and my love to Helen," sigh'd the Bride,  
Printing a kiss, upon the boy's brown cheek.

" Now, I'm the last that touch'd her." Then he shook  
Grantham's hard hand, and stepp'd down to his boat.  
From both, the dear boy had a loving look.  
Then seized his tiller lines, and let her float  
Till, the yacht swooping to the wind, made play,  
Flags of all Nations, floating bright and gay,  
Had sail'd adown the Loch, her Port to seek.

The Foam has sail'd for Plymouth : after her  
    Grantham's two war boats ; his intentions were,  
Ere from the English Dockyards, they should stir,  
    To give them a most summary repair,  
And arm them to the best, ere yet again  
He sought his station, on the Spanish Main.  
His Honeymoon, sight-seeing, then was spent.

One day they dropp'd their anchor in a bay  
    On Cornwall's coast, where Penzance rises fair  
From out the ocean, facing southern day ;  
    And Juanita gave a moment's care  
To her belongings ; turning o'er the things  
Many and unknown, which her changed state brings,  
    And Grantham, pleasantly, attention lent.

Many, and beautiful, were the contents  
    These lockers turn'd out : at last they came  
To two brown paper parcels, the presents  
    The Little Middy gave—They seem'd to shame  
The splendour of the rich and gaudy show.  
Curious they both were, the contents to know.  
    Each took a packet, and unroll'd with care.

“What in the world,” cried Grantham, “an old jacket,  
    Tatter'd and soil'd and torn, is all I find.  
The young wag, as a jest, made up this packet,  
    The by-standers, alone, with it to blind.”  
“Two tiny pistols my wrap brings to light,  
    Rather small weapons, for a serious fight ;  
    There is a note beside, which we must share.”

“ You know I love you both, and was your pet,  
And whilst I wish you happiness, and blessing,  
You never can your little Mid forget,  
These strange remembrances, by your possessing.  
The jacket tells its own tale, it was found  
As Diver’s true scent, track’d his Master bound.  
Helen’s tiny pistols, Morgan too, disabled.

The jacket Diver found, brought safe conviction  
That we had struck the trail : the blood endorsement  
Told haste and aid needed, sans contradiction.  
And then the tiny pistols, gave enforcement,  
To Dear Miss Helen’s ever kindly plan,  
She’s ever wounding, but don’t kill her man.  
A Circe she, worse than the Circe fabled.

She can’t help being a Syren ; and she ever  
Is in the right, and her dear little present  
Just did enough, peril from us to sever,  
And leave to Grantham, glory he deem’d pleasant.  
And now I wish you both, happiness, bliss,  
And print upon this sheet, my parting kiss.  
Dick Pennant. Mid. Orion, 74.”

“ Dick Pennant need not fear forgetfulness :  
Like ivy ever verdant, he twines round  
Our hearts, causing feeling, we can scarce express :  
Yet his simplicity is so profound,  
So very natural, such pellucid truth,  
As very rarely shews, in selfish youth.  
His loving nature, we shall know no more.”

Tears fill'd their eyes, and in long after times  
When half a world divided, Dick's memento  
Was shown to their own children, and his rhymes  
Were in their Spanish tongues, ever in presento.  
And 'mongst the prattlers, at their gen'rous board,  
Ricardo and Helena were most stored.  
The Little Mid, by them, was ne'er forgotten.





## Canto XII.

---

And must she die, can none be found to save,  
Such excellence from an untimely grave ?

---

SORROW sat on ev'ry face, with joy commingled,  
For Juanita gone : she was endear'd  
To all who knew her : they knew, she had singled  
The only man, who really appear'd  
Fitted for her foreign tastes, and one who knew  
Her worth, by tried experience, and love grew  
Out of a mutual knowledge, to pure flame.

Manly M'Kenzie, brush'd away a tear,  
For much he loved her, then he tried to cheat  
His feelings, not successfully, I fear.  
"You see, how all the girls the old man treat ;  
We doat upon them, till our hearts are sore,  
Up pops a lover, and our reign is o'er.  
Since Adam's time, we're always served the same !"

This world, after all, is but a little place,  
And men are found, who tire of roving thro' it;  
The original one, is he, who loves to trace  
Distance on maps, but does not care to view it,  
With all the Telés, scope, phone, graph, content.  
Who pitches in his library, his tent,  
And, seldom stirs beyond his native parish.

But, our collected group, at Loch-na-Gaie,  
Had wander'd, devious, o'er our little world,  
Yet none their wide experience would betray,  
Nor show the wisdom, in their brains enfur'd.  
They all enjoy'd free intercourse of soul,  
'Neath elegant refinement's bland control,  
Nor cared for all the world's allurements, garish.

The young men, found amusement thro' the day,  
In manly sports, the rod, the gun, the steed,  
Braced their strong nerves, and lent their vigour play,  
And gave a wholesome change, from duty freed.  
The bow relax'd, or curved on opposite track,  
Regains its salience, and its tone wins back.  
Healthy and cheerful, was their holiday !

Thus pass'd a month : long ere that time was o'er,  
The Foam had safe return'd, and letters brought,  
That Grantham and his bride had left our shore,  
And with his ships, his sunny home had sought.  
The Admiral was fidgetting to go,  
But to be first to speak, was somewhat slow.  
He found his life sublime, by Loch-na-Gaie.

At last he said, "The Navy Board will wonder  
Where is the Admiral hid? they'll never guess  
At the old man's, oh! most unhappy blunder,  
Nor, at the keenness of his soul's distress,  
When he sail'd here, to woo fair Miss M'Kenzie,  
Full of a well-matured, but raging phrenzy,  
She never begg'd him, to become her lord.

She won his deep affections, and rewarded  
All his fine speeches, with the kindest word,  
But, yet in language, so refinely guarded,  
That burning love, was like a courser spurr'd,  
And at the same time, curb'd with galling check,  
Obliged, perforce, to bend his gallant neck,  
And give obedience, to her will's accord."

Fair Helen laugh'd, to hear this dolorous speech,  
Then laid her hand upon the old man's shoulder.  
"Surely, dear Admiral, you would not teach  
Me, than my sister maidens, to be bolder.  
But when, yourself, you to a horse compare,  
In taking you, I should become a mare;  
I'll answer in horse parlance, and say Nay" (neigh).

"I'd rather far, you'd speak in donkey tongue,  
For they speak Dutch, and ever cry, He, Yaw!  
And Ya is yes—no matter: 'twill be sung,  
When, Pegasus and asses, are awa:  
The tunes being 'The Great Charge of Horse Marines,'  
And 'The Poor Admiral, in the Willow Greens.'  
Now, lady: what can you to that speech say?"

“Admiral,” said Helen, “I have reasons strong,  
For leaving you your liberty. The first  
Is, that all womankind, would think me wrong,  
Should I show such a matrimonial thirst,  
As to deprive the sex, of such a beau,  
Who can appreciate, and their merits know,  
Condensing wide-spread homage, to a point.

Next, I should keep my good-man, here at home.

Now Admirals, and Horse Marines, are ever  
Galloping here and there, disposed to roam ;  
In fact, their Union, is a legal sever.  
Distance and absence, poets call love’s trials.  
Why seek out difficulties, and denials ?

I say to such amusement—out—aroint !

Thirdly, my cake of love might have such leav’n

As to inflate my heart with earthly glory :  
And if you fell, crushing my terrene heav’n,  
Leaving a widow’s cap, and your noble story,  
To solace, what the aggravating press  
Would call your relict’s inconsol’d distress !

Admiral, we ’ll shake hands, on this weighty matter.”

“Well, lady fair, your reasons may be good.

I ’ll bear with Christian patience, my sad fate.

My seventy years few girls had withstood ;

Some would have seen beyond, another mate :  
And some have thought, when the Old Cock ’s away,  
Maybe, I won’t enjoy, my own sweet play,

And whilst he seeks wooden legs, his guineas scatter.”



The dear old man, thus banter'd with fair Helen  
All publicly, and openly, the while ;  
Then kiss'd her like a father, his heart swelling,  
And Helen kiss'd him with an honest smile.  
But ere he went, he whisper'd in her ear,  
"I hold George Armstrong, of all men most dear !  
Would that I dared hope, you could do the same."

Helen answer'd, "Mr. Armstrong has my favour,  
I much respect, admire him : his true course  
Will be a noble one, and I could never  
Dream of, now, checking his fine innate force.  
He's won his spurs already. I can guess  
Great things for George : elements of success  
Pervade the man, and must lead on to fame."

"I wish you praised him less, and loved him more."  
"Taci, dear Admiral, my thoughts are bent  
Into far other channels, to explore  
What may best benefit those, to whom I'm sent ;  
What may bring comfort to my father dear,  
And lead our Clansmen, to their Father near.  
These are my only pressing thoughts, just now."

Armstrong's farewells were silent ones, he knew  
He must not speak, unless he got a hint,  
And no hint came. Yet Armstrong's heart was true,  
And probity stamp'd his soul in truest mint.  
With kindest words and wishes, he departed  
Seeming as brave as steel—but sore down-hearted.  
Nothing, but desp'rate service, for him now.

Lovett must keep his promise, and not speak,  
Fiercely, impatient, of this galling thrall,  
We cannot say, he bore this penance meek ;  
To the all-conqueror, wormwood and gall !  
He only ask'd one question. " Shall the Foam  
In Loch-na-Gaie, still find a kindly home ? "  
" She, shall be ever welcome to our moorings."

Pritchard and Lenox too, have slipp'd away,  
Scorch'd, but uninjured, perhaps wiser grown :  
Carrying a picture in their minds, which may  
Have purified their thoughts, and given tone.  
And last our little Pennant got a kiss,  
Which raised his throbbing heart, to height of bliss,  
And flooded his bright eyes, with love's outpourings.

And Loch-na-Gaie was silent, now again.  
So many bright ones gone. The scene seem'd dark,  
Father, and daughter view'd with real pain  
The nature, which had lost electric spark.  
That bright array, no more could come together,  
Cupid's darts scatter'd them, with perverse feather ;  
They fled the attraction, they could not sustain.

Helen and her father, sat upon the Tower,  
And talk'd about the guests, now gone for ever :  
A fitting subject for the lady's bower,  
And the M'Kenzie sought with vain endeavour  
To find some secret leaning in his daughter.  
Her mind, she said, was like untroubled water,  
Which fail'd impression permanent, to retain.

He went o'er all their merits—she allow'd,  
And praised them, more than he did ; preference  
Could not select a unit from the crowd.

Not one inspired her with a wish intense.  
“ Father, I'll stay with you, till day of doom,  
And loving cheer you—till the right man come.  
And even then, 'twould cost me a great scruple.”

“ Well, darling, please yourself: yet I must say,  
You're very difficult. You've had a choice  
Few maidens e'er had, in their youthful day.  
Nor beauty, talent, grace can win your voice.  
Selfishly, at my side, I'd keep you ever.  
Rightfully, I'm content from you to sever,  
My Own dear Child, tho' in some things your pupil.”

Another three years pass'd. Our glance we turn  
To seek our college friends. Ambition, pride,  
Necessity of work, to erase the spurn  
Of non-acceptance, from his chosen bride,  
Urged Lovett into politics, and there,  
He took with giant ease, a master share ;  
Careless of envy, in his peerless track.

Armstrong was Posted, and in favour high  
In Admiralty quarters ; his stern skill  
Seem'd ev'ry chance of fortune to defy,  
And dangerous crises vanish'd at his will.  
Honour'd by the Nation, known upon the seas,  
Old England's glory, was his pet prestige ;  
And duty's call ne'er found the brave man slack.

Admiral Sir J—— had ceased from naval strife ;  
His hearty spirit left this troublous world.  
Armstrong, his heir was, but when yielding life  
He said, "Dear George, now all my sails are furl'd,  
My Ensign haul'd down, dropp'd my life's best Bower,  
Promise me now, in this my latest hour,  
You 'll kindly care young Pennant, and his mother."

His father was my dearest friend, in youth :  
I loved his mother ; she cared not for me.  
She cross'd my fond affection, spurn'd my truth ;  
Then in despair, I pledged me to the sea.  
Pennant met a noble fate. I took his boy,  
Brave as his father, and his mother's joy.  
You know the rest—that mem'ry I can't smother."

Promise was not needed ; Armstrong loved the youth,  
Whose true, bright nature spread a joy around,  
Whose fearless soul, was set in sterling truth,  
And midst whose fun, kind feeling still was found.  
"That boy, dear uncle, shall be as a brother,  
And for her own dear sake, I 'll guard his mother."  
"Thanks, my good George ; my glim, may now be dows'd."

Romance lives where we think not, from afar  
Many a life which seems to err from nature,  
Wanders, because deprived of guiding star,  
And grows a something, of disjointed stature.  
A fallen rock, will turn a river's course,  
And fret the erst smooth stream, with dang'rous force,  
Swelling to purpose, opposition roused.

Helen for the Admiral grieved, so genial, kind :  
A rough true sailor, who had play'd his part  
In all his country's wars, with steady mind,  
And midst stern discipline, had a tender heart.  
In his advanced years, he loved the young,  
And added joy, when he was cast among  
His juniors, who both loved him, and respected.

Hitherto, Helen had a fund of health,  
Almost perfection : constitutional strength  
Flourish'd in her frame, in more than wonted wealth,  
And all about her promised life of length.  
She rode, and walk'd the mountains, still untired ;  
Her vigour, manliness in all inspired,  
And on all weaklings, seriously reflected.

But Spring's bright days, will not for ever last,  
And Summer skies with storms, are oft enshrouded.  
Prophetic, would that soul be, to forecast  
That life the brilliantest, would not be clouded.  
Helen caught a trifling cold ; she would not yield  
'Till strength gave way, and hectic took the field,  
And hoisted its blood-red standard, on her cheek.

M'Kenzie was alarm'd. Advice was sought.  
Learn'd men advised remove to milder clime.  
Health must in balmy regions, now be bought,  
And that, without a moment's loss of time.  
The Southern Coast of England, Mont-Pelier,  
The Cove of Cork, the Gulf's warm stream more near,  
The course of dreaded, dire disease might break.

The anxious father gently took his child  
From the cold North, and Scotia's stormy gales,  
To where, a warmer, brighter nature smiled,  
And no cold wind, or chilling damp prevails.  
First they sought Ventnor, southern shore of Wight;  
Then cross'd to where the Lee, in wavelets bright  
Winds in its tortuous course, to seek the brine.

Mild Cove received them, 'neath its shelt'ring hills  
A nice sweet nook, within an Isle-strewn bay;  
With temper'd breezes, and with trickling rills,  
And warm exposure, to the southern ray.  
The best physician, just now, was away,  
Bracing his frame, with Autumn holiday,  
Exploring the Old Castles on the Rhine.

This was a contretemps. Mine Host appear'd,  
" 'Tis true, our chief Consultant is away,  
But from that cause, there 's nothing to be fear'd,  
He has sent a bright young Doctor, here to stay,  
Who in a week or two, has won all hearts;  
Many will sorrow, when the youth departs,  
For, he has both consummate skill, and kindness."

"Be good enough to send for him. Of course  
Your tried physician, would not send a Muff,  
Perhaps, we 'll find him, of sufficient force,  
And Helen, you don't want much physic stuff."  
The Doctor came, was shown up—Oh! Surprise  
Danced in the lady's, and her father's eyes,  
It seem'd hallucination—but not blindness.

For in full view, the strange physician stood  
As *Locum-Tenens*, for his wise old friend ;  
Softly approaching, as physicians should  
When they to human woe, kind science lend.  
He bow'd, the lady rose, then he perceived  
For the first time, his eyes were not deceived,  
And they, saw Lenox, Ocean Foam's late Surgeon.

This was a happy meeting : all rejoice :  
Were more than satisfied. " What a curious thing ;  
Had I been seeking, of my own free choice,  
It would to me, great satisfaction bring,  
To know, that I could have my good old friend,  
To aid me in my trouble, and attend ;  
And not be, on a stranger, fancies urging."

M'Kenzie was rejoiced ; Helen relieved ;  
Lenox only grieved to know that she was ill ;  
Crushing down his regard, lest being deceived  
By a vain hope, he might not quite fulfil  
The sacred duty, which before him lay,  
Seemingly hardest, in his life's whole day,  
To speak his fiat, on the girl he loved.

" Fear not, my kind Physician, and my friend,  
To speak the unvarnish'd truth. I well can bear  
Aught, that my Heavenly Father here may send.  
But oh ! Dear Lenox, my poor father spare.  
He lost my mother, by Consumption's blight,  
Only a few months, after I saw light.  
That dread for me, is deep in his soul grooved."

The silent tear, stole down the young man's face,  
As, with chirurgic skill, he deftly sought  
The incipient signs, of dread disease, to trace,  
And with his own, intensest feelings fought.  
His head downcast, as by her couch he knelt,  
Conceal'd the emotion, which in doubt he felt.  
The examination over, he stood up.

Some questions ask'd, received direct replies.  
" You have indeed, been very, very ill ;  
But it would give me, more than great surprise,  
If art, and Nature cannot both fulfil  
Their proper functions, and restore you quite.  
There is nothing vital wrong—tho' all 's not right.  
'Twas simple inflammation, knock'd you up."

" Oh ! Blest be Providence," the father cried,  
" Lenox, my friend, you comfort my old heart.  
Stand by us now, and with you at our side,  
With God's own blessing, weakness will depart.  
Oh ! I have pray'd, and agonised to think  
My darling standing on the dizzy brink,  
Of a most fearful, deadly precipice."

" With Heaven's good aid, we 'll bridge the chasm o'er,  
I find no serious ailment, no great harm.  
Good constitutions will shake off much more  
Than what has caused you, such extreme alarm.  
One right step you have taken, this mild air  
Will act like charm, and will for health prepare :  
Courage will do the rest—and good advice."



"The first, I have—the last to you I trust.  
I'd like to live, for I enjoy my life;  
And health God gives us, as a sacred trust.  
To be used discreetly, as your surgeon's knife;  
To do good to ourselves, others relieve,  
From suffering where it can, tho' pain may grieve.  
You've giv'n me comfort—and I know you true."

Lenox commenced his treatment. In mild Cove  
Symptoms the worst gave way; strength slow return'd.  
Soon she was able by Lee's shores, to rove,  
And healthy bloom, upon her fair cheek burn'd:  
Not the false hectic, which before illumed,  
With specious show of health, whilst it consumed  
The vital powers, with false delusive view.

They wander'd thro' that lovely southern land,  
Amused, by the kind peasants' pleasant ways;  
Receiving welcome upon ev'ry hand.  
No need to sound the hospitable praise  
Of Ireland's dwellers: heart and hand, they bore  
Good testimony, that on Erin's shore,  
"Caed mille failthe," is no empty phrase.

Killarney, softly sweet, earth's loveliest scene;  
Bantry's famed bay, Kenmare, Glengariff wild,  
Gems in the crown of the fair Island Queen,  
Jewels the best, since in their softness smiled  
That beam of heav'nly light, health-giving strength,  
Which by degrees to Scotia's child, at length,  
Restored her powers, and promised length of days.

Lenox's engagement ceased, his friend return'd,  
Resumed his occupation : he was free.  
M'Kenzie, in anxiety, now burn'd  
Him, near his child restored, ever to see.  
He seem'd to hold o'er her more wayward will  
A pow'r for good, controlling : tact or skill,  
No matter how 'twas call'd—but it work'd well.

Short trips in friendly yachts, help'd on the charm,  
The great Atlantic rollers, gave delight.  
Helen on their mountain swells, felt no alarm,  
Nor dreaded plunging in the trough outright.  
But once or twice, when the great waves curl'd o'er,  
And with white, roaring, foam-crests rush'd for shore,  
“ How the old Foam, would ride this pleasant swell !”

“ Dared the Foam's owner come, too happy he  
Would be, to place his yacht at your behest ;  
Most gratified, would Lovett be, to see  
Your health restored. Shall I his aid request ?  
A word will bring him here. When last he wrote,  
He said he 'd sell the Foam, and bade me quote  
The selling prices, in this nautic port.”

“ By no means, Lenox. You know quite enough  
Of our relation, not to take that step.  
Lovett is a man of far too delicate stuff,  
The fine line of propriety, to outstep.  
Did you do as you say, he would suppose,  
That I, his wishes, would not now oppose.  
I could not—dare not take him—much less court.”

“ Pardon, dear lady, but he is my friend ;  
For him I spoke, because I know his will ;  
He, would not, nor would I, dare to offend.  
His noble mind, will great things still fulfil.  
Nothing will ever conquer him, but fate ;  
He calls your distance, some concealèd hate ;  
He ’d give his life, to overcome that feeling.”

“ None know his worth, more than I do myself :  
His sterling qualities. He ’s a perfect man.  
The world would call me but a silly elf  
Not to accept him ; but do all I can,  
Love seems impossible—I can’t say why ;  
The thing seems foolish, that I won’t deny,  
And yet, it is a fact, beyond concealing.

You correspond with him. You hear my words.  
You are a friend of both. You can impart  
In inoffensive language, what you ’ve heard,  
And set at peace, that great man’s noble heart.  
I never can be his. If he permit  
I ’ll always be with him, in friendship knit :  
Nay, I ’ll regard him as a very brother.”

“ Your kindness is but cruel. Better far,  
Say you don’t like him ; tell him to go find  
Some one that ’s less repellant. One small scar  
In Cupid’s wars, will not his prospects blind.  
Girls of rare qualities, and fine fortunes are  
Ready, to mount with him, the Hymeneal car.  
That, would do more with him, his love to smother.

To tell him, you regard him, and admire him,  
That you will yield him friendship of the purest,  
What can that do, but secretly inspire him,  
And bid him wait, as course to him securest?  
Better, ye never met again in life,  
With peace-relations, which are mocking strife,  
And never can bring either, happiness."

"Better we had not met—but as we have,  
Why, whilst admiring, need we hate each other?  
Why not bear up, with feelings truly brave,  
Nor for one sentiment, all the others smother?  
You know my feelings; you can ease his mind,  
And friendship should be ever so inclined.  
Act, up to the strong friendship, you profess."

"Then I may tell him, all the words now said?"  
"You may, but use your ever kind discretion:  
I would not hurt the feelings he betray'd,  
Nor scorn the love he would make my possession.  
My mind is too discursive, to be cramp'd  
By one, whose mind is with perfection stamp'd.  
In truth, I think him quite too good for me."

Lenox wrote, and Lovett conn'd the epistle strange,  
Took up a sheet of paper, wrote directions  
To the Foam's Skipper, to sail straight for Cork,  
Not waiting to make any deep reflections.  
She cannot take offence, if I would please;  
I will not go; that proves I would not tease.  
Nay, to avoid discussion, I shall flee

Off to the Continent, and write from Paris,  
Lenox can take command ; he 's often done it.  
This plan cannot them in the least embarrass.  
My weft is out, and cruel bad I 've spun it.  
Come Politics,—Ambition be my wife !  
Helen I 'll try to lose, in active life.  
Lose her—I have lost. But I can't forget her.

A few days later, at the earliest dawn,  
Helen, and her friend big Neptune, stroll'd along  
The beach, which border'd on the grassy lawn  
Of their abode, and caroll'd a wild song.  
Thinking of many things, silly and wise.  
But nought she thought of, equall'd her surprise,  
And then a rush of feeling strange, beset her.

Neptune stood in the water, to his ears,  
Snuff'd hard, then gave a very joyous bark.  
“What is it, Nep, so wondrous that appears ?  
You seem illumined, whilst I 'm in the dark.”  
Neptune said nothing, but plunged out, and swam  
To where a knot of yachts, lay anchor'd, calm,  
And a fine schooner, clove down, thro' their midst.

Helen's heart was flutt'ring, wildly, when she saw  
Her dog approach the vessel, a black man  
With a noosed rope, on board the Envoy draw,  
Who bounded on the deck, for many a span.  
“It is the Foam ! Neptune knows his old friends.  
The Nubian, Ackbar, o'er my Doggie bends—  
But, Henry Lovett, I had this sight miss'd !

You break the bounds, we last agreed to keep ;  
It is not kind, thus to pursue my way.  
Better for us both, did inclination sleep,  
And better far, that you should keep away.  
I'll go into the house, nor meet this man."  
Indignant was her tread, but vain her plan,  
With Ackbar, Neptune, Diver, on her track.

She scarcely welcomed him—at once enquired  
"Is Mr. Lovett—Is your Master there!"  
The loving Black, at her cold manner fired,  
Answer'd, "My Master, is I believe, no where!  
Letter, he sends The M'Kenzie. Lady Dear,  
You are offended with me, I much fear:  
When I saw you, my heart jump out my back!"

"Ackbar, my friend, forgive me. Great surprise  
Robb'd me of manners! To my father come.  
I scarcely could believe my accustom'd eyes,  
That, that should be my old friend, Ocean Foam.  
Where is the Signor Lovett? "Gone to Paris.  
He cast me off too; said I would embarrass  
His diplomatic Mission's, rapid motion."

"When comes he back?" "Don't know. No time he named.  
He said a year or two: order'd the sale  
Of the Old Foam. Then his commands reclaimed.  
In hours twenty-four, and without fail,  
She must be ready, to put out to sea.  
His old Crew are on board, and he made me  
First Mate, Vice-Steward, whilst the Foam keeps ocean,

Now, Missy, where is Mr. Lenox here?  
 I have a letter, not to be delay'd."  
 "The Doctor's not far off, and it will cheer  
 His spirits that with us, he here has stay'd,  
 When the Old Messmates of his stirring days  
 Meet him again, to cheer him with the praise,  
 His strong arm, his kind heart so well deserves."

Lenox and M'Kenzie, now came on the scene.  
 "What! Ackbar? Wonders, they will never cease!  
 I thought a little ocean flow'd between  
 Your stormy life, and mine, of tranquil peace.  
 I'm happy, Ackbar, now; I thought I'd lost  
 My own dear girl, when grave disease had cross'd  
 My threshold, and it quite unstrung my nerves."

"Miss Helen looks a beauty, just as ever;  
 No fear of her, when breathing the sea breeze,  
 In her own darling Foam: she'll rally clever.  
 She always throve upon the dancing seas."  
 Lenox now read his note. In guarded phrase  
 It hoped, that Providence very soon would raise  
 Dear Miss M'Kenzie, to her former health.

Ask'd him, to place the Foam at her disposal  
 For long or short, distance or time, no matter,  
 To regulate himself, ev'ry proposal.  
 And then he added, I can myself flatter,  
 You'll find this task, a pleasure, *con amore*.  
 To give her health, would be a pleasant glory.  
 And a cheap purchase, of the greatest wealth!

“Dear Henry Lovett, in this world there never  
Lived such a noble spirit, in man’s form.  
I’d give life up, sooner than that link sever,  
Which, strong as steel, has held thro’ calm and storm.  
His friendship is worth having, it stands testing,  
’Tis metal of the purest, worth the cresting.  
But, he has innate pride, the most defiant.”

Both letters, were now placed in Helen’s hands.  
She conn’d them over, and she gave them back.  
“This is considerate, and kind, and lands  
Me, in no direful dilemma’s track.  
He knows I like the Foam, thinks good ’twill do me,  
And in his pride of soul, will not pursue me,  
Dear fellow, to his wish, I’ll be compliant.”

Father, we owe to Henry Lovett’s kindness  
This very tempting offer, much I’d like,  
If my adviser here, thinks it not blindness,  
Away for southern regions, now to strike.  
A little cruise, in Mediterranean waters,  
A little peep, at fair Italia’s daughters,  
I think, would set the seal, on health returning.”

Lenox replied, “The boat’s at your disposal,  
The rest I am to see to. Henry writes :  
‘ If you accept his well-wishing proposal,  
You are to have no care. Thus he indites,  
But do the utmost, to secure good health :  
Without it, what are lands, or rank, or wealth,  
Save trifles, which excite a sore heart-burning.



He makes no compliment ; declares the yacht  
Has no chance of his using her, for years ;  
Laid up in dock, the beauty would but rot,  
Why not relieve two beauties, of their fears.  
Make all smooth, Lenox, with your custom'd grace,  
And hold, as you 've always done, a foremost place,  
In the true affection of yours, Henry Lovett.'

Helen's eyes a moment were suffused ; her heart  
Well'd to her eyes, but back she drew the tear.  
"He is a noble friend, thus to impart  
A real kindness, with a delicate fear  
Lest he be deem'd presumptuous." Then she spoke  
"I like Dear Henry's most sarcastic joke.  
To save the Foam from rotting—health I covet."

M'Kenzie chimed in, with the greatest pleasure.  
"We 'll take the kindly offer, and be off:  
Winter approaches, we 'll escape its measure,  
And Helen must not give another cough.  
Write, Lenox ; thank him for this gen'rous aid ;  
I 'll do it also, and my gentle maid,  
Will add a postscript, of sweet willing thanks."

O'er the glad waters, flies the gallant Foam,  
And ev'ry day, a brighter rosebud blew  
In Helen's cheek, in this her old sea-home,  
And every hour, her vigour stronger grew.  
No paltry *mal de mer*, was her's to know,  
Biscay's wild billows, were a pleasant show,  
Her racing steed, career'd above their ranks.

Old Gebal Tarac, show'd his teeth of steel,  
As they skimm'd by, and entered the rough strait  
'Twixt Africa and Europe. Then they feel  
The balmy breezes, they so craved of late ;  
And soon the aromatic vapours bear  
The aroma of sweet flowers, in ambient air,  
And all their hearts, bounded in sweet delight,

Tangier is passed, then by the Afric coast,  
Ceuta with its flat roofs, and Moorish towers,  
Where mammas, make it their perpetual boast,  
To fatten maidens, for hymeneal bowers.  
Then standing north-east, till they sight the Isles  
On which the sun, ev'n in mid-winter smiles,  
Las Baleares, with their mountains bright.

Then, at Port Mahon, in Minorca stopp'd  
To pluck the orange ripe, and pomegranate,  
And wander midst the vineyards, richly cropp'd,  
With the sweet grape, which mellows very late.  
Then North again, to meet the Silver Rhone,  
From the Swiss Glaciers, with its sister Saone  
Bearing to Lyon's Gulf, its freights of wine.

Here in a lovely climate, from Narbonne  
To the soft Isles of Hières, they cruised along ;  
Or landed, after many a joyous run,  
At Toulon, Marseilles, Cette : the joyous song,  
And Barcarole, from all the Native Craft,  
With mighty choruses, from each timber raft,  
Heard o'er the distant waters, sounding fine.

Then tired of the civilizèd world,  
They cross'd the sea to Oran, with intent  
To run for Algiers ; but when they had furl'd  
Their sails, within the Mole, on landing bent,  
A small boat came on board them, an old Jew  
Clamber'd on deck, look'd round, as if he knew,  
Or thought he should have known, some persons there.

When he saw Ackbar. "Oh ! I'm in the right !  
It is the Foam ! Is Captain Lovett here ?  
He saved my life, in the Bolivian fight,  
When I was prisoner, and death threat'ning near.  
I am the Spanish Consul here, and know  
Scarce to distinguish friendly man, from foe.  
This is no place, for your fine barkie fair.

Full fifty vessels, lie within the port  
With men and arms, and small pretence of trade.  
Why they have chosen this, as their resort,  
Bodes no good, to fair traders, I'm afraid.  
This costly toy of yours, would suit them well,  
To rob, to plunder, or at worst, to sell.  
Be advised, by one that knows them, to sheer off."

Lenox and M'Kenzie, might have risk'd a fight,  
But Helen's presence, counsell'd prudent act.  
So, when the heav'ns darken'd into night,  
They took the hint the Consul gave, with tact ;  
Slipp'd from the harbour, unperceived, and bore  
Up for Algiers along the Afric shore,  
Getting from their suspicious neighbours, clear off.

An English Frigate, lay at anchor there ;  
A Portuguese Corvette, with sixteen guns :  
The French Tricolor, floated in free air,  
And a fine Dutch-man of a thousand tons.  
In such a neighbourhood, piracy was dumb.  
No harm to our health-seekers, there might come.  
They dropp'd their anchor, in the Frigate's wake.

Yet, scarcely was their dancing bark, at rest,  
When from the English War Ship, came a boat.  
Skimming along the placid ocean's breast,  
To where swung Ocean Foam, with buoyant float.  
"The Frigate's Captain, sends Card and Respects."  
M'Kenzie reads a moment, then reflects.  
"Bless me! This surely must be a mistake."

He pass'd the card to Lenox, he to Helen.  
Her colour rose a little, then she said,  
(Feeling in her throat, an undefined swelling).  
"This world is too little, I'm afraid.  
Captain George Armstrong, to yon Frigate posted,  
Holds the command, his Uncle for him boasted.  
How very strange it is, we still must meet."

The Steward whisper'd something to the Doctor,  
He popp'd his head up the Companion ladder ;  
Helen heard a voice, which never yet had mock'd her,  
And whose tones, made her heart beat ever gladder.  
"If that be not young Pennant's voice," she cried,  
"My sense of hearing, must be quite denied."  
And forthwith rose, her little friend to greet.

Little no more ; stretch'd to a lathy ladling,  
She saw him, in huge Ackbar's mighty clasp,  
A golden swab, his sinister shoulder saddling,  
And his voice, tho' she knew it, like a rasp.  
Ackbar the youth loved, far too much to feel  
Necessity his great joy to conceal,  
Or barrier placed 'twixt Black, and King's Lieutenant.

Helen warmly, kindly, welcomed her young friend.  
He thought her a Divinity from the Heavens.  
She saw he was a child, no more to spend  
Endearments on : distinctly mark'd the leaven  
Of manhood, ripening out of glorious youth,  
Pervading the fine face, and brow of truth.

“ Are you with Captain Armstrong, Mr. Pennant ? ”

“ Yes, and there never was a man like George,  
He is the kindest, the most darling fellow ;  
Since the Dear Admiral died, he tries to forge  
Fetters of love, of metal the most mellow.  
His crew all love him, tho' he keeps all taut.  
In discipline is safety, is his thought.  
He has ev'n made me steady—That was work !

He knew the Foam, whilst yet a distant speck ;  
As yet he knows not who may be on board :  
He watch'd her, as she came, from our poop deck,  
Seem'd deep in thought, and scarcely utter'd word.  
At last he said, “ Poor Lovett, we must make  
Friends with the Schooner, for her master's sake.  
Even, tho' the present master, be a Turk.

Carry my compliments, on board, and say,  
The former owner, of that splendid boat,  
Was a dear friend. That, whilst we keep this bay,  
Such small attention, as I can devote  
To my own Countrymen, kindly be received,  
Else for my Country's sake, I shall be grieved.  
Let me know who is there. Invite, if proper."

Lenox now hail'd the Signalman. "Ask, attention,  
From Captain of the Frigate." "Done. He waits."  
"Now, spell the word 'M'Kenzie.' 'Helen.' Mention  
'Lenox.' 'All clear.' Lieutenant speed back, fates  
Will bring him swimming, if an instant boat  
Be not to receive him, ere he goes afloat.  
These signals, will leave George without a stopper."

George Armstrong spell'd the signals, quite as fast  
As his train'd officer, with book and pencil,  
Their counterparts upon the paper cast,  
And dotted in, as if about to stencil.  
"Is the boat back?" "She's o'er the water flying,  
The men down on the thwarts, are almost lying,  
And the Lieutenant, bobbing to each stroke."

Armstrong dropp'd in at once. "I read the word,  
Is Lovett there?" "No! Only the signal'd party.  
Lenox just said, you'd dart off like a bird,  
Soon as you saw, to get a welcome hearty.  
But if I tell you, do not feel alarm;  
Helen always charming, now has double charm:  
Her loveliness, would an anchorite provoke."

Armstrong said nothing, but cough'd down a sigh :  
And, whilst quick thought hurried back many a day,  
The gig sped o'er the waters, the Foam nigh,  
And Helen's hand was grasp'd, ere what to say  
He had not framed. Suffice, they met good friends,  
And joyous feeling, to their meeting lends  
A tranquil happiness, they scarce had hoped.

They told him of their flight from Oran. He  
Said it was wise: he information had,  
That a large fleet, of Robbers, of the Sea,  
Were congregated there, for purpose bad:  
Half traders, and whole pirates: even here  
Small vessels are not safe, tho' in Algier,  
Necessity makes them careful, with us coped.

M'Kenzie's joy, to see his friends of yore,  
Was very great. They talk'd of bygone times,  
But, never touch'd upon a subject sore.  
The ev'ning pass'd, as gay as nursery rhymes.  
Armstrong, whose taste for books was never stay'd  
Whilst chatting, search'd the library, display'd  
On ev'ry side, on that rich cabin's walls.

"Neptune, is very chary of new books ;  
To be sure, he gives us one great book of Nature ;  
Exhibits wondrous monsters, caught with hooks,  
Which, to all piscatorial knowledge, looks like satire.  
But 'tis a luxury, past all express,  
To find here, all that 's new, in rich excess,  
And which, our British feeling, here recalls."

Armstrong pull'd out some folios, then he drew  
Lenox to the vacant place; they both smiled grim.  
"Oh! if Miss Helen that queer story knew,  
'Twould raise her estimate, of the absent Him.  
I promised that should soundly be repair'd,  
But in our haste, the matter was not cared."  
"What is the secret, gentlemen, you've found?"

Lenox look'd amused. "No secret; tho' untold.  
Were Lovett here, he'd say, 'Not worth the telling;'  
Yet, it does much of character unfold.  
We had sail'd up a creek, and had been shelling  
A lot of boats, of most suspicious hue,  
Which hid themselves, from our immediate view,  
But water shoaling, we fear'd to take ground.

So, we dropp'd anchor, with a bright look-out.  
Lovett went below, to con a wretched chart.  
He sat down, at that table, to hunt out,  
If possible, our whereabouts, when smart  
A forceful blow, came with a rending crash,  
The books flew from their pannels, with a smash  
The lamp was into thousand fragments shatter'd.

The parallel rulers, from his hand were dash'd,  
The table clear'd of all its hamper-naval,  
The lamp-oil over ev'rything was splash'd,  
We were in darkness, prey to all thoughts evil.  
Then from the silence, which was most profound,  
A gentle voice, came with a dulcet sound:  
'Strike a match, Grantham, please; our lamp is batter'd.'



These two men sat there, nor a fear betray'd,  
Tho' the ball pass'd between them : lit a candle,  
Pick'd up the greasèd chart, and Lovett said,  
' Let go six fathoms cable ! We can handle  
Compasses steadier, without shoves like that.  
That fellow had our range ; we'll bell the cat.  
Let not a glim of light be seen on board.'

Then, to the charts, and instruments, again  
Applied themselves ; made some short notes and sketches.  
Then, silently, on deck, these thorough men  
Came up, to see where the next bullet fetches ;  
It plough'd the sea, just at the bowsprit's nose,  
Its flash gave the position of their foes.  
' Ackbar, we can a rocket there afford.'

Another flash, Ackbar had mark'd the spot.  
The rocket tube was fairly levell'd, and  
So quick, and true the range was, that the shot  
Came right amongst the engineering band,  
Split into thousand fragments, as it burst,  
And spread wild havoc, like a thing accursed ;  
Then shell and shrapnell finish'd the fierce work.

The carpenters repair'd the outer breach.  
Books closed the interior ; 'twas almost forgotten.  
What's out of sight, is oft-times out of reach,  
And till we arrived in England, 'twas not thought on.  
Then when we search'd the aperture, we found  
A very venomous serpent coilèd round,  
Kill'd by the ball, in its concealment's lurk.

‘Betwixt these two, we ’ve had a narrow shave,’  
Grantham remark’d; ‘that ball did us good service :  
That viper’s bite is deadly : nought can save  
From its effects—from such the Lord preserve us.’  
The moral this, worst evil oft brings good,  
As poisonous med’cine oft, is health’s best food.  
All Henry said was, ‘Let the hole be mended.’

Still it escaped attention, till he knew  
You wish’d a cruise. Then in an earnest note,  
Order’d the cabin linings to renew,  
And search out ev’ry crevice in the boat ;  
Lest any secret danger might encroach  
On your enjoyment, or your life approach.  
Then came a postscript, ‘Take great care,’ appended.”

“Lovett’s a wondrous man,” Armstrong exclaim’d ;  
“Matchless in most, with coolness, most amusing.  
With mind, which vanity has never shamed ;  
Ambitious, yet all praise for good, refusing ;  
He is a riddle, few men e’er can read,  
Acquiring what he likes, yet free from greed.  
To get his wishes, seems his right by nature.”

M’Kenzie, Pennant, join in Lovett’s praise,  
Helen look’d round the group, then struck a note  
On her guitar, and thought of other days,  
How kindly, Lovett did himself devote  
To do her service ; then her fingers ran  
In rapid concords, a diapason,  
And words in sweetest tones, found her creator.

HELEN'S SONG.

Praise, gains its value from its truth,  
If e'er so little there, it fails,  
'Tis but hypocrisy, in sooth,  
And ridicule, at length entails.

The absent subject of our song,  
Soars above praise, a noble man,  
Scatt'ring a brilliant trail, along  
The space of his short life's bright span.

Laudation, fails to elevate  
The cool, the steady, and the wise,  
One, whom no praise could e'er elate,  
No terror shock, no fear surprise.

Before the last sweet sounds had died,  
Pennant caught up a mandolin,  
Struck the same air, with minstrel pride,  
His features twisted to a grin.  
His prelude was "*Arma virum que cano*,  
Who forces us admire, *non animo inano*,  
Who makes us thank ourselves, for praising him."

Perhaps the lady may be right,  
To praise the eagle, when it soars,  
Above earth's ken, in brilliant flight,  
Thinking, all mundane fowls, but bores.

She sings that truth its value gives  
To praise, and modesty confesses  
That nought of other praise e'er lives,  
And fulsome praise, the mind oppresses.

Flatt'ry tis not, nor silly praising,  
To call him brave, who sits in quiet,  
With cannon-balls his features grazing,  
And shatter'd timbers, making riot.

Thus we may laud our friend in distance,  
And thank our friend here, for the story,  
Knowing that Fortune gives assistance  
To him, who shunning, attains glory.

“Bravo! my youthful improvisatore,  
You knew, and loved the man, and well may tell  
From gen'rous mem'ry, our good friend's story,  
Which comes inspired, because you loved him well.  
And now, good-night, sweet dreams devoid of fears  
Be yours, altho' the haven be Algiers!  
For British tars shall watch o'er your repose.”

“Armstrong looks twenty years an older man  
Than when I saw him last,” M'Kenzie said,  
“He's grave and silent, seems his words to plan,  
I hope, no trouble has been on him laid.  
Too thoughtful for his years; stern dignity  
Shows in his ev'ry feature, once so free,  
And graces ev'ry movement, as he goes.”

Too true it was, George Armstrong tried t' assuage  
His burning love for Helen, but in vain :  
The fire suppress'd, glow'd with a hotter rage,  
And tho' at times cool'd down, it came again.  
Now, once more, when hard work, had calm'd his breast,  
All unexpected, she stood there, confess'd,  
The lovely idol, of his bygone life.

When to his cabin, he retired that night,  
He pray'd convulsively, when no man saw :  
“ Lord, throw not on me this o'erwhelming light,  
Which to its blaze, my moth-like heart must draw.  
Give me the strength, if still repell'd, to prove  
That duty's ice can freeze this burning love,  
Which whelms my soul in ever-jarring strife.

Henry, too, loves, with feeling deep as mine :  
I often thought, she gave him preference :  
But he can suffer, and still give no sign,  
Save that her thoughts unspoken, meet his deference.  
He shuns her presence, yet about her, still  
Are ever things, with him her mind to fill.  
An unseen Guardian Spirit, he must seem.

Else, were the Sea Foam not her floating home,  
Nor Lenox, his sure friend, for ever near :  
Ackbar, and the whole Crew, where'er they roam,  
Guarding his memory, as the thing most dear.  
Ev'n Pennant, whom I love, as my own son,  
Let his wild muse in strange allusion run,  
Shunning, to attain to glory, was his theme.

Would I could speak to her, e'en tho' it tore  
    Away the golden chain, which friendship weaves :  
Yet which, with all its smoothness, rankles sore,  
    And gives a sorry comfort, which deceives.  
But she forbade to Henry, and to me,  
Ever again, to speak our feelings free,  
    The penalty too great is, to transgress."

And then he slept, and dreamt, and plainly saw  
    A host of Moors, surrounding Helen fair,  
With violent intentions—he would draw  
    His sword, and to her rescue swift repair.  
But cords invisible held him, helpless there,  
He stretch'd his hands, and weapons, in despair,  
    And struggled to get free, in deep distress.

They seem'd to bear her off—paralysed, he  
    Could give no succour. Agonised, he lay  
With quiv'ring limbs—he would despised be  
    By her, and all the worthy, scandal's prey !  
Then, dash'd upon the scene a band of horse,  
Their fair-hair'd Leader, hewing in with force,  
    And Helen sprang to Henry Lovett's arms.

He woke to misery. He could not rest ;  
    He rose and went on deck, and paced the plank ;  
The watch stood to salute, then disappear'd ;  
    He felt the night was heavy, hot and dank,  
Making the breathing labour'd. Down the shore  
Masses of vapour, ghost-like seem'd to pour.  
    Yellow Jack's standard hoising, full of harms.

“ Well, let it come,” says Armstrong, “ I can die  
Here on this weary post. Then no disgrace  
Will fall upon my mem’ry! P’raps a sigh  
May find in Helen’s breast, some vacant place;  
She may regret, what she can’t love, and I  
In joys of Heav’n, forget Earth’s misery,”  
A short cough, told him of some person by.

“ Excuse me, Captain.” It was Pennant’s voice.  
“ I could not sleep, so I came up on deck.  
This hot wind, gives a fellow but small choice.  
Then I saw yonder rising, that fog speck,  
Creeping along the coast, Malaria’s King,  
Seated upon his cloud-throne, here to bring—  
And you know the Lady’s Yacht, is anchor’d nigh.

I was about to call you, when I saw  
You come on deck, and then I held my peace,  
Knowing you’d see the danger, and withdraw  
From a foe we can’t contend with, fell disease.”  
“ Thanks, Pennant; haste on board the Yacht. Advise  
To run to sea, before that fog surprise;  
They will be safe, by keeping us in view.”

Hardly the words were utter’d, Pennant sped  
Fast as the gig could carry him, to the Foam;  
There he found Lenox wakeful, full of dread,  
Betwixt two evils, in his nautic home.  
The pestilence was walking down the coast,  
To sail and meet the Riffs, his boat were lost.  
His heart throbb’d fast, when Pennant’s voice he knew.

“Up anchor, is the word, A league at sea,  
The Frigate well in view, all will be well.  
These clouds cling to the coast ; sunrise will free  
Us, from the visits of these fever-ghosts.  
And not a Buccaneer, will dare come near  
Your little beauty, whilst with us you shear.  
Compliments and so forth. Quick and be off.”

A grinding rattle of an iron chain,  
A few words, hiss'd with a suppress'd breath,  
And Yacht and Frigate, both, were on the deep,  
Beyond the reach of that foul cloud of death.  
Scarce were they out of soundings, when they saw  
A fleet of vessels, thro' the darkness draw.  
The Little Yacht with these, had had enough !

But Glorious Britain, where thy Flag flies high,  
Thou Noble Mistress of the Watery Realms,  
Thy prestige mocks at all oppression nigh,  
And dread, the Ill-doers' souls with fear o'erwhelms.  
Slavery and Piracy, have nought but flight  
To save, if it can save, at that Flag's sight,  
Where courage, skill, and speed, would strike the blow !

Next morn, the glorious sun shone forth amain,  
The Foam was slipping o'er the waters fair ;  
The haze was all dispell'd, or fell in rain.  
M'Kenzie came on deck, only to stare,  
So quietly the movement had been made.  
Nothing their racing flight to sea betray'd,  
Nor did his daughter, of their flitting know.



Ready about 's, the word now, and ere noon  
They near'd the Mole, again, all bright and clear,  
Saluting as they pass'd, the Crescent Moon,  
To all but Islamites, a sign of fear.  
No not to all ; Britain's sons held it cheap,  
Its baleful influence, startled not their sleep ;  
They left it, for eclipse by Gallic hands.

Hundreds of Gallies, fill'd the Algerian port,  
And Moors and Arabs, in a wild array,  
Were congregated here ; a pet resort,  
Whence they could steal out, and secure a prey.  
The British Frigate was no welcome sight,  
Her presence barr'd them, or to rob, or fight.  
Strong as they were, they were but helpless bands.

Armstrong had warning, that wild treachery  
Was planning strange devices, midst those crews  
Of lawless men, who boasted they were free ;  
Their liberty, was freedom's gross abuse.  
The Frigate, should be fired—by secret plan,  
And if she burn'd, thousands should, as one man,  
Pour in, and utterly destroy, this restraining cause.

Forewarn'd, forearm'd. Watch and ward was kept  
Within the British ship. Strict discipline  
With unremitting vigilance, never slept :  
They lived like those who sit above a mine.  
With care, there was no cause for much alarm.  
The orders were, not to resent slight harm,  
But keep a steady watch, and break no laws.

Armstrong told his French neighbours, as was right.

They shrugg'd and said, "Ma foi, do you suppose  
These Mussulmen forget that we can fight ;

Or can forgive, if they our power oppose ?

'Tis natural they Albion should detest :

We never harm'd them, so in peace we rest.

Our men, most wisely, fraternize with all."

"In warning, Gentlemen, I feel I've done

But what a National devoir demands,

And, if by confidence, you in danger run,

Of all the consequence, I wash my hands.

But I repeat, with such a race as this,

The strictest caution, cannot be amiss.

'Tis easier to hold Fortune, than recall."

Helen and her father often went on shore ;

But did not know till after, what kind care

Armstrong kept o'er their safety. He did more,

In their excursions, he took willing share,

And, tho' he knew 'twas risking more than right,

He scarcely let the wanderers, from his sight,

And near, tho' invisible, had a crew of tars.

Thus pass'd a pleasant fortnight, and the Foam

Was ready, on a further trip to speed ;

Malta and Italy, on the way to home,

A pleasant sound. And so it was agreed

The Frigate should convoy them, safe to sea,

Clear of this pirate coast, till they were free

To take their own course, without useless jars.

First Malta, Rhodes, Catania, with a peep  
At Stromboli and Ætna, then they lay  
Like two sea birds, rock'd in a balmy sleep,  
In unsurpass'd Napoli's lovely bay,  
Where Nature seems so bright, the sea so blue,  
The air so balmy ; lotus-eating grew  
Quite natural, in a climate so superb.

Here Armstrong must quit them, and return  
To his old station on the Afric coast,  
And his strong heart, with flame began to burn  
To know, if he had won, or favour lost ;  
He dared not ask ; his given promise tied  
Him, by the Maiden's showing, to abide,  
And all advance, on his part, stern to curb.

" Thanks, grateful thanks, for kind attentions paid,  
Were all that pass'd. Pennant who saw the fix  
In few words, metaphorically, said,  
(In proof, that not forgotten were old tricks,)  
" May George, his lips, for a few words unlock ?  
You leave him, like a ship upon a rock,  
Uncertain, if he 'll ever voyage more."

" I cannot," Helen said, " none wish him better,  
His voyage, prosperous in life shall be ;  
Unhamper'd, by at least an ungenial fetter,  
Still, would I hold my maiden liberty :  
He did not bid you speak, I know that well ;  
He would not thank you, did I that tale tell.  
Adieu, 'till we meet again, on England's shore."

The Frigate, carrying one depressed heart,  
Again has sought *Barbary's barbarian coast*,  
To find the warnings, given on Armstrong's part,  
Had provèd facts, and quench'd the Frenchman's boast.  
Treach'ry had found a path, and secret fire  
Into his vessel cat, with silent ire,  
And multitudes were ready to attack.

Gongs sounding, crowded barks, confusion dire,  
Thousands in arms, ready to rush, repell'd  
Solely by dread of the exploding fire,  
Which them at certain distance, doubtful held.  
Revenge, far more than plunder, their design,  
For interference, on their watery brine.  
Now nought but magazine-explosion, held them back.

Just at this crisis, Armstrong's Frigate shot  
Beyond the headland, of the Western bay ;  
He, very quickly, guess'd the Frenchman's lot :  
Equally quickly, help trièd to essay.  
"He scarce deserves it, for his nonchalance,  
And his forgetfulness of thy honour, France ;  
Yet we must aid him, in this ticklish pinch."

"Bear up to windward ? Signal, Present aid."  
'Tis done. "Drop anchor, with a running slip ;  
Call Volunteers, to board. It shan't be said,  
I forced my sailors, on a burning ship.  
Stow in the barge, the engine, pump and hose,  
The Engineer go with, who their use knows,  
With their appliances, and patent wynch."

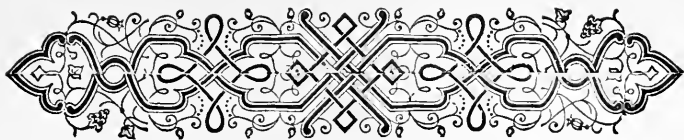
Directions given ; Armstrong then pull'd on board,  
And found a very great confusion reigning.  
Quickly but firmly, order was restored,  
Two hundred British tars, their chief sustaining.  
The Frenchmen now restored to hope, work'd well.  
Judgment and courage acted like a spell,  
And soon, the danger was got under fairly.

There was no danger, from the furious rout  
Of noisy rabble, and the thousand hoats.  
The Buccaneers must be uncommon stout  
To show their flag, where British Frigate floats.  
Prestige fights half a battle ; these men knew,  
If they but show'd their teeth, the bomb-shells flew,  
And gunners knew the range, and missèd rarely.

Armstrong was roused by this, from his dull'd feeling.  
France also, was provoked to jealousy,  
Which smoulder'd yet a while, its aim concealing,  
And then burst forth, in full ferocity,  
Years after seized Algiers, and to this hour,  
A worthless Colony, it owns her power,  
And serves as useful outlet, for hot blood.

The Foam pursued her cruise ; sought Grecia's Isles  
Amidst luxuriant loveliness, untold ;  
Where Nature woos the eye, with sunniest smiles,  
And Art did once, her genius proud unfold.  
A Teuton Monarch sat on Athens' throne,  
And Grecian patriots utter'd many a groan,  
And with deep grudge the alien Court withstood.





### Canto XIII.

---

Ancient of days ! august Athena, where,  
Where are thy men of might ? thy grand in soul ?  
Gone.

---

**I**N the Pireus, The Sea Foam lay moor'd,  
Again a tiny War-ship, with her guns  
All in their places, properly secured,  
Ready for action, on their brazen runs.  
Moorish experience taught them, that in Greece,  
To be prepared for war, best insured peace.  
The young King, Lenox knew in former times ;

Had travell'd with him, when the younger son  
Of a right Royal father, and enjoy'd  
His special confidence, and his favor won,  
Each upon Science' track, diverse employ'd,  
He'd wait upon the King, with due respect :  
He little thought, he would that King protect.  
The mouse the lion freed, in nursery rhymes.

Whilst talking o'er this visit with his friends,  
The Watch announced, a British ship in sight,  
Which plainly hitherward, under full sail bends,  
Hard by Kaloure's Isle, into the bight.  
Ackbar was looking from the lofty mast;  
Swiftly he closed his glass, and downward pass'd.  
"Miss Helen, 'tis the Endymion—certain—sure."

Helen caught up the latest Navy List.  
"Endymion, Captain Pritchard, 74.  
To cruise in Grecian waters, and keep tryste  
With Cochrane's squadron off the Beotian shore."  
"Well done, Lamb Pritchard! Yet another friend:  
The Admiralty is very kind, to lend  
The very man, that we would most secure."

Lenox set off to see his Royal friend.  
M'Kenzie and his daughter, took a cruise  
Down shore to view Hymettus—not ascend;  
For, ev'n so near the Capital, an abuse  
Of civilized rights, was common then  
Amongst the banded hordes of mountain men,  
To seize a stranger, and hold out for ransom.

When they return'd, the British ship lay moor'd  
Close to the spot, where they had lain of yore,  
And scarce were sails haul'd down and all secured  
When Captain Pritchard oped the cabin door:  
Welcomed most heartily: great the joy of all,  
Past scenes, and former kindness to recall.  
Pritchard was a fine fellow, and eke handsome.



He told them, in a few days, the whole fleet  
Would muster'd be, here in the Grecian waters.  
His cruise, had carried him by Barbary, Crete,  
Stamboul (where no one sees Mother Eve's fair daughters).  
He had borrow'd Dicky Pennant from Armstrong,  
To be return'd when his ship, came along.  
His messmates, dubb'd him, Armstrong's Aide-de-Scamp.

Pennant now made appearance. It was joy  
To Helen and her father, when he came.  
They both delighted in the clever boy,  
Who in his teens, already had gain'd fame.  
"Do you know," said Pritchard, "he is deep in Greek,  
Already with the natives, tries to speak,  
And I believe, oft trims the midnight lamp.

Kaloures's Isle will see a splendid sight,  
When the whole squadron moors in battle-line ;  
Not now for war, but inspection to invite,  
In such a force, as rarely ploughs the brine.  
'Tis thought the unsettled state of Greece, demands  
Some show of power, at Old Britannia's hands ;  
And this, will prove a splendid, great reality."

Here Pennant sang, "Britannia rules the waves."  
"But, Dear Miss Helen, as we came along,  
I came to think, these Grecians are sad slaves,  
Doulou (Δουλοι) which Britons won't be in the song.  
Your Doulos, I must be, do what I can,  
For in your neighbourhood, no one's a free man,  
Howe'er it be, by some most strange fatality."

This German King is but a Royal slave,  
Distracted 'twixt Turk, Greek, and rude Bavarian ;  
Hearing his own sweet subjects saucy rave,  
And his uncertain policy, ever varying.  
He wants some sterling thinkers, who could muzzle  
The fellows, who frame this political puzzle.  
To torture the young man, is sin and shame.

For, they all say, he is a gentle fellow,  
With a soft heart, and no great strength of will ;  
With feelings easily work'd on, temper mellow,  
And that in many arts, he shews great skill.  
But, in the various factions which surround him,  
He has enough to puzzle and confound him.  
To cut this Gordian Knot would bring him fame.

Lenox had met the kindest of reception  
From the young King, and wrote he wish'd to stay,  
As Athens, had exceeded his conception,  
And, he was not a King's guest, ev'ry day.  
That, he had Royal Orders given, to greet  
Sir Alan, Miss M'Kenzie, and their suite,  
And to invite them, to the Court festivities.

“Now Dr. Lenox, this is no means wise,  
To lure your invalid, to dissipation,  
I'd rather wander round, and use my eyes,  
In this grand antique World, than see the Nation  
Sprung from its ashes, which methinks, would né'er  
Rear mighty structures, such as we see here,  
Like Parthenon, and Acropolis acclivities.

But all these splendid temples, hard to name,  
But wondrous in their glorious architecture,  
Whose friezes carry down their Phydian fame  
In beauty, such as distances conjecture,  
Whilst yet they may be seen, 'neath Eastern skies,  
I'd rather on their splendours feast my eyes,  
Ere some more Turkish savages may spoil them."

That day was spent in calm delightful quiet,  
A visit to the Endymion, and a walk ;  
When messengers brought word, that fearful riot  
From cause political, did thro' Athens stalk.  
The Palace was invested by a faction ;  
The troops refused to fire, or come to action,  
And, as it seem'd, rebels had nought to foil them.

Pennant was sent to investigate the truth,  
And with him, a young Middy, full of lark ;  
He reach'd the Palace, and got in, good sooth,  
Tho' one or two stray shots made him their mark.  
Thousands of men held the Piazza, arm'd,  
And bivouac fires blazed, around which swarm'd  
A very noisy and tumultuous crowd.

Within the Palace, there was wild confusion,  
Women were shrieking, men were barricading.  
They had arms and ammunition, in profusion,  
With some two hundred men, in hall parading.  
Almost all Germans, of Bavarian stock,  
The real cause, which gave the Greeks a shock,  
And made their murmurings, both deep and loud.

Spoloporato, still held with the King,  
And by his wise advice, and counsel good,  
Struggled, his unreflecting mind to bring,  
To see, that force would be by force withstood :  
Whilst Divogeloni, with a savage ire,  
Inflamed with all his might the native fire,  
And call'd for a Constitution, arms in hand.

Pennant had got into the Palace, and  
Met Lenox, but like Starling, in the fable,  
Could not get out ; for the blood-thirsty band,  
With Butcher Divogeloni, and a rabble,  
Watch'd ev'ry door and window : tophaicks sure  
Levell'd by murd'rous eyes to keep secure,  
Were in the hands, of a most dang'rous band.

To his small messmate, Pennant gave a note.  
He, thro' a window slipp'd, and gain'd some bushes,  
Crept on, till he had reach'd a tall dove-cote,  
And in its cover made successful rushes ;  
Gaining the rocks behind, he sped away,  
And brought his tidings, to Piræus bay ;  
Exciting much alarm, amongst our seamen.

“ A British officer detain'd by force,  
A thing should be unknown, where Britain's flag  
Is on the waters near. We've but one course,  
To act—nor in our nation's honour lag.  
If Pennant's not accounted for, to-morrow,  
Those who detain him, shall be made sup sorrow ;  
They 'll find our sailors, are not grown old women.”

Thus murmur'd stout Lamb Pritchard, and the word  
Went thro' the ship like lightning, and awoke  
That steady burning fire, which once bestirr'd  
Glowes on to white-heat courage, without smoke.  
A rocket sent up, told the imprison'd men,  
Their state was known, and comforted them then ;  
Sure to be succour'd, or at worst avenged.

Helen summ'd the matter up. "The Greeks are jealous  
That the Germanic interests prevail ;  
And it is little wonder, these wild fellows  
Think, swords and guns, best arguments to assail  
The foreigners, who fill each post at Court,  
Where they think, native Greeks should most resort.  
Were Pericles alive, would this be changed ?

Demosthenes, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Plato,  
Epaminondas of the sounding name,  
Would think in their country's cause they made a great o-  
-Mission, not to counsel much the same.  
As this more modern man, Spoloporato,  
Who thinks with that solemn rebel, ancient Crato,  
And would not cramp a nation's liberties."

"What ! Miss M'Kenzie turning ultra radical !  
Forgetting dignities that be, to support.  
No wonder states collapse, and kingdoms fall !  
Take care how you approach the Grecian Court.  
To-morrow, I intend to drop my ticket,  
Despite this row, at the Royal German's wicket ;  
I scarce could leave yours, with my mind at ease."

“ Then, Captain Pritchard, I shall leave my own :  
For, I ’d fain see these modern Grecian sages,  
A little thought may alter the King’s tone,  
And make him see, how sillily he wages  
A war of sentiment, from a *point de vue*  
Which Germans think right, but Greeks could not do.  
The Sovereign King of Greece, should be all Grecian !

You go to-morrow, Captain ? Take you force ? ”  
“ No ! surely not. Only a guard of honour.  
Britain’s prestige, I think will hold due course,  
And none will dare to throw contempt upon her.  
The Greeks have felt what Turkish power could do,  
And will not, if they think, that power renew.  
Slavery they ’ve had, to slavery’s repletion.”

“ If such your sentiments (your loyalty  
Shewing that Greeks dread Germans much as Turks),  
With my most radical feelings so agree,  
As, clearly proves that good sense leaven works.  
My father’s and my ticket, you may give ;  
This quarrel is not ours, and will not live.  
Both sides must yield a little—and then peace.”

“ Lady, I ’m honour’d with your fair commands.  
My absence shall be brief. I ’ll try to find  
The cause of discontent in those wild bands,  
Hoping the King will not be wilful blind.  
Without pretending, we may give him aid ;  
If he be obstinate, one might be afraid.  
These native chiefs will never leave him ease.”

“Good-night.” Big Pritchard stepp’d into his boat;  
The drowsy sailors seized their oars, and slow  
As he desired them, o’er the waters float  
To the Endymion, bathed in moonlit glow.  
O’er Athens, he saw fiery gleams of light,  
Flashing across the sky, in radiance bright;  
He little guess’d, they were crowded bivouacs.

Pritchard had balmy dreams that night, a hope  
Somehow arose amongst his sleeping senses,  
Which found a cheerier, and more brilliant scope,  
Than, what his waking thoughts, e’er lent pretences.  
He dreamt, that Helen view’d him with regard,  
Told him, that constancy should have reward,  
And fervid love, should ne’er its strain relax.

Hail to thee, Land of Greece, tho’ now, no more  
From thy great Ocean of profoundest art,  
The wavelets of thy glory wash each shore:  
Tho’ Greatness vanish, Beauty can’t depart.  
Lovely thou art, and lovely must remain,  
Tho’ wretched meanness, all thy vesture stain,  
And Art, and Eloquence have disappear’d.

Athéné }  
AΘΗΝΗ } City of the past. Unique.

Stored with the classic lore of Pagan times,  
The Treasury of all that’s nobly Greek,  
Which I would love to treat of, in my rhymes.  
Which neither tasteless Turk, nor Christian wise,  
Could ruthlessly remove, from future eyes.  
Contempt, or false protection, equal fear’d.

But 'tis with men, that we have now to do,  
In the land which breathes with inspiration's fire ;  
The land Themistocles, Aristides, knew,  
And Sappho made poetic souls' desire ;  
Mere men, and common souls of this our age,  
Whose names will scarce appear on History's page,  
Or but as tide-marks, on a sandy beach.

We leave our peaceful party in the ship,  
And with a poet's licence, hover o'er  
The high Acropolis, and let vision slip  
Down on the lofty Temples, where of yore  
Polytheism flourish'd ; yet where some  
Saw with prophetic eye, light yet to come,  
Beyond the vulgar vision's utmost reach.

The City seem'd in uproar, wild and strange :  
The Palace was beleaguer'd on three sides,  
The fourth impregnable, thro' a rocky range.  
Discord's rebellious spirit thro' all glides.  
Thousands in arms, in the broad space, before  
The Sov'reign's Palace, their fierce numbers pour,  
With savage Divogeloni at their head.

All night they had been there, had bivouack'd  
Full in the face of Royalty, despite  
The king's most kindly nature, and the fact  
That they, themselves, had chosen, and given him right.  
Just like the Frogs, rejecting good King Log,  
An inoffensive Ruler, in the bog,  
They wish'd King Stork—and he upon them fed.



The cry was "Constitution. Down with kings.  
Down with the German rule. Let Grecians share  
In all the rights of Greece!" Such yelling rings  
Throughout the day ; and on the nightly air,  
From ev'ry blazing fire, shouts, ribald songs,  
And execrations on unnumber'd wrongs  
Disturb the placid night, with furious yells.

Within the Palace, dreading what might come,  
The foreign body-guards expectant wait  
The king's command to fire : they knew their doom  
If the mob once burst in, was certain fate.  
Spoloporato tried in vain to bring  
The king's mind, some concession forth to fling,  
But the king's manliness the thought repels.

Lenox, and Pennant lent their skilful aid,  
Planted two cannon, to command the gates,  
Distrustful, lest some fierce rush might be made,  
Unless their grape shot, cut the threads of Fate :  
An angle of projection, at each end  
Of the façade, doth good position lend  
Our gunners, to command the entire space.

And scarcely was this done, when madden'd came  
A mighty host of men, dragging along  
A waggon heap'd with pitch-wood, all aflame,  
To burn the oaken doors, however strong.  
The flames repell'd those dragging, far and wide,  
With heat, too great for mortal to abide.  
And as they paused, Pennant took heart of grace.

Found steady aim, then with a spout of fire  
Bang went the ball, and smash'd the leading wheels.  
The shot fulfill'd the gunner's full desire,  
The burning edifice a moment reels,  
Falls over with a crash, spreads round debris  
Crackling and sparkling, leaving danger-free  
The defenders of the Palace, so entrapp'd.

That telling shot warn'd the assailants back :  
Their object unaccomplish'd, they retired ;  
And as they went, bang from the other side  
A ponderous discharge of grape was fired.  
Lenox was the gunner here, his aim the fire,  
And it was scatter'd to his heart's desire,  
And show'd where danger lay, by symptoms rapid.

No human being suffer'd. That was well.  
The attack was foil'd : the assailants learn'd to know  
If they attempted mischief, they must sell  
Their lives to a gen'rous, but determined foe.  
The very same discharges, which destroy'd  
Their evil purpose, might have been employ'd  
To hurl destruction, on their daring heads.

Within the Palace, eyes were never closed,  
During two days and nights ; third morning came  
And all the beauty of the land disclosed  
With the magnificence of his radiant flame.  
The rebels still before the Palace lay,  
The king would make no compromise ; nor say,  
Their threats, or numbers, gave him aught of dread.

They held him tinchell'd ; he held them at bay ;  
He 'd grant them nothing, whilst they kept up siege ;  
He even threaten'd they should rue the day,  
When they rebellèd from their rightful liege.  
Some messages not over courteous pass'd,  
Each held tenaciously, their purpose fast,  
When a small incident, burst the swelling bubble.

Along the road, from the Piræus leading,  
Was seen a guard of bright red-coated men,  
With half-a-dozen sailors, one preceding  
Carrying the Jack of England, well known then.  
Three or four Navy officers, in full fig,  
With epaulets, silk stockings, and tight rig,  
Finding the rough road give their pumps much trouble.

Forthwith, a strange phenomenon took place ;  
The multitudinous crowd of arm'd men  
Got into devious motion, in the space,  
Commotion, I should say, and wonder ! Then  
The noisy braggarts, silent, skulk'd away,  
In ones, and twos, and threes, letting the day  
Shine on the pavement, stead of patriots arm'd.

And in the open space, Jack Tar advanced,  
Bearing his flag, which to Neptunian breeze  
Triumphant, o'er rejoicing waters danced,  
Britannia's envied emblem, on the seas.  
Then the Marines, twelve stalwart fellows, ready,  
Led by a grey-hair'd serjeant, stout and steady ;  
All looking blooming, by the hot march warm'd.

The Captain of the Endymion, and his Aid,  
Then enter'd the Piazza, it is said,  
Without the least attempt, at mock parade,  
(More of the sun, than of the Greeks afraid :)  
In his shirt sleeves, hung on his arm his coat,  
A nobler figure ne'er stept from a boat,  
Than this, the leader in a Navy free.

The gazers look'd with admiration on  
The pow'rful young man. The Grecian eye  
Train'd to admire, where graceful beauty shone,  
Scarcely repress'd, an acclamation cry,  
As he strode up, to where the waggon shatter'd,  
Lay in a heap, its pristine form all batter'd.  
"Secure the flagstaff here, then seek yon tree."

The flag was fix'd, a marine left on guard,  
The rest drawn up in shelter 'neath the trees.  
Big Pritchard thought the duty very hard,  
To don his uniform, a king to please.  
But manners and decorum are the rule,  
For those who wish success in life's vain school.  
Thus he approach'd the portals, which flew open.

Oh ! glorious prestige of our English home,  
Born of true bravery, firm resolve, and honour ;  
A guardian angel where'er Britons roam,  
Who in their turn, should shed bright rays upon her,  
By holding honesty, and honour high,  
As life's best gifts, before the foreign eye :  
Things to be loved, and fear'd, worth putting hope in

No doubt the Greeks deem'd this an advanced party  
Of the Great Nation, which don't know to trifle :  
And so they thought it well, themselves écarter,  
And as they best could, their confusion stifle.  
The present danger o'er, th'emeute fall'n thro',  
Majesty granted Pritchard interview,  
"And all went merry, as a marriage bell."

Pritchard remain'd within the Palace walls  
That night, and the next day, the King requesting.  
And Majesty, now protected, sense recalls,  
And made concessions, certain power vesting  
In Greeks, whose rank entitled them to rule,  
Who could not train them to the German school.  
And peace and harmony, prevail'd a spell.

Spoloporato again took the helm,  
Divageloni fled, but was o'ertaken ;  
Prison'd, his bribes his jailor overwhelm,  
He 'scapes with life, his power completely shaken.  
The British ships, at the Piræus lying,  
Revived the loyalty, which lay a-dying,  
And the whole fleet dropp'd in, just at this epoch.

Lieutenant Pennant now thought fit to send  
What he thought Royal Mandates to the Foam.  
"To Loch-na-Gaie, Pennant his humble friend  
Sends greeting from his Royal Grecian home.  
We've beaten the Athenians—smash'd a waggon—  
But in your absence, tedious life we drag on.  
Bring up your piper, treat them to a pibroch.

To-morrow, a Bal-Masqué at the Palace  
Invites the world, and their wives, to show  
That the King, for this row, retains no malice,  
And won't believe he has a single foe.  
Pritchard, has left your tickets on the Court,  
Your invitations have been sent to Port.  
'Twill be an affair, of wondrous classic merit."

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No fairer figure on those floors was seen  
That night, and none more graceful, when the maid  
Whom universal admiration dubb'd the Queen  
Of Beauty, took her place, without parade,  
Dress'd in her country's tartans, with her sire,  
Her plumed and plaided partner, at desire,  
Danced a Scotch Strathspey, with true Highland spirit.

Applause on all sides, greeted this display,  
The King then ask'd to grant him a Mazurk;  
Her grace of motion to all hearts made way,  
Delighting even the undancing Turk.  
Majesty vow'd, such poetry of motion  
Had ne'er before so bless'd his eyes' devotion,  
Ev'n where Zazcaponè caused reflection.

All in the giddy waltz were circling wide,  
And Helen sipp'd an ice, and sherbets tasted,  
Whilst the King paid his devoirs by her side,  
And endless compliments upon her wasted.  
Just then, a Cavalier in Arnaut garb,  
Who wanted nothing but his fiery barb  
To suit costume and figure to perfection

---

Approach'd, and pleading licence of the Mask,  
In the Court Language, sought the Lady's hand.  
To guess who this was, was no easy task ;  
From his ready German one of the King's band.  
But not a man in the whole courtly host,  
Such form and figure, as this man could boast.  
They were a splendid couple in the waltz !

No one could tell who was the Arnaut Mask'd,  
Who had the boldness, to deprive the King  
Of his fair partner, ev'n Helen task'd  
Her mem'ry and discernment, could not bring  
To mind, if e'er before, that voice she heard.  
She tried his English, but he spoke no word,  
And yet she felt, her mem'ry play'd her false.

Much conversation pass'd in pleasant tone  
Betwixt the pair : many admiring eyes  
And some, where jealousy most verdant shone,  
Regarded them with unconceal'd surprise,  
They seem'd so intimate. Yet could they be ?  
A highland maiden she, an Arnaut he.  
Each in the splendid garb, of their own land.

They danced, they sat, they chatted, and they walk'd  
Thro' the Great Halls : none cared to come between,  
The lady and the pond'rous man, who talk'd  
So well, and whose reception could be seen  
To be most courteous. If he praised, 'twas well ;  
The praises on an ear right willing, fell.  
The best of sense, by vanity may be fann'd.

The conversation wax'd so warm, at last,  
Helen felt bound to check it. The Arnaut  
Secure in his disguise, his fortunes cast  
Down at her feet, and such a picture wrought  
Of desolation, when his present bliss  
Should fade with the passing scene, and he should miss  
The wondrous exaltation, he now felt.

“Sir Turk. You have danced, drank wine, and thus betray'd  
Your Arnaut semblance. Know, no Turk could be  
The husband of a genuine Scottish maid.  
Not even Mahomet might bend the knee.  
The British maiden carries loftier claims,  
Marriage and Kismet, she deems diff'rent names.  
Turkish affections branch too much, for Celt.”

“Lady, a Turk may dance with the Houris,  
May pledge the Santons, in the richest wine,  
May fix his love on one, as Briton free,  
And keep his faith, as true as law divine.  
But pardon crave I, for my thoughtless sin,  
Talking with thee, was paradise within.  
All Mundane thoughts, had found Celestial thrones.

Lady! Thou wouldst not turn Turk for me;  
I for thy sake, would tramp upon the Crescent;  
A very tolerable Christian be,  
Nor would that, or my love be evanescent.  
I'd fondly cling to thee, thro' life, to death,  
Nor yield thy favor, but with latest breath.  
Such constancy, for many faults atones.”



Ere Helen framed an answer, a slight form,  
Twanging a Mand'lin, broke on their discourse,  
Polyglot fashion, taking them by storm,  
And causing laughter, by his wit's keen force.

*“ Αγαπε μου σας αγαπω.  
Θηλαι μου τε σας θελο.*

Kismet, es ist, dafs was Ichkenn.

Beware! O Maiden! oh! beware!  
These Turkish lovers all things dare,  
Gelebt, geliebet, und was denn?

Be done with him, he'd lock you up,  
You'd never taste the ruby cup,  
Sour Sherbet you would ever sup.

And when he tired, the sack and sea  
He'd deem the best of fates for thee,  
And find another fair Häidee.

Maiden! Your plaid wrap round your heart.  
Bid German, Turk, and Greek depart.  
Blink all that's foreign—and take me.”

“Well done, young Springald,” cried the Arnaut, stout.  
Speaking in English, taken by surprise.  
“Good Captain Armstrong, I've the Turk found out,  
And thro' his Minstrel's mask, seen Pennant's eyes.”  
“Well, Helen, since 'tis so, may Turk's request  
On Christian's lips, find favour in your breast.  
Christian or Turk, could never love you more.

“He who would hold my friendship, must refrain  
From speech of love ; 'tis a forbidden theme,  
From which, neither you nor I, could vantage gain.  
Think what is past, a masquerading dream.  
Supper's announced, behold the youthful King  
Approaches, my unworthy self to bring  
To honour unexpected, on Greek shore.”

Low bowed the Arnaut, hands raised to his brow.  
Helen bow'd, as tho' the salaam meant adieu.  
Pity throbb'd within her breast ; she well knew, how  
Noble was this gallant man—how very true.  
Yes ; she did love him as a brother, kind ;  
To further feeling, no force tuned her mind.  
With queenly step, she link'd her to the King.

Then, came a week of pleasure unalloy'd,  
Athens is not a City to be seen  
With vacant eye, or thought all unemploy'd  
In History's Mystery, of what has been.  
To see the greatness of what still remains,  
A glorious Banner rent, with sanguine stains.  
And Armstrong told each tale with classic ring.

Hesiod and Homer, Alcman and Terpandros  
Were quoted, as thro' temples vast, they walk'd  
With Hales, Bias, Solon, Periandros.  
Of Cheilon, and the seven wise men they talk'd.  
Learning came forth, with all a truer grace,  
With standing proofs before them, face to face.  
Spirits of the Past, must have rejoiced to hear them.

So far for Armstrong. Pennant quite too young  
For deep Collegiate lore, the Navy join'd ;  
Yet he, too, blithely of the Ancients sung,  
And with a metal in a true mint coin'd.  
His favourites were Æsop and Diogenes.  
Draco and Pittakos from him met praise,  
And Sappho, was a genuine poetess.

A thorough Gentleman, he deem'd Pericles,  
Xerxes, the Persian King, he call'd a muff,  
But lauds were loud for Alcibiades,  
Leonidas, too, was framed of sterling stuff ;  
Diogenes' Tub he ask'd for, but the Nation  
Had not preserved it, for truth's confirmation,  
Nor Grim-Thermopyle's shield, to his distress.

He told them, he expected Æsop's fables  
Had been engraved, with many an illustration,  
All o'er the City, upon rock-hewn tables ;  
But got for answer, " Wreck'd by the Turkish Nation."  
No cat 'midst crockery e'er such havoc made,  
As, to the lazy Turks, by Greek was laid,  
They bore the slur, of ev'ry mischief savage.

From the Acropolis, they could view, around,  
The whole of Athens ; 'twas a wondrous scene,  
Where ev'ry acre, was a classic ground,  
And ev'ry ruin brought a mem'ry green.  
Corpetti for their Guide, that man of taste,  
Whose pencil, and whose pen Athené graced,  
Who could point out each beauty, and each ravage.

Fair Helen look'd with eager eyes around,  
On mountain, hill, ruin, and valley green ;  
Feeling she stood upon enchanted ground,  
Gazing upon decadence, all serene.  
" You've pointed out all that's antique and grand,  
Amongst the Ancient Great Hellenic band,  
But, where 's the Arcopagus, and Mars' Hill ?"

" Right down before you, to the right of Pnyx,  
The place where Orators in grand orations,  
Play'd with men's minds their Pantheistic tricks,  
And pictured Monster Gods, their own creations.  
That rocky hill beyond it, is the place  
Where Athenians wrangled, but where Paulus grace  
First broach'd a subject, which the World should fill."

Enthusiastic sparkled Helen's eye—

" 'Tis something to have seen the place, where one,  
God's chosen servant, in sincerity,  
Dared, 'gainst a People's prejudice—alone,  
Bearing his life in hand—despising peril,  
Carried along in the mad people's whirl,  
To explain the nature, of The Unknown God.

Him, whom in ignorance, they worshipp'd, there,  
The God who needs no temples made with hands,  
The God who fills the World—is ev'ry where—  
Who show'd Himself in Christ—whose clear commands  
Forbade Idolatry—who bade the Jew  
All worship but His own, sternly eschew.  
Paul dared do this, mocking at death or rod.

Temerity such, was scarcely ever known.  
Midst all the monuments of Pagan rites,  
To tell them, that their gods were worthless shown,  
And treat their sacred things, with more than slights.  
A Hebrew, too, rude, lowly, and despised,  
To tell them, all was false, they dearly prized.  
The Areopagites, had power to slay blasphemer!

They touch'd him not—his work was not complete,  
So he was safe. Not Œdipus whose Fane  
Lies in this rock, their puzzled minds could meet  
With such a riddle, told in language plain.  
How, that The Only God in Earth or Heaven,  
Blending Divinity with Human Leaven,  
Came down, and died on Earth, mankind's Redeemer.

Corinth and Argos next were visited,  
And then they left the lovely land of Greece :  
A land, from which true greatness long has fled ;  
A land which never feels assured of peace.  
Bloodshed and robbery held the law at bay,  
And mountain Chieftains made the weak their prey.  
The King too gentle was, for men like these.

Clear of the Thousand Isles, they held their way  
O'er the blue waters of the Midland sea,  
Nor shifted sail 'till in Besica bay,  
And there they dropp'd one anchor, and swung free ;  
No tide to trouble them, 'midst a Turkish fleet,  
Where English yachts a certain welcome meet.  
Since Ascalon, the Turks were never foes.

“Are we for home? Or shall we take a peep  
At Constantine’s fair City, and its mosques;  
A spot renown’d, where history won’t sleep,  
So long as flaunt to Heav’n, its gay kiosks?”  
“Yes.” “Then up anchor! ’Twixt Leander’s tow’r  
And the old fortress, where stood Hero’s bower,  
Into the Hellespont, our way we’ll steer.”

No scene more lovely, in a tranquil way;  
Hills, groves, and sunny slopes, and placid water.  
Each winding land-lock’d, lake-like, ev’ry way,  
Where Hellé fell, ere awkward Phryxus caught her.  
Where Xerxes, angry at a check, bridged o’er  
With boats, the two and half miles, shore to shore;  
And where, our Byron cross’d without a fear.

O’er Marmora’s broad sea, with tinted islets,  
The Foam sail’d gracefully, with the lightest breeze;  
Their charts were good, yet they accepted pilots,  
For none of them knew these particular seas.  
And soon, they found the pilots knew no more,  
When they were stranded on a sandy shore,  
And stuck so fast, they could not move an inch on.

’Tis very wretched, when resolved to be  
Quite at your ease, with not a danger near you,  
To find that, suddenly, you are quite at sea,  
With not a bit of knowledge near, to cheer you.  
The Skipper said, these pilots laugh’d at sounding,  
When he suggested danger of their grounding,  
And spoke assurèd, so he put no pinch on.

But Old M'Kenzie, when he judged the matter,  
Finding no cause, their ignorance to condone,  
Order'd them to their boat, and not to flatter,  
Said they were humbugs, in the clearest tone.  
They still demurr'd: one ask'd, then, to be paid;  
M'Kenzie flung him overboard, and said,  
"Go seek the soundings, you assumed to know."

The other, relish'd not this quick ejection,  
But jump'd into his boat, and scull'd away,  
Picking his comrade up; thinking rejection  
Was but a trifle, to the Scotchman's play.<sup>1</sup>  
Now, what was to be done? A warp lay out,  
And work upon it with the windlass, stout.  
The lack of tide, was here a serious foe.

Whilst they devised to get their vessel free,  
A man-of-war's launch, swiftly glided by,  
Bearing some officers to the distant sea.  
Without a signal, they came quickly nigh,  
And sweeping 'neath the quarter, offer'd aid,  
In simple terms, avoiding all parade.  
One man from out their number, stepp'd on board.

M'Kenzie, Helen, Lenox, all exclaim'd  
In wonder, when they saw who 'twas that came;  
The last man in the world of whom they dream'd.  
They thought he was in Russia, making fame.  
"Lovett! Oh! Henry Lovett! Can it be?  
Thousands of miles, I thought, 'twixt me and thee.  
This world is quite too small, us room to afford."

“ True, lady,” with a sigh, young Lovett said ;  
    “ It seems as tho’ unknown magnetic force  
Where’er we go, our ways together led,  
    No matter where we strike our intended course.  
Che sara, sara, Kismet, says the Turk.  
We little know, how Nature’s wonders work !  
    Now, let us get the little Foam afloat.”

On his own deck, the Master stood again,  
    Delighted eyes, beaming on ev’ry side,  
Amongst the crew which loved him, of brave men,  
    On whom he look’d with all a master’s pride.  
“ You have a kedge laid out, to the capstan bend  
Its hawser ; now a rope to the mast-head send,  
    Reeve thro’ a block, carry it down, and note

That it to your bower anchor be secured :  
    Ten fathoms off the beam, the anchor drop.  
Haul on it till we list. I feel assured,  
    With a good tilt, but mind the word, to stop,  
We ’ll lift the keel. Now slack away the boats  
Upon the larboard side ! Bravo ! she floats.  
    Now, with a will, round with your capstan bars.”

And as he spoke, the little vessel slides  
    Into deep water, from the clogging sands,  
Almost upon her beam-ends, and then glides  
    Obedient to her owner’s skill’d commands,  
Again to stately uprightness, as the rope  
Reived to the mast-head, slack’d, gives greater scope,  
    And the boat haul’d up ’gainst the fender jars.



The Navy men look'd on with some surprise,  
To see the Diplomat, with consummate skill,  
And perfect ease, before their accustom'd eyes,  
The duties they were train'd to, thus fulfil.  
Then Lovett said, "Adieu! All's right, I hope."  
Helen "Au revoir," return'd, with brighter scope.  
He hoped, she wish'd, something might therefrom spring.

A diplomatic mission, brought him here,  
He had no thought but duty to effect,  
No knowledge the most distant, she was near,  
Nor could she, his propinquity suspect.  
The meeting was to each, a flash'd surprise,  
Yet in both minds, tumultuous thoughts arise,  
And feelings very strange, thro' both brains ring.

He pass'd down Bosphorus, to an English ship,  
Whose orders were, to carry him to Greece.  
She to Stamboul continued the Foam's trip,  
Neither could boast they felt a mind at peace.  
Her image it was painted on his soul,  
Her admiration she could scarce control.  
Their cords were drawing tight, must knot, or break.

After a varied voyage, once again  
The Foam retraced with joy, her homeward way,  
Speeding her brilliant course, across the main,  
And dancing o'er the surfs of Biscay's bay.  
Helen's health restored. Loved by her crew, was she:  
Her word could guide to death or victory.  
Her word did guide them, holiness to seek.

She taught these hardy men salvation's path,  
Show'd them in gentlest tones, a Saviour's love,  
Convinced the best, that they deservèd wrath,  
But that a true belief, would safety prove.  
Kindness, good feeling, gen'rous deeds would show  
How far, the strength of faith, with each might go.  
Gently, and truly, she taught sacred laws.

No man amongst them, was more docile found  
Than the fierce Ackbar—his creed, love, or hate.  
Where Helen walk'd, Ackbar could kiss the ground,  
And Helen's creed, became Black Ackbar's fate.  
Long after times, his native land he sought,  
And to his people, Christ's salvation brought,  
And died a martyr, in a noble cause.

Again, the Sea Foam anchor'd 'neath the Keep  
Which mark'd in Loch-na-Gaie, M'Kenzie's dwelling,  
After her wanderings, like a bird asleep.  
Helen and her father, their hearts inly swelling,  
Grateful to Providence, for health and rest,  
Came back to happiness, thankful to be blest,  
Wishing, by helping others, to find joy.



## Canto XIV.

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Now Cupid quits the helm, to cruise elsewhere,  
Hymen assumes the tiller, guiding fair.  
“Vos valete et plaudite.”

---

HOME! there's no word in all the English tongue,  
That bears with it, such an endearing sound;  
No wonder, if all poets who have sung,  
Carry its world-wide charm all around.  
The nearest thing to Heav'n, that we know :  
The refuge from unkindness, sin and woe.  
Home is the Citadel of man's sweetest bliss.

So Helen thought, as once more she beheld  
Her native rocks and mountains, dells and lakes.  
Much of the world she 'd seen, but heart impell'd,  
Return was welcome, for the charm home makes.  
Associations there surrounded her  
With plenteous work, where heart could hardly err,  
And where her good intentions could not miss.

Again the Castle was a focus, where  
True hospitality attracted all  
Who loved high mental culture, sooth, to share,  
And playfully conversing, truth t' unfold.  
Auld Reekie sent philosophers to grass,  
When worn with study, and when tired of class,  
And in these wilds, their welcome was assured.

Helen, tho' she donn'd no stockings blue, enjoy'd  
The converse of wise men of observation.  
Pedants and pretenders, seriously annoy'd,  
And never met the slightest admiration.  
Great talkers she abhorr'd—Good talkers loved,  
And silent merit, found itself approved,  
Scarce knowing how, her good-will was secured.

Their people all were happy : in their midst  
Their Chief was their chief good : his daughter fair,  
With ready ear each doleful tale to list,  
Took each, and all, beneath her tender care.  
Contentment, and leal feeling reign'd throughout :  
The maiden look'd it, and the peasant stout :  
The sunshine from the Castle, lit the cot.

The post tho' slow in these days, letters brought  
From distant friends. Lenox had settled down,  
His head full of the knowledge, he had sought,  
To practise in his native Dublin town.  
Helen was his beau-ideal of a woman,  
But her he knew too well, to be presuming ;  
He alone, guess'd her future happy lot.

Lovett, too, wrote : his foreign missions o'er,  
Successful Diplomat, he return'd to know,  
Ere he had reach'd the chalk-cliff'd Albion's shore,  
That he might pick or choose, posts high or low.  
Strange man, he relish'd not an easy prize ;  
Danger or competition in his eyes  
Alone gave anything, a value sterling.

He courteously declined all personal honors ;  
Said he must go and nurse his aged father ;  
Ask'd but one favour, from the Potent Donors,  
Armstrong's promotion. Granted. He would rather  
Indulge awhile in quiet country life,  
After so many years of storm and strife,  
To get a steady brain, after such whirling.

And then he wrote to Helen, a short letter,  
Transmitting a Gazette, and briefly stating  
That, Government were beginning to see better,  
And had given to Captain Armstrong, his due rating :  
He now was Admiral, and must needs come home,  
Till new Commission, sent him forth to roam.  
A nobler fellow, never trod a deck !

Why should he be the man to tell this story ?  
Helen thought, he is piqued, but still won't be outdone.  
'Tis just a dash of feeling, a wild foray,  
To show he dares all rivalry, and would run  
Love's race 'gainst odds, for here he grapples one,  
Who, were he non-existent, might have run  
The course successful, without any check.

Helen knew her own soul, so did Henry Lovett ;  
Distance, and absence, both clinch'd home each link  
Which firmly bound them, links which few would covet,  
Which kept both chain'd on phrenzy's dizzy brink ;  
Each full of admiration, full of love ;  
'Twas a drawn game, neither would make a move ;  
Each felt a dread, what might the sequel prove.

No obstacle whatever, barr'd the way.  
The only thing impeding, was the thought,  
Does He—Does She, deem me the only stay  
With excellence sufficient, for each fraught ;  
The sole and only being, each could take  
To be their second selves, and for whose sake,  
Concentrated affection, would prove love ?

They felt within themselves, some imperfection,  
Which kept them reticent, each thought some cloud  
Of shady unbelief produced reflection,  
Dark'ning sweet trust with an unhappy shroud  
Of something doubtful. Each required too much  
For human nature, whilst on Earth, to clutch ;  
And each felt poor, to give the good required.

To Lenox, he wrote home. " I love her dearly :  
But cannot feel that she cares aught for me.  
That she admires Armstrong, I saw clearly,  
Yet he, tells me, she gave him his congé.  
You saw more of her, in your long yacht-trip,  
Than any other, yet she ne'er let slip  
A single word, on the feelings she inspired."

Lenox himself was smitten, but he knew  
He dared not to aspire—trusted by both,  
And all. Forced, happiness to view  
He could not share. Yet never proved he loth,  
Far as his powers could go, to serve his friends ;  
Sinking in honour's cause his private ends ;  
And only in his dreams, indulging bliss.

Lenox took the privilege of an intimate,  
And rated Helen soundly, not to see  
Later or sooner, it would be her fate,  
Or rather, her most fortunate destiny,  
To hang her chains around one who excell'd  
In everything, and almost praise compell'd.  
He thought, she had seen her error, long ere this.

And then he wrote again, to say he had been  
To Henry Lovett's father, the Old Man,  
Who very many joyous years, had seen,  
Was sinking now, in life's retreating span.  
Henry was anxious to prolong his life,  
Three score and ten years, made him feel quite rife  
To bid adieu, to this life's fading sphere.

An only daughter, a sweet pensive girl,  
The very picture of her brother, hung  
Around the Old Man's couch, each sunny curl,  
In rich profusion, on her fair neck flung.  
She had Henry's eyes, and could give Henry's glance,  
When sudden thoughts unbidden, would advance,  
And she had words to give expression clear.

"I send a little sketch, of this fair creature,  
To show how like she is, to Henry Lovett;  
I wish your skill, could reproduce each feature:  
Added to my collection, I would covet  
This one gem more, and you'll work *con amore*,  
When you hear this sweet girl's gentle story;  
Her father's prop, and stay, she's been throughout.

I have advised, for the Old Gentleman,  
A change of air, to some more hardy climate;  
As yet, we have matured no settled plan;  
The place is still, a matter of debate.  
My August holiday I'm disposed to spend  
The father to restore, of my dear friend.  
That work meets your approval, without doubt."

Helen show'd this letter to her father, he  
After a moment's thought, said, "Ask them here.  
Dear Henry Lovett, I would gladly see,  
And for his sake, those who are near and dear.  
Lenox is always welcome. Write for me  
How gladly, I the whole party, here would see.  
Tell him, we've famous air at Loch-na-Gaie."

The letter written, courteous the reply;  
August the 1st saw the Foam's snowy sails  
Shining, as with fair wind, and sunny sky,  
Wooping the advent, of south-western gales.  
She plough'd the Irish Channel. Howth pass'd by,  
She set her course, to win the Isle of Skye;  
That done, she must pick out her winding way.



On board, were Mr. Lovett and his daughter,  
A very pride of Erin, that's a boast,  
Where are so many lovely, of first water,  
Lenox, and Henry now his father's Host.  
They were a happy party. Lovett's sire  
Was one of those, who don't die—till they expire;  
Whose strength grew stronger, keeping others up.

By Mourne's Mountains, and the Calf of Man,  
Where many a good ship has left broken ribs,  
The gallant little schooner swiftly ran,  
Steady as a 74, with triple jibs;  
Her passengers, good sailors, *mal de mer*  
Had for those voyagers no discouraging share.  
The sea, only gave their appetites a fillip.

Threading their way, thro' islands rough and wild;  
No need of pilot, Lovett knew the way  
Only too well, and Lovett's heart beguiled  
His feelings, as he steer'd up Loch-na-Gaie.  
The Flag was flying on the Old Grey Keep,  
The ducks lay on the waters, half asleep,  
And the long shadows almost cross'd the bay.

“Send up our Ensign! Ready away a gun!  
Fire!” Bang goes Long Tom! Ev'ry mountain takes  
Up the reports, which wide re-echoing run,  
'Till ev'ry eyrie in the district shakes.  
Figures are seen upon the tower; below  
A barge leaves shore, with quiet steady row.  
Lovett knew that boat, his gift when far away.

Only instead of Blacks with shining teeth,  
Were kilted Highlanders with locks of red,  
And for a contrast to the lily wreath,  
Were heather blossoms from the mountain head.  
A Lady held the ropes, and gave command,  
And crew, and boat, obey'd that lady's hand,  
As tho' a magic word, and touch were hers.

On came the Foam ; gently pull'd down the Barge,  
And as they near'd, the yacht veer'd to the wind,  
Dropp'd jib, haul'd in her foresail, slack'd at large  
Her shiv'ring mainsail. Speed gone, there we find  
Her standing, as tho' sudden paralysed,  
Like starting steed by some strange fear surprised,  
Whilst eddies pass'd her, but she never stirs.

“Cleverly handled.” Helen's shrewd remark,  
As with a sweep, she brought her boat beside  
The ladder of the gallant little bark,  
Dropp'd tiller ropes, and mounted without guide :  
Not from a want of courtesy, but all there  
Knew useless aid, distasteful to the fair,  
And that both foot and eye, were safe and sure.

Miss Lovett was the first she sought, and then  
With kindly welcome, grasp'd the old man's hands.  
“Welcome to health and Scotland ; ye shall ken  
What vigour breathes in air of our highlands.  
Lenox, my friend, bright doth your skill appear,  
When, to my care, you bring your patient here.  
He must submit now, to my sov'reign cure.”

Last, fell her glance on Henry, as he stood  
Silently looking on. No word they spoke.  
They had agonized enough : o'er each the flood  
Of mem'ry pour'd, and in such torrents broke  
Of long-conceal'd feeling, words were vain.  
Each could not utter—neither tried restrain.  
Henry was vanquish'd—Helen quite o'ercome!

The Seniors Lovett and M'Kenzie, now  
Fraternised, and before the Foam could reach  
Her moorings, 'neath the Tower, each felt to know  
That they could well be friends, thanks to kind speech.  
Words proved the same to them, which silence spoke  
To their dear children, now that passion broke.  
Feeling has language, tho' it oft seems dumb.

No word was spoken—silence was eloquent ;  
No gesture either of the twain betray'd ;  
Yet, from each bosom a strange weight was rent,  
A gentle dulcet calm came to pervade.  
Their eyes met, neither shrunk, that look said all,  
It was assurance, nothing could recall ;  
A gaze of confidence, a look of love.

They left the Foam ; Helen's care would not permit  
The invalid, to climb the rocky steep,  
But placed him in her galley, as was fit,  
On cushion'd cider-down, both soft and deep ;  
Sate down beside him, said, she meant to be  
Nurse and physician, long as need might see,  
Till, he was fit, alone, to climb and rove.

Fair Rosalie, his daughter, by her side,  
Look'd on, with thankful eyes, to see the care  
Bestow'd upon her father. "You shall guide  
My course now, to a harbour very fair,  
Behind yon oaks, whence there 's an easy path  
Winding up to the Castle, thro' the strath."  
She said to Henry, "Steer your own bright gift."

Lovett assumed the tiller ropes, and thought  
That Helen's words convey'd expression, meant  
Now to confirm the certainty, he sought,  
Where heart, soul, will, and intellect were bent.  
"Yes: if you let me, I will guide you where  
Our lives shall pass, unscathed by serious care."  
He spoke not, his lips moved, Helen guess'd their drift.

"Nor rocks, nor obstacles, now bar your course."  
She added, "'Tis fair sailing, you shall find  
This homeward cruise, will not demand much force,  
But 'twill not do for Helmsmen to be blind."  
"I'll steer you safely, or your wreck I'll share,  
A freight so precious shall have all my care,  
I'll keep the little kirk-spire, right ahead."

They understood each other: for them, well  
That Lenox was not there; he would have read  
That simple conversation like a spell;  
The very thing he wish'd, and yet felt dread  
To see consummated: he too grew warm  
Beneath the rays of Helen's unknown charm,  
In ev'rything she did, or look'd, or said.

He by the rocky path, the Castle sought,  
Four horses saddled had, then down, away  
By the main avenue, as quick as thought,  
Dash'd in a wild career, for the little bay.  
Helen the hint had giv'n. Ere to the sand  
The barge approach'd and grounded, with the band,  
The flying steeds were knee-deep in the flood.

M'Kenzie's yellow galloway, from Mull's Isle,  
Needing no guidance, sidled to the boat ;  
Old Mr. Lovett mounted with a smile,  
And Helen said, "Now, Sir, you are afloat.  
Miss Rosalie, now 's your turn, up on Geswind,  
And on her back, you may outstrip the wind.  
She is my own dear Pet, of Arab blood.

Here, Snowflake, wilful little rogue, come here ;  
There 's nothing in this pretty boat to shun ;  
My whip 's the only thing you need to fear ;  
But you must always have your bit of fun,"  
Helen said, and caught the crutch, the saddle gain'd,  
And once there, like a Centauress remain'd,  
And with some splashing bounds, they both were beach'd,

"Dear Miss M'Kenzie, that 's a dangerous steed,"  
Said Mr. Lovett, as she dash'd beside  
His steady mount, with all her fair hair freed,  
Like Dian in the chase, in beauty's pride.  
"Be careful what you say, this playful mare  
We brought from your own land, of coursers rare.  
Blame her, and by that act, Ireland 's impeach'd.

But mark me, all these fiery Irish natures  
Can be subdued by kindness, temper'd well  
With steadiness, appropriate to the statures  
Of their obstreperousness. I know one spell,  
You must not fear them, and you must be just.  
Be you as hot as they are—don't distrust.  
Now, watch, how I will tame this fiery lass."

With that she dash'd brown Snowflake, at a hedge,  
And both flew o'er it, like a streak of light;  
Coursed round the field, close by the precipice edge,  
Then trotted back, her new friend, to invite  
To a good gallop, with Geswind in hand,  
O'er the rough pasture, of the rock-strewn land.  
'Twas thus a race, improvised, came to pass.

Hedges, and low loose walls, between the fields,  
Form'd boundaries, and with wonder Lovett saw  
That neither girl, to the other yields,  
But right away, neither a rein will draw,  
O'er ev'ry obstacle, with skilful hand,  
Swift as they went, each show'd a full command,  
And clear'd the fences, cleverly, with ease.

"Is there no danger?" Lovett ask'd his son.  
"Well, scarcely any; Helen's seat is true,  
And Rosalie, well up to such a run:  
The Arab mounts her, beautifully, too.  
But here 's M'Kenzie striding up the steep,  
With Lenox struggling by his side to keep;  
Few men at his age, have such sturdy knees."

The Gentlemen now join'd, on the round brae,  
And from its height, gazed on the girls, who still  
Push'd along, side by side, a circling way.

"Now, they will have a gallop, to their fill,  
That 's the Long Meadow, half a mile of grass  
As smooth as velvet, till you reach the pass.

They have halted—they are talking—they 're away."

*Ventre à terre*, like greyhounds they stretch'd out.

No need of whip, the good steeds did their best :  
No populace were there, to raise a shout,

But each hung steady o'er her horse's crest.  
'Twas neck-and-neck, three-quarters of the ground,  
The lookers-on, heard their own hearts' throb sound ;  
Feeling a strange excitement, in this play.

As they approach'd the pass, the Arab Grey

Display'd her strength and training ; one could see  
Her stride grow longer, to her rider's play,

As she encouraged her, with hand and knee.  
The little Irish filly had done well,  
But will can seldom work against the spell  
Of power and education, in good hands.

"Beaten ! And not my fault, nor Snowflake's either ;

We did our best, but her best must improve.

However, we have had a pleasant breather,

And as boys say, our race was all for love.

The other party, by this hedge we 'll gain,

At easy canter, up this grassy lane,

And thus, we 'll tell them, how the contest stands.

The Irish mare was beaten by a neck,  
But the Irish Maiden won the race in style.  
So balanced, Erin's honor bears no speck,  
And well contested, was that smooth half mile,  
The result had been quite diff'rent, o'er rough ground,  
Mad Snowflake there, had surely first been found :  
In awkward places, she is wondrous sure."

"Well done, fair Ladies!" The M'Kenzie cried.  
"Gallantly ridden," Mr. Lovett said;  
And fathers both, look'd on, with eyes of pride  
At the rich bloom, which flush'd each lovely maid.  
Helen rein'd her steed by Mr. Lovett's side.  
"Your daughter's seat is perfect; she can ride !  
Such grace is rarely seen, on highland moor."

Then from her mare she slipp'd, and laid her hand  
On the strong yellow horse's jet-black mane;  
Turn'd Snowflake loose, and utter'd the command  
To seek her stable. "Now Sir, it is plain  
Snowflake is satisfied. Come, dear Rosalie,  
You can jump down, and let Geswind go free.  
The Castle lies quite close, behind those trees."

In mimic race, with heads and tails aloft,  
The two steeds gallop'd to their well-known stalls,  
Whilst Yellow Bran, patted by fair hands soft,  
In pleasure shakes his crest, his long mane falls  
For them to hold by, down on either side :  
And thus the Father, and the Guest they guide,  
With merry words, whilst he sits there at ease.



M'Kenzie, Henry, Lenox came behind,  
Regarding the fair group, which form'd the van ;  
Not one of them, to the perfections blind  
Of those two ladies, and that stalwart man.  
M'Kenzie now ask'd Lovett for his steed :  
Mounted—rode up. “ My friend, you must be freed ;  
You seem a prisoner, in tyrannic hands.

You seem quite able, let us have a trot  
Up to the house. Young ladies, you can take  
Care of those gentlemen, we have forgot :  
And tell them best of haste, homewards to make,  
For, the blue smoke curls upwards, and our guests  
Should feel, we know what are a host's behests,  
To give warm welcome, to our mountain lands.”

The Seniors went ahead : easy to see  
They both were horsemen, and the trot became  
A gallop soon, and gaily o'er the lea  
They dash'd along, and put the youth to shame.  
Life coursed thro' ev'ry vein ; speed, spirit gave.  
“ That, invalid, methinks, my art can save.”  
“ M'Kenzie, I believe you're a good Physician.”

Leisurely came the Quartet, up astern ;  
Was it strange, they fell in couples, as they walk'd ?  
Was it strange, that, in parties where affection burn'd,  
That love became the subject, which they talk'd.  
Suffice, that ere they came to Keep-na-Gaie,  
That little Urchin Cupid, made such play,  
That I, the Historian, need make no addition.

Henry and Helen, Lenox and Rosalie,  
Had bound themselves for life. Great love spread o'er  
Their general feelings; they were bound, yet free,  
And could be gen'rous, from their love's great store.  
The two Old Gentlemen, had their talk together,  
'Twas not confined, to what might be the weather;  
They spoke, and wish'd for what had just occur'd.

The girls in their chamber made confession,  
Each to the other, of their heartfelt joys,  
The young men too, to each other gave possession  
Of their known secret, like a pair of boys  
All came to dinner, crown'd in happiness,  
So great, that the Great Pipes gave no distress,  
Tho' Great M'Allister, screech'd and roar'd, and burr'd.

Never were people in more happy mood,  
Tranquillity and happiness was theirs;  
They seem'd, as tho' no woe could now intrude,  
Blessing was beaming on three happy pairs.  
There was an honest confidence, which spread  
A velvet softness over all was said.  
And yet each gave to light, their upmost thought.

Doubt all dispell'd, each happy summer day  
Sped all too fast, Old Mr. Lovett grew  
Stronger and stronger; Helen made him play  
His youthful days again. Each day, anew,  
She order'd him to saddle, boat or gun;  
Hinted, "My patient walks, he soon will run."  
Her sweet companionship, did not go for nought.

Her gillies watch'd where lay the packs of grouse,  
The ptarmigan and blackcock ; there she 'd guide  
The half willing invalid, coax'd from the house  
On the pretence of a short easy ride.  
Then, when the dogs were setting, he forgot  
All his debility, and had a shot,  
And mightily enjoy'd the easy sport.

Or, if they rode down by the river's side,  
Where trout and salmon rose with circling flash,  
She ever knew, with tact, to most denied,  
To catch the moment, for a sudden dash ;  
With rod and gaff, would quickly reappear,  
Shew him the spot, where big fish hover'd near,  
And make him lure them, from their dark resort.

Then, when engaged with a ten-pounder trout,  
His weakness was forgotten, he grew young,  
And fought the piscatorial battle stout,  
Often, up to his knees the reeds among.  
Then he must trot for home, a victor crown'd,  
And don dry garments, for another round.  
Finding new active pleasures, skilfully.

Sometimes, she made him row her on the lake,  
Whilst she told tales of ancient Celtic lore ;  
Sometimes the sculls her taper fingers take  
Some sweet recess in the rock-coast t' explore.  
She practised all devices, him to charm  
Back to strong health, avoiding ev'ry harm,  
Yet all the time, appear'd to act most wilfully.

Well she succeeded. Mr. Lovett grew  
Himself again, and when the season came,  
The highland wild sports blithely to renew,  
M'Kenzie and his guest, could young men shame.  
They stalk'd the Deer, rode to the boldest Stag,  
Made the best shots, without a word of brag.  
Helen's patient, had escaped her skilful hands !

Her thankful lover, watch'd with grateful eye,  
And bless'd the Providence which gave her force,  
The many right things, always to apply,  
To restore a fine strong nature, to true course.  
If possible, he loved her more than ever,  
He knew her lovely, wise, now saw her clever,  
And loving what he loved, tighten'd love's bands.

Lenox declared a cure, had been invented,  
By Doctor Helen M'Kenzie, he believed  
Consisting mainly, of great love and kindness,  
With steady firmness, and it had achieved  
Wondrous results, he scarce had hoped to see,  
But which he, with his daughter Rosalie,  
Hail'd with a joy of heart, past all expression.

The subject of the comment, now declared,  
In his new strength recover'd ; (short time back  
Tho' for the awful change, in mind prepared  
To follow in poor mortals' fatal track)  
He was outwitted by his son's fair bride,  
Did what she wish'd, because to please he tried,  
But never dreamt, again, of health's possession.

Dear Rosalie, said little, she was wrapp'd  
In the most tranquil frame of earthly bliss,  
The thread of her dear father's life not snapp'd,  
A lover by her side, with nought amiss ;  
Friends—real friends ; a useful life before :  
Good feeling, and good-nature in rich store ;  
And higher thoughts than those of rare content.

M'Allister, the Piper had been down  
On some most secret errand, none knew where ;  
But he came back from Glasgow's ancient town,  
A figure that made all the country stare.  
Ne'er were such tartans, ever seen before,  
Nor such be-ribbon'd pipes on Na-Gaie's shore,  
As his, when he before M'Kenzie bent.

He said, his pipes, do what he would, would play.  
Love songs in spite of him, and wedding snatches,  
His notes of war and gathering, flew away  
Like oak leaves which the stormy tempest catches ;  
Cupid was in his bag, each note it utter'd,  
Was a clear tone, upon which Hymen flutter'd,  
And Loves and Graces, garlanded all round.

Sandy M'Allister, made a pretty guess,  
Shrewdly he counted upon what was coming.  
He had brought with him pipers six, no less,  
And hard the seven practised in the gloaming.  
The Eagle in his eyrie felt dismay,  
The Stag from the home forests fled away ;  
Dryads and Fauns must have felt awe profound.

And Sandy's Pipes ere came the winter day,  
Their thundering tones, in grand hymeneal song,  
Reverberating without stop or stay,  
Were heard, as a procession march'd along :  
M'Kenzie's tenants, many hundred rank'd  
In their best garments, bonnets holly-prank'd,  
Array'd in tartan, phillibeg, and plaid.

Then, mounted on their favourite steeds, Geswind  
And Snowflake, came the lovely Brides, in white,  
Colour borne by immortals who have never sinn'd,  
Emblem of purity, concentrated light.  
A tartan shawl hung from each saddle bow,  
Conceal'd their limbs, and gracefully fell low ;  
And two small pages, by their bridles stay'd.

Their fathers rode beside them, handsome men,  
The honour'd snow of time upon their heads ;  
Cheer'd by the lookers-on, as down the glen  
They pass'd the multitude, which wider spreads.  
As they approach'd a turning, they were met  
By the Foam's gallant crew, a noble set,  
Their Skipper, and brave Ackbar at their head.

The Kirk with ivied steeple came in view,  
With the snug manse, buried in roses red ;  
Where Knox Gillespie to his tenets true,  
Daily dispensed, of life, the sacred bread.  
He was to tie the knots, and he alone,  
An old, old friend, who from a child had known  
Helen, and with precious truths, her young mind fed.

The valley narrow'd here, and a great stone  
Which, seem'd to have tumbled from the mountain's height,  
Stood close upon the roadway, gaunt, alone,  
Bedeck'd with mosses, and with ivy bright.  
Upon its summit, stood a weird wild form,  
Waving a plaid, her tangled locks in storm,  
Secured by plumage, from the eagle's wing.

" 'Tis Gipsy Madge," said Helen. " May her brain,  
Crazed tho' it be, in wild excitement's thrall,  
From any wilful words, her tongue restrain.  
I would not under her displeasure fall.  
But yesterday, I brought her a bride-cake,  
Befitting garments, such as she would take ;  
She hardly thank'd me, but her voice would ring,

In a wild chant, reaching almost to phrenzy,  
Showing her eagle-plumes. ' Take these,' she said,  
' Ye're gaun to flee awa', Helen M'Kenzie !  
They're the true plumage ; never be afraid.  
The grass won't grow, when you are gone, nor tree :  
I'll gather some more plumes, and after thee.  
I know the cliffs, where the Great Osprey dwells."

Helen waved her kerchief. Madge toss'd wide her plaid ;  
Her piercing cry resounded far and wide,  
And then, the perilous descent essay'd,  
With scarce a foothold on the boulder's side ;  
Slipping and sliding, to the ground she sprang,  
And 'midst her efforts, ever loudly sang,  
" Helen is the bonniest 'midst a thousand belles."

Helen stretch'd her hand to her: "My Madge must come  
And meet me at the Castle, on return.  
All her kind wishes make my thanks seem dumb,  
And her good-will, 'twas ne'er my wont to spurn.  
Come down and see the marriage?" "Marriage! No!  
One marriage did I see—my whole life's woe!  
Nothing shall induce me, e'er to see a second.

Good-bye! More cake! more cake! Now, eagle-feather,  
Up we go jauntily." And as she spake  
She sprang against the rock, caught at the heather,  
Nor cared, when the false twigs, inconstant, brake;  
Finding strange footing, where a goat would fall,  
She escalated the steep rocky wall,  
And having reach'd the top, she stood and beckon'd.

Unheard the words she utter'd, or the strain  
Her wild voice shriek'd. Trumpets were speaking loud,  
Borne on the breeze, a welcoming refrain.  
And from the distance, o'er the hurrying crowd,  
A marriage march came from a well-train'd band.  
Red coats drawn up in files, before them stand.  
And twice one hundred sailors, in a throng.

"Who are these strangers? Soldiers! What brings them?"  
M'Kenzie cried, and forward spurr'd to see,  
Guiding his hunter deftly: hard to stem  
The crowd, rejoicing their liege-lord to see.  
As he approach'd the lines, in navy blue  
Two officers stepp'd out, friends he well knew,  
The Admiral Armstrong, Pennant, Aid-de-Camp.



The Endymion's Jackets-blue, and bold Marines,  
Saluted the M'Kenzie ; Armstrong told  
How Lovett had used all his winning means,  
To have him as his best man, here enroll'd.  
Pennant was to do for Lenox the same favour,  
Shedding upon the scene, an ocean flavour.  
He whisper'd then, "Helen knows nought of this."

M'Kenzie canter'd back, and told his daughter.  
Her face was very pale, and then he saw  
Her lashes long, suffused with diamond water,  
Then with quick hand, he saw the maiden draw  
Her veil across her face, mettle her mare,  
To hide the deep emotion, none could share.  
Then, as before, she rode on, nought amiss.

We read her thought : "That dear—that noble mortal  
Would sacrifice, what he most precious had ;  
Would drive his love's emotions, from life's portal,  
For his friend's sake, nor show that he was sad.  
Would I had never known him, to cause grief :  
But his grand bearing gives me some relief.  
How can I thank his painful courtesy ?"

The Church was reach'd, the bridegrooms and best men  
Came out to meet, and lift them from their coursers ;  
Their fathers, for the last time, took them then—  
That last time, on their thoughts, unwilling forces.  
In that short pause, Armstrong advanced, and placed  
O'er Helen's head a veil superbly laced,  
From Brussels' looms—a gift well worth to see.

Grateful she smiled, and press'd her old friend's hand,  
Again the tear was welling in her eye,  
But bravely, she kept feeling in command ;  
None heard but his own heart, poor Armstrong's sigh.  
That noble heart was bursting, yet content,  
Both were his real friends, their welfare rent  
All selfishness away—He loved them both.

In God's acknowledged presence, in the sight  
Of the whole world ; their minister before,  
These two fine couples, gave an honest plight,  
And almost felt, trouble could be no more.  
The ceremony o'er, the Rector came,  
His right, the first kiss, from the bride to claim,  
But Henry came before him, nothing loth.

Just at that moment, busy bridesmaids' zeal  
Had occupied their hands, to raise her veil,  
And take the cloud away, which might conceal  
Her features. Lovett's quickness caused to fail  
Their efforts, and these lovers' first embrace  
Was thro' the meshes of the gauzy lace.

“ Is Armstrong's gift between us, my own wife ? ”

“ No, Henry, no ! ” was George's quick reply ;

“ No act, or thought of mine, shall cause you pain.”

And with the word, he raised the veil on high,

And the surprisèd lovers, felt him strain

Them in strong arms, unto his manly breast,

Whilst on the lips of the fair bride he press'd

His own. “ Oh ! Henry ! Love her as your life ! ”

Whatever episodes, occurred there  
Beyond what we have told, are not to tell,  
Reader and Chronicler alike must spare  
Those delicate attentions which befell.  
The lovely Rosalie, too, had her share  
Of adulation, and at last, the pair  
Of women met, and lovingly embraced.

We cannot tell how wilful Master Pennant  
Behaved amongst the Bridesmaids, but we know  
They all spoke well of the jolly young Lieutenant,  
And with his usual luck, he made no foe.  
He cut the cake over the Lovers' heads,  
Merry himself, he caused mirth and it spreads;  
He could not if he would, have been tight-laced.

The Dejeuner, and speeches being o'er,  
Pennant sang a song of melody most touching,  
How he had sailed all the world o'er,  
And found no quarterings, for his male Escutcheon.  
Here were two Beauties lost to him for ever,  
Ladies he found in all things else, most clever,  
But, that his merits they had not found out.

He vow'd he'd rest a Bachelor for ever,  
Unless some Paragon of a woman sued him,  
When nauticals and naughty thoughts must sever  
And liberty he resign'd to her who wooed him.  
At present Gipsy Madge's sentiment  
His soul impressible, to her meaning bent.  
Each had one marriage seen, which work'd them out.

Lovett and Helen sail'd away that night  
In the Ocean Foam, Lenox and Rosalie  
To Edinburgh took their hymeneal flight ;  
All happy, as they all deserved to be.  
M'Kenzie begg'd Old Mr. Lovett stay  
With him, whilst his dear daughter was away,  
And to their lives' end, oft they visited.

Armstrong and Pennant sat on the Old Tower  
One eve, conversing on the days gone by.  
That Ruin had charm for him—the Lady's Bower  
Still was the same—He murmur'd with a sigh,  
“Happy the days were, when with hope before  
Of Helen's love, I sought this Gaelic shore,  
And with her charms, my ardent fancy fed ;

Nor, did I e'en despair, when Lovett came ;  
That show'd my folly : his was excellence  
Of brightness, to extinguish other flame,  
Which I should know, must burn at my expense.  
Many a battle, thro' our lives we fought,  
But always he the fav'ring breezes caught :  
I loved him ever, tho' he still prevail'd ;

And now I envy not, the man I loved ;  
The maiden, too, whose image all my life  
Twined with my studies, seen once, when I roved  
Hither in holiday—this, is the last strife  
Henry and I can ever have. I bless  
Their lovely lives ; but being man confess,  
No harder contest ever, me assail'd.”

“ Well, my dear friend, almost my father, I  
Will never leave you, if I may remain.  
You should be right hard-hearted, not to sigh  
Whilst feelings such as these you yet retain.  
Helen could not marry both, yet b’lieve not me,  
If in her choosing, I did not doubt see.  
Had either been remov’d, she had ta’en the other.”

“ That she has acted rightly, weighing merits,  
The scale, I feel, descends on Henry’s side.  
Wealth, too! That would not move her—kindred spirits,  
There he excell’d me, too; that won his bride.  
I never now shall marry. The wide sea  
For my days’ residue, shall be wife to me,  
And you, my dear Boy, shall be my own brother.”

Farewell! Our tale is ended—not all joy:  
If ’twere, ’twould not be fitted for this world:  
But good predominates o’er all alloy,  
And a kind Providence blessings holds unfurl’d,  
Ready to wrap in arms, supporting strong,  
The faithful who would suffer, ere do wrong.  
Peace comes at last, and peace is happiness!

FINIS.





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